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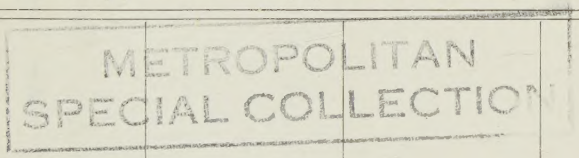

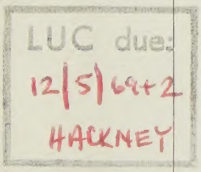

RAMBLES IN CORNWALL

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES

In Collaboration with G. W. Wade, D.D.

SOMERSET (LITTLE GUIDES)
MONMOUTHSHIRE (,, ,,)
SOUTH WALES (,, ,,)
HEREFORDSHIRE (,, ,,)
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RAMBLES IN CATHEDRAL CITIES

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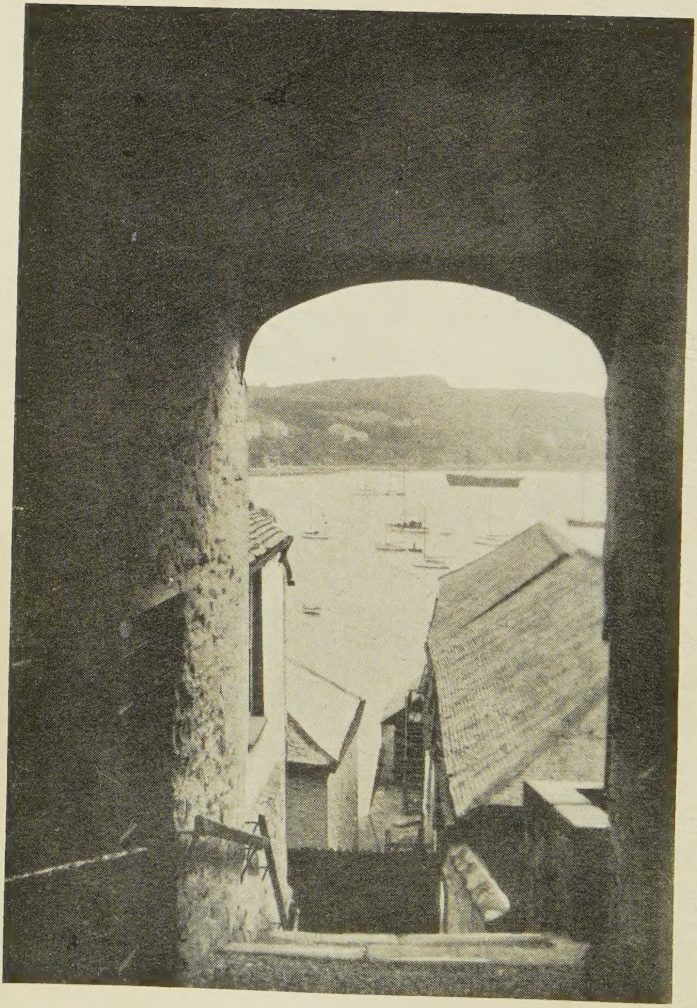

A BIT OF OLD FALMOUTH

942.37

RAMBLES IN CORNWALL

BY

J. H. WADE, M.A.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS
AND AN END-PAPER MAP

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
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TO

TRE, POL AND PEN

AND ALL CORNISH MEN

PREFACE

A GOOD deal of work is generally heaped upon the man who purchases a tourist ticket and expands it into a volume. The book did not, however, find its way to the bookstall through the booking office. It is the ultimate outcome of a literary interest in Cornwall, and is the immediate fruit of a tramp of nearly a thousand miles on foot through the length and breadth of the county (not to mention innumerable railway journeys and motor rides). It only professes to be a record of the personal impressions of a pedestrian, if not too intelligent, traveller. The articles are arranged in almost the actual order in which they were taken, but they were all carefully planned beforehand, and they formed part unobtrusively in practice. My experience goes to show that there is no better way of becoming intimately acquainted with a country than by moving from centre to centre and exploring each district in turn. The book only claims the originality which comes from personal observation. For much of the information contained I am indebted to the labours of others; but I can at least say with Charles Reade, "If I have culled other people's corn, the better is my own manufacture." It is made in this case of real Cornish cream, and if it is not as rich or palatable as I would desire, it is because the weather was not too favourable for its production.

J. H. W.

January, 1923

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The furzy moor, the velvet wood,
The river with its winding flood,
The sombre cave, the sandy cove,
The sea-pink tinted cliffs above ;
The iron rocks which ever wage
A warfare with the ocean's rage ;
The quaint old town upon the sea,
The harbour with its surf-washed quay ;
The restless sea, now bright, now dark,
Which floats afar the fisher's bark ;
The rugged hills with rocks bespread,
The grey memorials of the dead,
The wayside cross, the mossy well,
The hermit's chapel in the dell ;
The ferny lane, the early flower—
All these are part of Cornwall's dower.

RAMBLES IN CORNWALL

CHAPTER I

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY

It is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven has done for this delicious land,
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand.
BYRON

'SOME persons,' says Hazlitt, 'think that the sublimest object in nature is a ship launched on the bosom of the ocean; but give me for my private satisfaction the mail coaches that pour down Piccadilly of an evening, tear up the pavement and devour the way before them to the Land's End.' We live in a less leisured age than Hazlitt's; and if we are not ardent worshippers of the beauty of form we still delight in the poetry of motion. The stage-coaches no longer career down Piccadilly, and the 'ship sailing on the gusty breeze' is not so frequent a spectacle as it used to be, but we have even more adequate means of gratifying our love of speed. The locomotive, the motor-car, the steamer, and the petrol boat are all at our service, and their achievements would have made Hazlitt open his eyes in wonder. The Exeter mail covered one hundred and seventy-one miles in seventeen hours. The Cornish Riviera Express completes the run from Paddington to Penzance in six and a half hours. The traveller can now be at the Land's End before the essayist

would have come clattering through the streets of Bristol. Cornwall is therefore appreciably nearer London than it was in Hazlitt's time, and it was a Cornishman that first put the iron horse on the road and made this modern development of speedy transport possible. Cornwall, since Trevithick's day, is no longer a remote land—it has become the Londoner's playground.

The tourist can scarcely select a more suitable locality in which to spend a holiday. It affords him, for one thing, a complete change of scene. The west of England differs materially from the east. Its diversity and luxuriance stand out in marked contrast not only to the wilderness of streets which men call London, but even to the green pleasantness of the Home Counties. But the west has also its differences. The traveller who passes from 'glorious Devon' into 'the delectable duchy' is aware of the circumstance at once. They are both billowy lands, but there is a difference of 'wave length'. Devon is a land of broad valleys and wide prospects, but in Cornwall the land is broken up into much smaller undulations. Hill and vale alternate with much greater frequency, and the scale is not so large. No less than fifty-two railway viaducts were required to bridge the Cornish valleys between Plymouth and Penzance. The beauty of inland Cornwall is not of great green expanses of wood and meadow, but of sinuous and bosky dells. It is a deeply furrowed land. The coast, too, is different, and the difference lies in its more broken character. It is a much-serrated coast—a coast not of burly headlands, large bays and extensive strands, but of ragged cliffs, small coves, and landlocked beaches. The one thing which Cornwall attempts in the grand manner she executes with a generosity which is sometimes embarrassing. It is her river scenery. The streams, though beautiful, are small, but they broaden out into majestic estuaries which form innumerable creeks, all of infinite variety and charm. It is the occurrence of these widespreading and vagrant fiords which gives to the

duchy much of its special character. Of the varied scenes of beauty which England can exhibit, there are few that surpass in loveliness of detail a Cornish landscape,

> Pictured in western cloudiness that takes
> The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
> Islands and creeks and amber-fretted strands.

In a land of such broken surface and interrupted communication large towns are not to be looked for. Cornish towns and villages are small, isolated, and peculiar, and are remarkable chiefly for their quaintness. For the most part they are either wedged into the nooks and crannies of the coast and estuaries or mounted on the tops of hills above the wooded valleys. It is their primitiveness and picturesque disorder which make the Cornish fishing communities beloved alike by the tourist and the artist.

But there is another part of Cornwall which does not attract so much popular attention. Cornwall is not, as generally supposed, all coast. All this lovely and varied scenery is, after all, but the fringe of the county. It is a deep and richly embroidered fringe, but a fringe nevertheless, and its beauty is all the more striking because it forms a border to a much more sombre region. Almost all down the centre of the duchy extends an elevated and unsheltered tract of furzy moorland, breaking out into rugged granite tors, where men have congregated not to gather in the harvest of the sea or fields but to delve into the bowels of the earth. This is the Cornwall of the miner, the quarryman, and the clay worker. The miner has been just as much an immemorial occupant of Cornish soil as the fisherman. The holiday-maker, as a rule, clings to the coast, but he will not find either the mining region or the moors destitute of interest. It has been said that the road from Launceston to Land's End is 'the dreariest strip of earth traversed by any English highway,' but this is a splenetic exaggeration. It is certainly 'good in parts,'

indeed beautiful in its own way where the miner has not disfigured it. The mines are unsightly, but they have a long pedigree and almost classic fame. Their minerals are peculiar to Cornwall, and the tin workings are now acquiring a melancholy interest as memorials of an expiring industry. Almost as unique, and characteristic of the county, are the china clay pits, which are rapidly superseding the tin mines as the staple industry of the community, and are unfortunately almost as disastrous to the scenery. They give the peculiar aspect of a snow-sprinkled region to the landscape where they occur.

The moors, where unspoilt, have a wild beauty of their own. There is an air of freedom and of grandeur about these desolate windswept wastes, with their rock-strewn hills and furzy slopes, much in keeping with the grim severity of the iron-bound coast which forms their ultimate frontier. And even where they make no appeal to the aesthetic instinct, they cannot fail with their ' dim enchantment of the past ' to stir the historic imagination, for they are some of the most remarkable districts in the country for the richness and variety of their prehistoric relics. They teem with memorials of the days long anterior to written records when men lived and worshipped in high and remote places, found their security in entrenchments and hill forts, and buried their dead under cairn or cromlech. Remains of hut circles, dolmans, and earthworks abound on the Cornish moors, and give them an absorbing interest for the antiquary.

In more recent historical relics Cornwall is not especially wealthy. Whilst great changes took place elsewhere in England, Cornwall remained comparatively undisturbed. The Romans seem to have left it to a large extent alone, though their tracks are occasionally traceable ; the Saxons conquered it, but did not people it, except apparently on its northern extremity. The old stock of mixed Iberian and Celtic parentage remained in possession of the peninsula. Though the Normans made themselves masters of

it, they did not extensively occupy it, for their rule seems to have been acquiesced in without resistance. Its castles are therefore few. The conquerors established religious centres and rebuilt its churches, but these religious agencies owed their vitality largely to the fact that the Normans assimilated the traditions and retained the sites associated with the customs of Celtic Christianity, when religion was more a personal superstition than a system, and Cornwall was the home of the anchorite rather than of the ecclesiastic. The remains of holy wells and baptistries where the pioneers of the Church practised their austerities are numerous, and the rude crosses which they set up as the symbols of their faith are to be seen everywhere with great variety of detail, not only in churchyards but by the wayside. Cornwall is therefore as much the happy hunting ground of the ecclesiologist as the antiquary. The Cornish churches give little countenance to the idea that the mediaeval builders adapted their architecture to the character of the surrounding scenery and kept all their finest buildings for the plains as a set-off to their monotony. The Cornish churches nearly all stand on high ground, but they are large and handsome and are furnished with lofty towers. They exhibit, however, little variety of detail, even their fronts are moulded after a few stock patterns. They are all local in character, for the granite tors have chiefly furnished their stones. The prevailing type of village church is a Norman cruciform structure which was altered in the fifteenth century by the transformation of one or both its transepts into an aisle, and by the addition of a prominent west tower. The ' restoration ' to which most of them have been subjected in recent years has unfortunately been of a drastic and destructive character. The church-town often stands apart from the place to which it belongs, for in Celtic times the ecclesiastical and secular settlements were distinct ; priest and chief had each his own sphere of rule.

The secular annals of the duchy do not, as a whole, make very exciting reading. The main currents of English

political activity did not largely affect the county, but the independence of its people occasionally asserted itself in local revolts, which were, however, attended by disastrous consequences to themselves. There was an abortive rising in 1496 against Henry VII's heavy taxation ; there was a feeble effort to set Perkin Warbeck on the throne three years later, and in 1549 the men of the west rose in defence of the old religion. The most lively military exploits which took place on Cornish soil were performed during the great Civil War, when the Cornish army under the spirited leadership of Sir Bevil Grenville covered itself with glory. Their efforts were 'magnificent', but ultimately unsuccessful, and, as the old couplet tersely puts it, had a tragic termination :

> The four wheels of Charles's wain,
> Grenville, Goldolphin, Trevannion, Slanning slain.

Charles's wagon lumbered heavily without its wheels, and was finally upset in Cornwall by the generalship of Fairfax, but the king's testimony to the gallantry of the Cornishmen is still exhibited in many of the churches.

In addition to its many recommendations the delectable duchy enjoys a reputation for mildness and climatic equability unequalled by any other county in the kingdom. Sir A. Quiller-Couch denies that it is a Riviera at all, for it knows nothing of the sharp alternations of temperature characteristic of that much-advertised resort. It is 'the sunny south' of the railway posters, the land of balmy breezes and almost perpetual summer. But this reputation must not be exaggerated. There is a set-off to it which has to be honestly chronicled. It has the defect of its qualities. Its extended seaboard gives it a humidity which for the holiday maker is inconvenient and disconcerting. The rainfall is considerable, fogs are thick and frequent, and though the duchy as a rule is immune from severe frosts, it is not exempt from the bitter breezes to

which all our shores are exposed. The wind is often ' like a whetted knife ', and the sight of the palm-trees shivering in the wintry blast makes one wonder if Cornwall is not nearer the Arctic regions than is generally supposed. But it is reassuring to remember that they are palm-trees which shiver. Perhaps it would be fairest to say that in Cornwall our depressing climate is doing its best, but as there is no accounting for the vagaries of the weather, it is well not to expect too much of it.

One genial and gracious result of Cornwall's equable temperature is the multitude of its flowers. It might be called ' The Flowery Land '. In the springtime it is ' Primroses, primroses all the way ', with the daffodils dancing on every hedge-bank, and the golden gorse glowing on the wilds. Then follow the wild hyacinths which carpet the woods with blue luxuriance, whilst the foxgloves and campions garnish the hedges and the sea-pinks tint the cliffs. Ferns of every description drape the lanes with a profusion which seems almost wantonly prodigal. It is one gorgeous floral display from one end of the county to the other. Boxes of blossoms for market are shot into every train and tumbled into every bus, whilst in the gardens arum lilies, geraniums, fuchsias, myrtles, and hydrangeas live unprotected through the winter. There are copious woods and dense copses in Cornwall, but comparatively few hedgerows. The fields are, for the most part, fenced with high banks of earth and stones topped with furze. Unfortunately, the fences are everywhere so high that the beauty of the landscape is shrouded from the traveller's view as he patiently plods along the highway. It is only over an occasional gate that he catches a transient glimpse of the glory waiting to be revealed.

> What want we ? have we not perpetual streams,
> Warm woods and sunny hills and fresh green fields,
> And mountains not less green ?

CHAPTER II

SALTASH AND THE TAMAR

Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a deep o'er-arching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns and bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks whose very crags seem bowers
So gay they are with grass and flowers.

PRAED

IT is perhaps to the convenience of the travelling public that the railway companies have to some extent in Cornwall made a tacit division of territory by dividing the duchy roughly down the middle into a north and south coast. Each region has therefore its own special entrance. At Exeter, if he has not decided the matter before, the tourist will have to make up his mind which gateway he will select. If he is bound for the bracing north, he will have to make his way towards Launceston. If, on the contrary, he intends sojourning in the sunny south, he will have to proceed through Saltash. To accomplish an ordered peregrination of the county, the choice of routes is immaterial, for the visitor can go one way and return the other. To the casual rambler it is likewise a matter of unconcern, for he is incommoded by no cut-and-dried programme, and can take the country just as it happens to come. But the Tamar has to be crossed in any case, for it stretches as a well-defined boundary almost from channel to channel.

The speedy Tamar which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines
Through both those borders swiftly down it glides.

If the traveller, however, desires the most impressive introduction to the county whose acquaintance he is about to make, he cannot do better than cross the Tamar at its widest and grandest, for he will then come upon Cornwall at once in its most characteristic aspect. The Tamar, though belonging to both counties, is essentially a Cornish river, and its estuary is the most Cornish portion of it. Plymouth Sound is still technically a Cornish water, and even Plymouth itself is looked upon as the natural capital of Cornwall in spite of the stubborn fact that it is on Devonshire soil. The Tamar, however, forms as ' scientific ' a frontier as could be wished, for its estuary, like a ragged gash, almost completely severs the duchy from the rest of England. Cornishmen have scarcely yet ceased to regard the land of their birth as an independent territory ; they still look upon the traveller within their gates not only as a stranger but as a foreigner, and the tourist may think himself lucky that he is no longer addressed in an unknown tongue.

The construction of the railway in 1856 did much to destroy the isolation of ' the golden remote wild west ', but it required courage, ingenuity and enterprise to bridge adequately the silver streak which separated the Briton from the Englishman. To span it fittingly needed not merely mechanical skill but something akin to artistic feeling, for the Tamar is a lovely river. Fortunately in Brunel was found a craftsman equal to the occasion. He had a spice of poetical as well as scientific imagination, as the Clifton Suspension Bridge testifies. No one who contemplates the Royal Albert Bridge without prejudice would call it an ugly structure. If not picturesque it is not unsightly, especially when viewed from a distance. No modern engineer would have designed anything half as artistic. Its long and slender array of piers and the great leap of its bow-like girders give it a delicacy of outline which disguises its real magnitude. Its construction was a titanic enterprise, and it may be regarded as one of the

greatest of the many triumphs of Victorian engineering. To enable the trains, which approach it almost at right angles, to negotiate it more easily, it is built on a slight curve. It is nearly half a mile long and carries the railway line 100 feet above the flood. The central piers descend through 70 feet of water and 20 feet of mud and gravel to the underlying rock. Each of the four great girders is 455 feet long and weighs 1,200 tons. They all had to be floated into position and lifted bit by bit as the piers rose beneath them. The bridge was opened by the Prince Consort in 1859 and cost a quarter of a million of money.

Saltash was not, however, made by the bridge, nor did its inhabitants wait for the coming of the railway to cross the river. Saltash calls itself ' a very ancient borough ', and from the height of its antiquity looks down on Plymouth as a modern upstart.

> Saltash was a borough town
> When Plymouth was a furzy down.

It probably derived its original name Asche from its waterside situation, and as Ascheborough it was incorporated in the reign of Henry III. Amongst its parliamentary representatives have been Lord Clarendon, and Waller the poet. It had a ferry in quite early days, and the Black Prince, who was himself rowed across, conferred it upon an ex-service man who had been wounded in the French wars. The town has always been renowned for its watermen, and their wives were even more expert with the oar. They rowed in white frilled caps and ' bedgowns ', and not only did they carry off all the prizes at the local regattas, but they successfully exhibited their prowess at London and Havre. One sturdy oarswoman, who was buried in St. Stephen's graveyard at the age of ninety-five, is reputed to have stroked the winning crew five times, as well as to have performed her domestic duties by rearing thirteen children. In the Civil War, Saltash saw some fighting, but

it was on land, for in 1643 Sir Ralph Hopton drove Ruthven, the governor of Plymouth, helter-skelter through the town as he fell back upon the Devonshire border after his rout on Braddock Down.

When the visitor arrives in Saltash he will find himself unmistakably in Cornwall. The long main street of the town slopes towards the river, and then drops precipitously down to the quay. Here the houses are closely packed together in true Cornish fashion on the hill-side. This bit of Cornwall is picturesque enough to have caught the eye of Turner, who painted the Ferry Beach in 1812. From the little jetty, above which towers the great bridge like a huge hunched caterpillar, there is a down-stream view of the crowded waters of the Hamoaze and an up-stream glimpse of the quieter reaches of the Tamar. From the hill at the top of the town the river is again seen gleaming like a lake amongst the hills, unless, as is often the case, the mists slide down from Dartmoor and curtain the valley. The upper portion of the town contains nothing very quaint. The church adjoins the town hall, and was up to 1875 the mayor's chapel. It has, however, a Norman tower, rising from its north aisle, some other Norman features, and a fifteenth-century wagon roof. The ribbed font, which is said to be an importation, is peculiar, and so is the unusually large stoup.

The old parish church of St. Stephen is on a hill a mile away to the south-west. In seeking it the visitor will pass the little triangular enclosure which serves Saltash as a public park. In the centre of it is an obelisk to the memory of General Penn Symons, who fell in the Boer war. St. Stephen's is a spacious building with a lofty tower at the west end of its north aisle and a finely fashioned font. As in most of the Cornish churches, the old stocks are preserved. Those who visit St. Stephen's should continue their journey to Trématon where, on the opposite side of an intervening ravine is set ' on a steep rock a castle like a stately crown '. St. Stephen's Church and Trematon

Castle, with the valley between, form a very striking picture. A steep descent leads down from the church to the little hamlet of Forder lying at the bottom of a hollow at the head of a creek running up from the Lynher river, and an equally steep ascent winds up the opposite slope to the castle. Mr. Baring Gould derisively likened the fortress to a pork pie, but it is a pie well garnished with greenery, for only its battlements protrude from a belt of foliage which drapes the hill-side. The ruins consist of a cylindrical shell keep standing on a moated mound, a high-walled base court, and an outstanding gatehouse. Within the enclosure is a modern mansion. A stronghold existed on the site in Edward the Confessor's time, and at the Conquest it fell into the hands of Robert de Mortain. It afterwards passed to the Valletorts, who granted Saltash its first charter, and finally became the possession of Richard, Earl of Cornwall. In the religious revolt of 1549 it was captured and plundered by the rebels. Standing by the roadside half a mile beyond the castle is a diminutive cross. The lane turning southwards from this leads over the railway to Shillingham, once the seat of the Bullers, but now the home of the Porters, who are said to have obtained their name from their office as seneschals of Taemarton. The lane descends past Shillingham to the mouth of the creek, where there is a ferry across the Lynher river. The Lynher estuary is a charming sheet of water environed by woods and lawn-like meadows. Topping a projecting promontory to the west is Ince Castle, once a mansion of the Killigrews. It is a sixteenth-century brick building with four corner towers, and in the Civil War was held by the Royalists. One of the Killigrews is said to have had four wives at once. He kept the peace by the old expedient of keeping them apart, for he locked each in a separate tower. Oyster-beds line the opposite bank of the creek, and a road from the ferry runs through the grounds of Antony House to Torpoint. Antony House, the seat of the Pole-Carews, is a Queen Anne mansion built

by Gibbs in 1721 and contains a valuable collection of portraits. Near the house, on the way to Torpoint, is a modern church. Torpoint itself is a transpontine suburb of Devonport, much affected by employees of the Dockyard, but its importance in a Cornish itinerary lies in the fact that in these days, when the road once more rivals the railway, it forms for the motorist the water-gate of the duchy. A horse ferry was established here across the Hamoaze in 1835, and now great floating bridges carry most of the road traffic across the estuary to Liskeard. Devonport people have likewise another means of reaching Cornwall. There is a second ferry farther south at Cremyll, and the traveller who is desirous of exploring the Rame peninsula had best avail himself of it. A steep but shady road from Cremyll skirts the Mount Edgcumbe estate and affords the wayfarer a passing glimpse of the mansion. At the top of the ascent is Maker Church, which conspicuously crowns the ridge. It has a good tower and contains a fine font and some monuments of the Mount Edgcumbe family, but its chief attraction is the extensive view obtainable from its churchyard. At Inceworth, within the parish but on the other side of the Millbrook Lake, is a desecrated fourteenth-century chapel with some good details and an undercroft. From Maker there is a winding descent to the contiguous villages of Kingsand and Cawsand, two primitive little places in high favour with Plymouth trippers on account of their picturesque situation on a bay fronting the breakwater. From Cawsand a road leads through the low-lying hamlet of Forder to Rame, where a thirteenth-century church will be seen on the hill above. Rame has little to show but the church, which has a slender tower surmounted by a small broached spire. Like the majority of early Cornish churches, the building was altered in the fifteenth century by the addition of a south aisle, but a modern restoration brought to light a rudely carved Norman tympanum and the fragment of an altar slab. Some of the old panelled

bench-ends still survive. The Rame peninsula, which is a seaward extension of the Maker Heights, is a club-footed promontory with Rame Head for its toe and Penlee Point for its heel. Rame village is on the instep and rough tracks lead to both extremities. Rame Head is a cone-shaped termination almost severed from the mainland. It is surmounted by a small chapel and commands a sweep of coast reaching on very clear days from the long, curved shore of Whitesand Bay to the Lizard.

> Dimly through the misty sheen
> Loom sand-strewn shores and towering crags.

Penlee Point, two miles to the east, is a grassy slope edged by dark rocks. On the hill-top below the path is Lugger's grotto, a shallow cavity fronted by some arches, the work of an eccentric naval officer troubled by gout, who thought that the fine view of Plymouth Sound, which it commands, would set him on his sea-legs again. The Eddystone Lighthouse is ten miles due south of Rame Head. It is the fourth structure built upon the rock, and was erected in 1882 to replace Smeaton's building, the foundations of which had been undermined by the waves.

What the visitor comes chiefly to Saltash for is to revel in the beauties of the Tamar. Though it is a far cry from Saltash to Rame, yet the journey is more or less relevant to the purpose, for the Rame peninsula may be regarded broadly as a part of the river's *entourage* as it overlooks its outlet to the sea. But the Tamar, strictly speaking, is the river above the bridge ; and to see this properly the visitor should embark upon its broad-bosomed waters, for the view from above is too flat and photographic to be entirely satisfying. The Tamar is a river of many and variable moods. It abounds in surprises and should be allowed to reveal itself in its own way, but that is in a tortuous and leisurely fashion. In the summer, steam-boats ply up the estuary as far as Weir Head, where it

ceases to be tidal and begins to exchange its broader and grander effects for a quiet pastoral beauty. The pedestrian who declines to commit himself to its surface, and yet cannot pursue its banks, can yet sample its charms at selected spots. His first objective will be Landúlph, the tower of whose church he will have already seen from the quay facing him on a spit of land some little distance up-stream. Landúlph, unfortunately, ' though near is yet so far '. It is cut off from Saltash by the intervening waters of the Kingsmill Lake, an extensive creek, which entails a six miles' perambulation. It is reached by a circuitous route from the top of the town. A long lane leaves the Callington road at Karkeel and passes through the village of Botus Fleming. Botus Fleming lies on a hill-side sloping down to the Kingsmill Lake, and is smothered in cherry orchards. It has a pleasant little church containing the effigy of a cross-legged knight said to represent a thirteenth-century Flemming. The village of Landúlph has a landing-stage at Cargreen which commands a fine view of the Tamar, but the church is on the verge of Kingsmill Lake. It is a larger and more interesting building than the church at Botus Fleming, for it contains a good display of carved bench-ends and the remnants of its rood-screen. There is an east doorway in its south aisle communicating with a small external chamber, but the feature which attracts most attention is a small brass near it, commemorating the church's connexion with a person of remarkable pedigree. This was Theodore Paleologus, who married a Suffolk lady and died at the neighbouring estate of Clifton. As the epitaph declares, he claimed to be ' descended from ye Imperyall lyne of ye last Christian Emperor of Greece ', for he was the great-grandson of ' Thomas, second brother to Constantine Paleologus, ye 8th of that name, and last of ye Lyne yt raygned in Constantinople until subdued by ye Turks '. Constantine fell sighing for a Christian to cut off his head lest he should fall into the hands of the infidels. Gibbon

asserts that Thomas, on the conquest of Morea, of which he was despot, 'escaped into Italy with some naked adherents' and that 'his name, his sufferings and the head of the Apostle Andrew, entitled him to the hospitality of the Vatican, and his misery was prolonged by a pension of 6,000 ducats from the pope and his cardinals'. Why his descendant came to England (always the asylum of political exiles), and how he drifted into remote Cornwall, history does not record. Near the brass is the unadorned table-tomb of another resident at Clifton, Nicholas Lower (1655).

A long and uninteresting lane leads upwards from Landúlph and rejoins the Callington road at Painters Cross. It skirts on its way the demesne of Pentillie Castle, the grounds and woods of which overhang the Tamar. It is a modern building remarkable only for its situation and the eccentricity of a former owner of the property, Sir James Tillie, who died in 1712. To perpetuate his reputation as a *bon vivant*, he directed that he should be buried beneath the tower on Mount Ararat (a thickly wooded eminence near the house), seated before a table furnished with his pipe and glass. He is buried on the spot, but in the usual manner. It was perhaps thought that under the circumstances a glass would scarcely suffice for his future requirements, and smoke would prove a superfluity. Farther along the Callington road, as it rises over the shoulder of Viverdon Down, is the village of St. Mellion. It stands high, and has a conspicuous church with a solid-looking tower. The church, though much restored, retains a good Jacobean pulpit, and a brass and some rather pretentious monuments of the Corytons of Newton Ferrars —a mansion three miles away on the banks of the Lynher. The William Coryton (in the chancel) who died in 1651 was vice-warden of the Stannaries and made some little stir in politics, for in 1627 he was imprisoned for refusing to pay the forced loan which Charles I was seeking to raise. Though an opponent of royal exactions, he had apparently

no objection to financial illegalities for his own benefit ; in the Long Parliament he was unseated and dismissed from his employment for malpractices. A farmhouse at the east of the village retains a fragment of Crocadon House, once the home of John Trevisa (1326–1412), Lord Berkley's chaplain, who translated for his patron Higden's *Polychronicon*, the *Acts of King Arthur*, and some portions of the Bible. He was a canon of the collegiate church of Westbury on Trym, but had been expelled from his fellowship at Exeter College for disorder.

From St. Mellion a detour can be made to Pillaton, which stands on a hill-side overlooking the vale of the Lynher. From the churchyard there is a fine view of Caradon, the Cheesewring hill, and Sharpitor, which rise in imposing outline on the opposite side of the valley. The church was consecrated in 1259 by Bishop Bronescombe, but was remodelled in the fifteenth century. It has a passage squint in its south transept, and in the porch, which has a good roof, are the stocks with six holes, alternately large and small, to accommodate (it has been suggested) brawling couples who still desired to shake a loose leg. The way back to Saltash lies along the pleasant banks of the Lynher, which, however, can be crossed by a bridge if the traveller is minded to make another digression to Landráke. Landráke, like St. Mellion, is mounted conspicuously on a hill which forms a watershed between the Lynher and Tiddy rivers. The church has a lofty tower resembling that of St. Stephen's, but is otherwise not remarkable. At the back of an aumbry in the chancel is a small brass of Edward Courteney (1509), and opposite are some slab monuments of the Wills family. A pretty view of the Lynher is to be obtained as the traveller on his way back drops down into its valley at Notter Bridge, where he would have met the Saltash road if earlier on he had decided on his return from Pillaton to omit Landráke from his programme.

CHAPTER III

CALLINGTON AND KIT HILL

Be mine the breezy hill that skirts the down
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave.
BEATTIE

THE railway traveller who hesitates in his choice of routes between Saltash and Launceston will discover that there is a third way of entering the delectable duchy ; but it is by a sort of side door intended for the leisurely tourist who, fatigued by the stimulating but strenuous delights of Dartmoor, desires for the moment a less bracing experience. The Southern Railway has a branch from Tavistock to Calstock which crosses the Tamar and winds round the shoulders of the Hingston Downs to Callington. Those who prefer to do their sightseeing ' through a carriage window ' might do worse than avail themselves of this line, for it traverses one of the most striking sections of the Tamar valley. But in any case the tourist who desires to improve his acquaintance with the Cornish side of the river should make Callington for a while his sojourning place. Though it is not in itself a place of many attractions it forms a convenient centre for the exploration of the district, and its proximity to Kit Hill gives it a claim to attention. Its situation is high, but in reality it lies in a slight hollow at the foot of the hill. Though a corporate borough, which once had Horace Walpole for its member, it was never anything much more than a mining town, and its prosperity departed with the collapse of the industry. It puts in a title to be regarded as the Celliwig

of the Arthurian legend, but its pretensions in this respect are generally discredited. Its chief claim to the attention of the antiquary is its possession of a fine fifteenth-century church which has one or two peculiar features. It is one of the few Cornish churches with a clerestory, and its tower has an oddly-fashioned upper stage which fits so awkwardly that it looks like an afterthought. At the entrance to the churchyard is a rudely sculptured cross and a seventeenth-century house, and within the porch is a massive altar slab with a receptacle for relics. On the chancel floor is a fine brass of Sir Nicholas Assheton (1465), in lawyer's garb (for he was a judge of the Common Pleas), and his wife. It was due to his efforts that the small chapel which was all that the town once possessed was transformed into so fine a church. On the north of the sanctuary is an alabaster effigy of Lord Willoughby de Broke (1503), who wears over his armour the insignia of the Garter, and on the soles of his feet are the figures of monks telling their beads. Lord Willoughby was an enthusiastic Lancastrian, and was involved in Buckingham's abortive rising of 1485. He lived, however, to see his cause triumph and became both an admiral of the fleet and a marshal of the army.

The chief charm of Callington is its nearness to Kit Hill, which rises about a mile away and swells upwards like a gigantic molehill on the western extremity of Hingston Down. It is not a majestic or an impressive hill (for its altitude is only a little over a thousand feet), but it is a very inviting one. Its smooth and gentle slopes are singularly enticing, and the monumental chimney-stack on its summit makes it the most conspicuous landmark in the eastern portion of the county. There is no getting away from Kit Hill; it dominates the landscape. It is most easily ascended from the road to Kelly Bray, a large mining village where the railway station is situated. Its sides are littered with mining debris, but Kit Hill has survived the efforts to commercially exploit it, and it now offers itself as a delightful rambling ground for the tourist. Kit Hill has

made history in its day, and has been a battle-field as well as a workshop. Near its shapely chimney-stack is a small prehistoric earthwork, the embankments of which can still be traced amongst the refuse heaps. In 835 Egbert defeated a combined force of Danes and Britons on its slopes. It has been the scene, too, of debates as well as of actual warfare, for prior to the reign of Henry III it was a sort of Trades Union Congress hall where the Cornish miners used to meet their fellow-workers from Devon, to regulate the customs and settle the rights of the mining fraternity. From the summit a very extensive prospect unfolds itself, for the spectator looks down upon the winding valley of the Tamar gleaming like a silver ribbon below the tors of Dartmoor, and in the opposite direction, beyond the Caradon range, Brown Willy and Roughtor may be seen in the dim distance on a clear day.

> More bleak to view the hills at length recede
> And less luxuriant smoother vales extend,
> Immense horizon-bordered planes succeed,
> Far as the eye discerning, without end.

Those who from Kit Hill have caught a glimpse of the upper reaches of the Tamar amongst the hills and have seen the shining estuary stretching towards the sea will want to know something of what lies concealed between these two extremities, for the hills hide the view. The spectator curiosity can be satisfied if he cares to descend to the Tavistock road and to tramp as far as Calstock. The road runs along the slope of Hingston Down, and *en route* he should pay a visit to Dupath where there is one of Cornwall's many ancient baptistries. Half a mile out of Callington a lane leads off from the highway to join the Saltash road. About the same distance along this by-road is a farm and behind the farm is Dupath well. It is covered by a shrine which, though intact, is in a rather neglected condition. In the floor beneath a sort of chancel arch is a rectangular stone basin. In wet weather the

DUPATH WELL

spring not only fills the basin but floods the chamber, and finds its way out by every nook and cranny in the building. It is a picturesque but rather forlorn sight. Hingston Down was once a busy mining district, and when the traveller reaches the hamlet of St. Anne's Chapel he will have to diverge from the Tavistock road (which crosses the river at Gunnislake) and proceed through the mining village of Albáston. The first indication he will have of his proximity to his destination is the appearance of Calstock church which stands high above the town. The churchyard is more interesting than the church (which, however, preserves a fresco), for it commands a superb view of the Tamar, which will be seen gliding through a sort of canyon and overhung on the Devonshire side by the Morwell rocks. Gunnislake will be seen in the distance closing the prospect. It is the most romantic bit of scenery in the course of the river. The visitor should resist the temptation to make his descent to the town by the lane opposite the church, but should follow the path past the church. It is a rough bridle-path leading to some abandoned mines, but it provides the wayfarer with a continuous view of the river. The scenery, which is very striking, is unfortunately defaced by the ruined tin workings which everywhere encumber the valley. Calstock is a sort of riverside Clovelly, a little bundle of steep and narrow streets picturesquely squeezed in the gorge, but not too trimly kept. Towering above the quay is the lofty viaduct which carries the railway across the chasm. Below Calstock perched on the summit of a wooded hill and overlooking the river is Cothele House, said to be ' the most perfect example of an embattled Tudor mansion in the country '. It is a two-storeyed building with a low tower, built round a quadrangular court, and retains its ancient fittings and furniture unaltered. It belongs to the Mount Edgcumbe family who possessed the property before the erection of the present house. On the top of a rock projecting from the woods is a small chapel which is reputed

to owe its existence to an adventurous episode in the career of Sir Richard Edgcumbe, which might have been taken from the pages of an historical novel. As he was a partisan of Richmond, Richard III sent an armed band to apprehend him. He escaped, however, to the woods, gained the crag and cast his cap into the river. His pursuers concluding that he was drowned in an attempt to cross the stream abandoned the chase, and the knight fled to France. On his return from exile he built the chapel in commemoration of his escape.

A road from Cothele leads to St. Dominic which, like Botus Flemming, is celebrated for its cherries. It lies in a depression and the church on the slope above is almost obscured by trees. The building has a curious tower, for its upper stage is dilated and supported on corbels. On the face of the tower are some rudely sculptured figures of the apostles. The interior has a good wagon roof with a carved cornice. At the end of the south aisle are the effigies of Anthony Rous of Halton and his son Ambrose (1659). There appears to be some confusion about the date, for Ambrose, who was M.P. for Launceston, died in 1620. It was Francis, another member of the family, who died in 1659, but he is buried at Eton where he was Provost. He was M.P. for Truro and Tregony and Speaker in the Little Parliament. He was a bigoted Puritan and took the covenant. Though a lawyer he devoted himself to theological controversy, and the Cavaliers derisively termed him ' that illiterate old Jew of Eton '. From St. Dominic a lane leads back to Callington.

Callington, like Saltash, has its mother church outside itself, but here it is even more remotely and inconveniently situated, for it is at Southill, three miles away on a rather unfrequented but pleasantly diversified road. The church stands on the top of a hill sheltered by a ring of trees. The tower is buttressed only on its lower stage. The interior contains a good font, a sedilia, a squint and some unoccupied sepulchral recesses. In the churchyard is an

inscribed stone, found in the rectory garden in 1891, with the wording Cumregni Felemanci. On the glebe farm is a holy well. From Southill the visitor should make his way to Linkinhorne, a pleasing village with a very fine church with an exceptionally lofty tower of four stages, one of the highest in the county. The church and village stand on the side of a glen which leads down to the valley of the Lynher. From the road on the higher ground above is a good view of Caradon and its companions. At the entrance of the churchyard is a lych stone and a wheel-headed cross. The tower and north aisle of the church were built by Sir Henry Trecarel, the benefactor of Launceston, who owned Trefrýs in this parish as well as Trecarel in Lezant, but the church belonged to Launceston Priory. It is a very spacious building but somewhat lacking in interest. It retains faint traces of a fresco, its stocks, and two of its old seats much decayed. In the churchyard are some specimens of the work of Daniel Gumb, the eccentric stonemason who made for himself a dwelling near the Cheesewring. In the dell to the south of the church is a well-preserved baptistry, quite simple in structure but one of the best in the county. There is a cross-country track back to Callington by way of Stoke Climsland. It is not a direct route but it enables the wayfarer to see Stoke without making a special journey for the purpose. The church stands on a bank overhanging the old Launceston road. It possesses a heavily buttressed tower, and the interior has some differently fashioned arcades. On the north external wall is a blocked Norman doorway, which is further obstructed by a Perpendicular buttress. There is an internal doorway curiously placed at the junction of the chancel and south aisle. The road back to Callington descends a deep hollow and as it rises again unfolds a fine view of Kit Hill.

One of the pleasantest roads out of Callington is the highway to Liskeard. It rises and falls with almost rhythmic regularity through a varied country-side. In the

course of its eight miles' journey it crosses three river valleys, the Lynher, the Tiddy, and the Seaton. Its prettiest section is, when outside Callington, it makes a long descent into the vale of the Lynher. The river here winds amongst water meadows overhung by wooded hillsides, with the little hamlet of Newbridge picturesquely grouped at the crossing. Rising southwards from the valley is the conical hill of Cadson Bury crowned by an earthwork. On the top of the ascent between the Lynher and the Tiddy is the village of St. Ive (Eve), which, like nearly all highly placed Cornish villages, has a good church with a fine tower, and is closely girdled by trees. The interior is of more than usual interest. The tracery throughout is well designed and the east window is flanked by elaborate niches. The chancel retains its sedilia and piscina, and in the massive porch is a well-preserved stoup. The woodwork is chiefly modern, but the old wagon roofs are richly carved, and there is a Queen Anne pulpit with sounding board. The church once belonged to the night Templars, who possessed the neighbouring manor of Trebeigh. Trebeigh subsequently passed into the hands of the Wreys, whose grandiose monument blocks one of the chancel windows. The church seen in the distance from the churchyard is St. Cleer's. Seated on the slope of a deep depression, two miles to the south of St. Ive, is Quethiock (Gwithick), the church of which has a rather peculiar tower. The latter is tall and slender with overlapping aisles and a projecting stairway roofed with a gable. In the churchyard is an exceptionally tall wheel cross, and in the porch are some stocks. Within the church at the foot of the pulpit is a good brass of Roger Kyngdon (1471) and his wife. There is another but much poorer brass, with a rhyming epitaph, to Roger Chiverston (1617) in the south transept, and a plain table tomb to Hugh Hallmonde (1599) in the north aisle.

CHAPTER IV

AN ANCIENT SEE TOWN

Not but that portions of the pile
Rebuilded in a later style
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been ;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillars carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded with consuming power
The pointed angles of each tower ;
Yet still entire the abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn but unsubdued.

SCOTT

ST. GERMANS is a place with a past, for it was once the ecclesiastical capital of Cornwall. It still cherishes a tender memory of that early distinction. It is a long memory, for St. Germans' golden prime passed away even before the Normans came and rearranged the ecclesiastical map. The creation of the bishopric was, however, itself the result of a still earlier conquest, for it was Athelstan who, during his swoop upon Cornwall in 939, is recorded to have 'set up Conan as bishop of the church of St. Germans'. There are said to have been thirteen occupants of the episcopal throne before it was removed to Crediton in 1042. The church owed its honour no doubt to its assumed connexion with Germanus, the famous Bishop of Auxerre, who came to Britain in 429 on a great heresy hunt. Whether he personally founded the church, or it was founded out of compliment to his mission, is unknown. Be that as it may, it had eventually something more than a vague legend to link it with his name. If he did not come in the flesh to the locality, he came in

what remained of it, for in 1358 Sir Nicholas Tamorze brought from Auxerre one of the saint's bones and part of his shroud and placed them in the church.

There still lingers about St. Germans to-day something of an episcopal atmosphere. Its cloistral seclusion and the quiet beauty of its situation make it one of the most charming retreats in the duchy. As one descends from the station down the sloping road past the church one might almost imagine oneself in a little cathedral city. The grey towers of the church standing out serenely against the wooded glades of the park, the adjoining gateway of the mansion and the lake-like waters of the Tiddy estuary are strongly suggestive of the reposeful dignity of a cathedral close. The church itself—a pleasant variant from the usual type—is one of the most striking and interesting ecclesiastical fabrics in Cornwall, though it has suffered severely in times past from greed, fanaticism, and neglect. It is a twin-towered building, and was once of some size and magnificence. It owed its grandeur and its misfortunes to its connexion with a monastery. There was a community of Celtic monks before Athelstan gave it a bishopric and made it into a college of secular canons. Bishop Leofric of Crediton introduced the Augustinian rule, and as a church of Black Canons it remained until the Reformation, when the priory was handed over to the Champernownes. In 1565 the property was acquired by Richard Eliot. The mansion of Port Eliot occupies the site of the monastery and incorporates some fragments of its building. Its grounds absorb the southern portion of the graveyard. So closely does the mansion adjoin the church that it looks as if the monastery had risen from its ruins. The most imposing external feature of the church is its façade, a sober but dignified composition, consisting of a deeply recessed but much weathered doorway flanked by two diversely finished towers. The lower masonry throughout is Norman. The north tower has an octagonal upper stage of thirteenth-century workmanship, and the

south tower is carried up square in the Perpendicular style. Within the church there is likewise a medley of dates and fashions. Two Transitional Norman piers, which once had a clerestory, remain in the west, but the remainder of the arcade is a blend of Decorated and Perpendicular. The building is now lop-sided, for the north aisle was removed as unsafe in 1803, but the south aisle stands as remodelled by the fifteenth-century builders. The chancel appears to have been destroyed when the priory was dissolved, and a makeshift substitute collapsed in 1592, but the fine Perpendicular window has been replaced in the wall that now terminates the east end. At the end of the south aisle is a large niche, and near it is a piscina and sedilia, whilst in a doorway in the south wall is one of the old stalls with a misericord representing a hunting scene. There is a stoup in the south wall and at the west end a large but somewhat defaced Norman font bearing differently designed panels on its sides. A stone coffin has been placed beneath a groined porch occupying an unusual position at the west end of the south aisle ; but the church contains no ancient monuments, though there are some empty canopied recesses which probably once enclosed effigies. A good but rather sentimental group of sculpture to the memory of Captain Eliot, who fell at Inkerman, is beneath the north-west tower.

The adjoining mansion of Port Eliot, owing to its low situation, is largely screened from the road, but a delightful view of the church and house can be obtained from a pathway through the park at the farther end of the village. The house is a two-storeyed battlemented building, unpretentious but dignified. It remains in very much the same condition as it was left by its builder, the first Lord Eliot, the friend and contemporary of Johnson and Reynolds. It was to Eliot that Johnson remarked on the appearance of Lord Chesterfield's letters, 'Every man of education would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in the graces.' Reynolds contributed to the collection of

pictures for which the mansion is famous. Among the portraits is one of John Hampden and another of his friend John Eliot, M.P. for Newport, who was imprisoned in the Tower until his death in 1632 for his opposition to the government of Charles I. Port Eliot obtains its name from the fact that St. Germans was an ancient port. It still possesses a quay to which access can be obtained by a road beyond the railway bridge, leading down to the creek. Cuddenbeak, a house near the quay, stands on the site of a palace which belonged to the bishops of Exeter. A fine view of the locality can be obtained from a lane near the station. The village, which has a raised causeway, presents a very picturesque and rural appearance. At its lower extremity is a quaint row of double-decked almshouses, reminiscent of the Rows at Chester.

Amongst the many pleasant rambles which the neighbourhood affords one of the prettiest is the walk to Polbathic, a village to the south-west, lying at the bottom of a valley on the banks of an arm of the Lynher estuary. Polbathic, in spite of its charmingly sequestered situation, is for its size a lively little place, for the high-road from Liskeard to Torpoint passes along the floor of the valley. The road follows the windings of the creek until, forced aside by another inlet of the Lynher estuary, it leaves the water and for a while mounts the hill to Sheviock (Shévock). At Sheviock there is a beautiful fourteenth-century church with a rather attenuated thirteenth-century tower crowned by a broached spire. The interior has a fifteenth-century arcade of granite piers and displays a goodly array of panelled bench-ends. In the chancel is a triple sedilia, and in the north aisle is the effigy of a knight, probably a Dawnay. Two more effigies are in the south transept, which has a squint. These figures are conjectured to represent Sir Edward Courteney and his wife (1370), who was the heiress of the Dawnays, the founders of the church. Carew relates of the builder of the church that when engaged upon the fabric his practically minded wife

occupied herself with the more prosaic but equally useful task of erecting a barn. When they balanced their accounts the lady's expenditure was found to exceed her husband's by three halfpence. She perhaps intended the coincidence as a gentle satire on her lord's devotion, though he might have regarded it as a reflection upon her management.

After leaving Sheviock the road again descends to rejoin the Lynher estuary, whose company it keeps more or less all the way to Antony. Antony stands on a hill-side under the shadow of Scraesdon Fort and faces down the river. The view from the churchyard is said to have been greatly admired by Turner, who had a peculiar fondness for the Tamar and its tributaries. Antony is a pleasant village and is not unworthy of its beautiful situation. The church stands on a bank above the houses and groups well with its surroundings. The tower, though low, was struck by lightning in 1640, when some of the congregation are said to have been ' scorched '. The porch has a good roof and contains the parish stocks. Like Sheviock the church contains some carved bench-ends, but they are only reproductions of the originals. There are, however, a few of the old seats remaining in the choir. On the floor of the chancel there is a good brass of Margery Arundell (1420), and there are elsewhere some mural monuments of the Carew family, amongst which the Cornish topographer (1620) finds commemoration. He was M.P. for Saltash and Mitchell, and published his Survey in 1609. From Antony a leisurely and leafy lane leads down to St. John's, a cluster of cottages lying in a dell at the head of a small creek thrown out from the Hamoaze. It has a small aisleless church remarkable only for its pretty and secluded situation.

From St. John's the traveller should cross the hill and make his way seawards towards Crafthole. To the south will be observed in passing the menacing embankments of Tregantle Fort where the rattle of rifles and machine guns and the fluttering of red flags warn the loiterer that the

locality is not always so healthy as it seems. There is a road below Tregantle all along the shore of Whitesand bay. At Crafthole there is nothing very much to excite the wayfarer's interest except a cross in the middle of the village. There is another small cross by the wayside on the road which leads down from Crafthole to join the Liskeard highway. Keeping, however, to the coast road, the wayfarer will notice below him the little village of Port Wrinkle tucked away in a little crevice in the cliffs. Port Wrinkle was once a thriving fishing station until the pilchards left it and its harbour was broken up by the waves. Its beach is now overlooked by a large hotel. The chief objective of this extended ramble is not, however, Port Wrinkle, but the modern seaside resort of Downderry. Between Port Wrinkle and Downderry there is a tall cross in a field overlooking a wooded cliff, and not far away will be seen the Longstone, a pinnacle of rock projecting like an obelisk from the sea. When one mentions Downderry, strangers innocently inquire, 'In what part of Ireland is that?' It does not happen to be down Derry way at all, but is some three miles west of Port Wrinkle. The name appears to be a corruption of Dun-derru (Oak-banks). There is something offensively modern in the appearance of Downderry. It is a collection of summer residences and week-end bungalows of the asbestos-sheet type which the popularity of the motor-car has brought into being. But there is some excuse for people congregating here, for it is one of the snuggest places in Cornwall. It is placed at the foot of a steeply sloping cliff and fronts a sandy shore—and is so securely sheltered from the north that it enjoys whatever sun is obtainable without any wintry adulteration. It is approached by a rather declivitous road which has to be remounted on the traveller's return to St. Germans, unless he prefers to find his way back by a circular route through the Seaton valley. From the top of the hill, however, a straight road will take him to Polbathic again.

There remains one more ramble for the visitor to St. Germans to take before he has exhausted the possibilities of the neighbourhood. The Lynher estuary, besides receiving the waters of its own stream, has another contributor, the Tiddy, which is really the St. Germans river. It drains the slopes of Caradon and flows in a channel almost parallel to the course of the Lynher, which comes down from the Bodmin moors. A road from St. Germans descends into the Tiddy valley and joins the highway from Saltash to Liskeard at Tideford. Here the river broadens out into its estuary, the banks of which are draped with woods. The village is congregated along the roadside beyond the bridge. It is a fair-sized place, prodigally surrounded by greenery, nature having even troubled to clothe two old lime-kilns with so thick a mantle of ivy that they might be mistaken for the stumps of ruined castles. By deserting the Saltash road as it climbs towards the tall tower of Landráke church and taking to a lane on the right the traveller can get a prolonged view of the Tiddy estuary until the track turns inland. By crossing another dingle he can make his way to St. Erney. The church, which stands in a rather secluded situation, has a good Decorated east window and an early Norman font of rough workmanship, but is otherwise of little interest.

CHAPTER V

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LISKEARD

These heaps of stones, these old walls which ye see,
Were first enclosures, but of savage soyle ;
And these brave pallaces, which maystered be
Of time, were shepherds cottages meanwhile.
SPENSER

LISKEARD is rather bleakly situated on a triangular plateau projecting into the valley of the Looe. It is a somewhat hybrid place, half modern, half primitive. The newer streets are regular enough and brave the exposure, but the older portion of the town exhibits the usual Cornish contempt for town-planning and is crowded together to catch the shelter of a slight hollow. The town derived its name—the Court on the Rock—probably from the castle which Richard, Earl of Cornwall, erected on the ridge at the top of the town. Of the castle not a trace exists, and its site has been turned into a public garden. The disappearance of the castle did not, however, preserve Liskeard from some little experience of political turmoil. After his defeat of the Parliamentary forces on Braddock Down in 1643, Hopton made the town his head-quarters, and that fact secured for it two visits from Charles I, who stayed at a slate-fronted house still standing in Barras Street near the Library. Liskeard has always been one of the leading towns in Cornwall, and until the nineteenth century was one of the coinage towns. In 1620 it was represented in Parliament by Coke, the lawyer, and in 1775 Gibbon, the historian, sought and obtained its suffrages. His connexion with the borough was, by his own confession, of more service to himself than to the public. 'I

went into Parliament,' he said, 'without patriotism and without ambition, and after a fleeting and illusive hope, prudence condemned me to the humble station of a mute.' He nevertheless allowed that the six years during which he retained the seat was to him 'a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian'. The town was associated with two other literary men of less fame, Dean Prideaux and 'Peter Pindar' (John Wolcot), who were educated at its Grammar School. The latter was a doctor, but took Holy Orders and then returned to the practice of physic. He achieved celebrity however as a satirical writer. He never professed to do more in medicine than 'give nature a shove on the back'. Liskeard has an 'Italian' town hall, and a library, but its most important building is its large parish church, standing on high ground to the east of the town. It has a plain but dignified modern tower and an imposing interior of late Perpendicular workmanship, with an additional south aisle. Its most antique features are the remains of a Norman doorway embodied in one of the interior walls of the tower, and near the tower a lynchoscope—a round-headed recess lighted by three small windows and displaying an external stoup; the pulpit, dated 1636, is handsomely carved, and in the north porch is a good stoup. A small Celtic cross stands near the lych-gate at the entrance to the graveyard.

But the chief attraction of Liskeard is its central position between the southern seaboard and the bleak northern moors. The visitor can sample both these contrasted regions from the same base, and can turn from one to the other as the mood dictates. He will probably first direct his attention to the granite slopes of Caradon, for Caradon is to Liskeard much what Kit Hill is to Callington. It is the presiding genius of the district. Caradon has a much more shapely and imposing outline than Kit Hill, but it is not so friendly or accessible an eminence, though the view from its summit (1,213 feet) is far-reaching and impressive.

One strolls up Kit Hill, but to reach Caradon is an expedition. Caradon, like Kit, has been sadly treated by the miners; but while they ransacked the slopes of Kit for tin and arsenic, they dug out the bowels of Caradon for copper. Caradon itself, however, is seldom the actual objective of a moorland excursion from Liskeard. It is merely an incidental feature of the landscape in the popular pilgrimage to the Cheesewring. Every one who goes to Liskeard makes it a point of duty to see the Cheesewring, for it is one of 'the sights' of Cornwall. The first stage of the journey is St. Cleer. From Liskeard the road begins almost at once to climb the boulder-strewn face of the moors, and St. Cleer is altogether in the wilds. A mile or so to the east of the road, on the edge of the moor, is Trethennick, the birthplace of George Borrow's father. 'I am convinced,' says the author of *Lavengro*, 'that the public will read my papers with more zest because I am a *gentillâtre* with Cornish blood in my veins, of a family which lived on their own property at a place bearing a Celtic name signifying "the house on the hill-side".' It is evident, however, that though the 'Celtic name' pleased Borrow's fancy, he was more concerned to prove himself a gentleman than a Cornishman. St. Cleer stands high and makes no pretence of being anything better than a moorland village, for it is bleak and bare. In spite of the abandonment of its mines it is still a populous district, for scattered about the lower slopes of Caradon are a number of nebulous satellites which bear names of their own and call themselves separate villages. It is a fascinating region in spite of its barrenness and disorder. St. Cleer's Church has a tall tower and a blocked Norman doorway on its north wall, but little else of great interest. The church is, however, only one of an exceptionally large and varied group of antiquities. A short distance down a lane on the north of the churchyard is a granite baptistry resembling the one at Dupath, though the basin is dry, for the spring now flows under the chapel and issues

beyond it. The chapel was reduced to ' a heap of stones ' by the Puritans, and restored in the last century. Adjoining it is a cross bearing on both its faces another cross in relief. If the lane is followed down the hill and a rough track be taken on the farther side of the Tremár road, the traveller will make his way to the Trethevy cromlech, which may be seen from St. Cleer standing on a rise about a mile to the east. It is one of the largest dolmans in the duchy, and is a very impressive spectacle. It preserves the form of a kistfaen, though one of its ends has fallen inwards. The capstone, which measures some fourteen feet by nine feet, slants, and its upper end is pierced with a hole, a peculiarity not found in any other. It stands on a slight mound, but is completely exposed, though it is said to have been once covered by a cairn. There are at least a dozen cromlechs in Cornwall, and there is little doubt that they were originally burial chambers, for many elsewhere are still partially concealed by the tumulus which once surmounted them. But so naked do some stand that it is difficult to believe that they were ever enclosed in mounds, though it is asserted by Borlase that all the Cornish cromlechs were once covered. Probably what was once a real sepulchre became in course of time a mere cenotaph. It is now generally believed that the cromlechs were erected by the Iberians, though some antiquaries have advanced the theory that they were the work of a special race of dolman builders whose wanderings over Europe can be traced by these monuments. As interesting in their way as the Trethevy cromlech, but not so venerable or so imposing, are the two crosses known as the Stone and the Half-Stone. These stand about a mile to the north of St. Cleer, a little off the road to the Cheesewring. They are in a field close to the side of a road from the hamlet of Two Crosses to Doublebois station. One is a tall pillar of interlaced design with a broken mortice on the top ; the other is a rectangular block, also exhibiting a mortice and bearing on its side an illegible inscription

which is said to read ' Doniet rogavit pro anima '. There is little doubt that it was the base of the adjoining pillar. The Doniet here commemorated is declared by Carew to have been Dungarth, the son of Caradoc, King of Cornwall, who was drowned in the Fowey river in 872. An empty sepulchral chamber is alleged to have been found beneath the crosses. There is another tall cross with a circular head by the roadside on this way to the Cheesewring, and near it is a plain stone pillar.

The Cheesewring itself is about half a mile to the north of a group of houses clustered about the Cheesewring Hotel. But before the visitor goes in search of it he should inspect the stone circle, known as the Hurlers, which will be noticed on the moor to the west of the hamlet. The stones, which are of no great size, once formed a group of three adjoining circles. Of the central circle only ten upright stones remain ; the circle to the north has only six, and two only survive of the third. To the west of the group are two detached stones. Such circles are numerous in Cornwall, and their origin is extremely obscure and was not probably in all cases the same. The majority seem to date from the Bronze Age. Sometimes they surround a kistfaen, sometimes they encircle a central pillar, sometimes they appear to have formed the external supports of a mound, and sometimes, especially in the case of the larger ones, they possibly formed enclosures for religious purposes. Sir Norman Lockyer maintained that they were astronomical devices for ascertaining the course of the year—rude almanacs, in fact—and from their ' orientation ' he calculated their age ; but his theory finds little support. Probably the circles underwent a process of development. Beginning as a structural part of a sepulchre, they became mere ghost fences, and finally were possibly used to mark off places which for some reason were under taboo. Country people, who love a rough and ready explanation of a mystery, interpreted them as acts of judgment for the profanation of the Sabbath. The Hurlers were a set of

hardened men who were completely petrified for following the once popular Cornish pastime of hurling on the sacred day. The Sunday idler, who, instead of frequenting church, rambles round the country-side, can still find a sermon in these stones, though he has the consolation of escaping the collection. Hals, in relating the legend, gravely remarks, ' I can hardly help thinking that they were always stones and will continue so till the world's end.' Unfortunately the stone breaker is as intractable as the Sabbath breaker.

A rough track leads from the inn to the Cheesewring. The rock sufficiently proclaims its own whereabouts, for it is perched high upon the side of a bluff which is extensively quarried for granite. Steps were taken only just in time to safeguard the structure. The wayfarer has to make his way round the edge of the quarry, amongst a confused jumble of boulders to reach the object of his search. It presents the appearance of a giant toadstool, some twenty feet in height. Though it looks like the result of some freakish enterprise, for great slabs of granite are piled one on top of another, with the biggest blocks uppermost, it is really a natural formation, for it is surrounded by a family of smaller masses of rock, all undergoing a similar process of weathering. In fact, it is only a supreme example of what may be seen on the tops of all granite tors. The public generally are just as much interested in the habitation of Daniel Gumb, the Linkinhorne monumental mason, as in the Cheesewring, but it seems to have disappeared through the inroads of the quarryman. Gumb is said to have built himself a rude granite shelter here and to have lived in it with his wife and family. Upon the lintel he inscribed his name and date (1735), along with the figure of one of Euclid's propositions (perhaps the *pons asinorum*). To the north of the Cheesewring rises the rugged lump of Sharpitor, and beyond it, in the distance, the impressive outline of the Kilmar rocks. The quickest way of comprehending the

St. Cleer's group of antiquities in one swoop is when leaving Liskeard to take the Tremar road near the bridge over the old mineral railway, see the Trethevy Quoit, pass on at once by Railway Terrace to the Hurlers and the Cheesewring, then visit the Doniest stone, and return by St. Cleer.

It is not a very far cry from St. Cleer to St. Neot (Nee-ot), the other 'show place' in the Liskeard district, for they are only about five miles apart, and there is a road connecting the villages, but it is a complicated one. There is a direct route from Liskeard to St. Neot, but the leisurely wayfarer should reserve this for his return, and on leaving Liskeard, instead of turning aside at Looemills, should keep to the Bodmin road and proceed through the village of Dobwalls. He will then have the delightful experience of traversing in part the lovely and leafy valley of the Fowey. The railway accompanies the road through the vale, and about a mile beyond Doublebois station a glen, through which 'a silver streamlet glides', opens into the main valley. A road threads the vale by the side of the torrent, and leads up to St. Neot. Though St. Neot stands on the edge of the moors, its sheltered position and sylvan surroundings contrast pleasantly with the bleak austerity of St. Cleer. The church, which is the glory of the village, stands on a bank. It has a well-designed tower with clustered pinnacles and an attractive interior. Facing the richly groined porch is a mediaeval calvary and a group of Celtic crosses. But the possession for which the church is so famous is its wonderful display of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century stained glass. St. Neot's is the Cornish Fairford. Fifteen of the seventeen windows of the church retain the larger portion of their original glazing, and the missing parts were reproduced in 1824 without detriment, it is claimed, to the designs. Many of the windows bear the names of the donors, and all will repay careful study. On the north side of the sanctuary is a canopical recess, which is supposed to have contained the shrine of St. Neot,

but which may have been used as an Easter sepulchre. The remains of the saint, which an earlier church possessed, were transferred in 974 to Eynesbury Abbey, Huntingdon, but an arm was left behind as a consolation to pilgrims. At the west end of the north aisle is a slate table-tomb of William Bere (1610) with effigies in relief.

> On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
> Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
> Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave,
> In the vast western window of the nave ;
> And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
> A chequer work of glowing sapphire tints,
> And amethyst and ruby.

St. Neot is said to have been either brother or uncle to King Alfred, and Alfred himself is reported to have come into the neighbourhood to hunt, but remained to pray. The saint made his reputation by impounding within a fence of stone a flock of crows which he had been set to scare. The pound still exists on Gonzion Down to the north of the church, but its enclosing walls have a strong resemblance to a prehistoric fort. Crow stories always grow. St. Neot was short of stature, but some tall stories are told of him. To get into the church he was accustomed to stand in the churchyard on a stone and throw the key into the keyhole, whereupon the lock descended to enable him to turn the key. A lane below the church leads past the Carlyon Arms to a meadow in which, beneath a wooded slope, is the saints' well, covered by an arch and surmounted by a cross. In this well St. Neot was accustomed to stand up to his chin whilst he recited the psalms of the day. The well was his larder as well as his oratory. An angel stocked it in perpetuity with two fish on the understanding that one only was to be taken daily for dinner. Unfortunately the saint fell ill, and his servant, in his zeal to give his master an extra dose of kitchen physic, boiled both the fish. The saint, on discovering the circumstance, ordered one of the fish to be restored to the

water (but not to the kettle), and, as all's well that ends well, the misfortune was not to be regretted, for the fish revived and the saint recovered. It is a fishy story, but anglers accomplish surprising things. The road up the hill to the east of the village leads directly back to Liskeard. *En route*, the traveller will again descend into the Fowey valley, which he will cross at Trengale Mill, where the stream comes hurrying down from the moors. About two miles up the valley at Redgate near Dreynes bridge are the Golytha Falls, a triple series of cascade which foam over obstructing masses of rock. On rejoining the Bodmin road at Looemills a lane will be found opposite the viaduct which skirts a glen almost all the way back to Liskeard.

Having done his duty by the north, the visitor will be free to turn his attention to the south. Here he will be no longer amongst the hills, but in the vales, for his principal ramble will be down the valley of the Looe. The road passes the station and then descends by a steep declivity to the riverside, where it is joined by the railway, which has to make a circuitous journey through a converging valley to negotiate the gradient. The Looe is here a mere rivulet and the valley a succession of smooth green slopes with but little of its subsequent beauty. When it reaches the level the road swings sharply over the railway and ascends the opposite hill-side to St. Keyne. The impression gathered from the map that St. Keyne is in the valley is erroneous. It stands on the hill-top above. The church is a rather lonely building surrounded by a high turf bank that might be mistaken for an earthwork. Though ancient, as a Norman wood mould over its doorway indicates, the church is of slight interest. But visitors do not go to St. Keyne to see the church ; they go, if married, to drink of the well immortalized by Southey :

> If the husband of this gifted well
> Shall drink before his wife,
> A happy man thenceforth is he,
> For he shall be master for life.

The well is near some cottages half a mile down a lane past the east end of the church. It is a very ordinary village well in appearance, in a stone recess and does not look particularly inviting or virtuous. Above the well grows a large elm-tree. Norden says, 'The spring rises under a tree of most strange condition, for beying one body it beareth the braunches of four kinds, oake, ashe, elm and willow'; but the sturdy elm stock must have struck its roots into the water first, for it seems to have vanquished its rivals. As there is a station at St. Keyne to which a descent can be made from the well, the wearied visitor can return to Liskeard by train, unless he prefers to work his way over the hill to St. Pinnock; but the church there, like that of St. Keyne, though picturesquely situated, has no features of special interest.

There is a pleasant walk from the east end of Liskeard to Menheniot. The road descends into the valley of the Seaton, climbs a hill, dips into another dell, and then mounts to the village. It is a comely little place with a picturesque church in its centre. The tower carries a spire and appears to be older than the rest of the building, which dates from the fifteenth century. The chancel retains its sedilia and piscina, and on the floor is a small brass to Sir Ralph Carminow (1386). The living was once held by William of Wykeham, and Trelawney, one of the 'seven bishops', was baptized in the church. Poole Court, one of the mansions of the Trelawneys, which subsequently to their time for a while did duty as a poor-house, once stood on the outskirts of the village. But the real interest of Menheniot is in its proximity to the Seaton valley. This is approached by proceeding past the station and descending the Torpoint highway until the river is reached. Above the station rise the knolled shoulders of Clicker Tor, which has been described as looking like 'a bit of Dartmoor that has got out of place'. The hill is extensively quarried for road metal. Below the viaduct are the woods of Coldrenick. Near the lodge gates the traveller should leave the beaten

highway and take the rough road down the valley, which is walled in all the way by thickly wooded slopes. On the summit of a tree-crowned hill at the upper end of the valley is a prehistoric encampment. It is a charming walk and may be terminated at Hessenford by crossing the river and taking the road to Looe up the hill until the first opportunity arrives of returning to Liskeard.

CHAPTER VI

LOVELY LOOE

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play ;
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

TENNYSON

THE word-painters who delight in describing the duchy as delectable are just as happy in labelling Looe (Loo) as lovely. There is no sacrifice of truth here for the sake of a phrase. The adjective suits the place exactly, and leaps spontaneously to the lips of the traveller as he approaches the town. Looe is very quaint and Cornish, but it is the beauty of its surroundings which first impresses the visitor, and the impression is one which deepens the more he sees of them. The picture of the tide-flooded harbour and of ' the white-walled cottages gleaming high ' against the wooded hill-sides is one which the beholder will not easily forget. Looe does not seem intended for a seaside resort, though it is rapidly developing into one. It is a fisherman's town pure and simple, where the artist is the only visitor who does not look out of place.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shields it from the rolling sea
And forms a post secure for ships to ride.

Looe has only a very limited sea-front. It gathers itself round its narrow-necked harbour, and East and West Looe face one another rather defiantly across the intervening water. They were once not only two separate places but

two distinct constituencies. Only the long, many-arched bridge spanning the estuary made friendly intercourse possible. They are common partakers, however, of the beauty of the valley, though each contributes its own distinct share to it, for they have two separate rivers which unite to form the estuary.

East and West Looe are now one community, but East Looe may be said to be the predominant partner. The houses are arranged in tiers along the cliff-side, but towards the mouth of the harbour is a congested knot of narrow streets with the church squeezed in between them and the water. West Looe likewise clings to the hill-side, but the older houses, instead of packing themselves together on the edge of the estuary, have retreated up a steep but convenient combe, which they line almost to the top. East Looe has a small stone pier projecting at the harbour's mouth. West Looe has no pier, but it has a more extended sea-front. The cliffs which here closely overhang the entrance of the estuary recede as they face the sea and leave a tract of flat land which the builder is rapidly covering with 'eligible residences'. Off the point which terminates the shore rises a smooth green island, and just beyond the houses are some bramble-covered heaps which are said to mark the demolished monastery of Lemaine. The buildings of neither section of the town are of much antiquarian interest. East Looe Church retains nothing of the original fabric but a low tower. Near it is the ancient Guild-hall (now turned into a reading-room), which has a gabled external stairway adorned with a pillory block. East Looe has likewise a church which in times past has been both a chapel and a guild-hall. It, too, is entered by a flight of steps, and has a Norman doorway and some round-headed windows.

At Looe the rivers are more important than the sea. They combine to form a landscape of great beauty which, when seen from the hill-sides above the town, looks like a scene out of lakeland. The West Looe is the more

EAST AND WEST LOOE

picturesque of the two. It discloses itself more frankly and is the more lake-like in aspect. Indeed, a small lake has been formed out of it by an ingenious miller, who in days gone by imprisoned a portion of its waters by a wall and harnessed them to his mill. The East Looe was likewise once exploited for industrial purposes, for higher up the valley the stream was partially diverted to form a canal, but both these enterprises are now derelict. The visitor will be eager to explore the banks of these companion streams. There is a ramble of a devious kind which can be made to comprehend the beauties of both valleys. The expedition is up the main road, along the banks of the East Looe as far as Sandplace, where there is a station. The motors and buses here forsake the valley and climb the hill to Morval, and pass on their way to Liskeard. There is nothing particular, however, to see at Morval, though the church and mansion make a pleasant rural picture. The pedestrian will prefer to cross the bridge over the railway and river and ascend the opposite slope in search of Duloe. The road is up one of the many tree-clad combes which open out of the main valley. On the left-hand side of the road, opposite a farm near the top of the ascent, is St. Cuby's well. It is a pretty little shrine beneath some trees, from the floor of which the water comes bubbling forth and spills over 'the splashing fountain's side'. Duloe village lies scattered along the hill-top. The church, dedicated to St. Cuby, has a thirteenth-century tower adjoining the south transept and roofed with a pyramidal cap, which seems to be an apology for a demolished upper stage. The chapel in which the north aisle terminates has two richly ornamented arcade arches. Within the chapel, which retains its screen, is an effigy of Sir John Colshill (1483). There is a monument to Sir John Arundell (1647) of Trerice, the famous 'John for the King', who so gallantly defended Pendennis Castle in 1646, and a rhymed epitaph to Mary Arundell (1629), whose name has been tortured with an anagram. Dr.

Scott, the Master of Balliol, was once rector here and employed his leisure in compiling, in conjunction with Dean Liddell, the Greek Lexicon so familiar to schoolboys. The Oxford wits made merry over this scholastic partnership :

> Two wrote a lexicon, Liddell and Scott ;
> One half was clever and one half was not.
> O sapient stranger, solve me this riddle :
> Which was by Scott and which was by Liddell ?

The respective shares of the collaborators in this undertaking, as popularly supposed, were indicated by another playful allusion to the work : Liddell said, ' Let us make a lexicon ', and Scott did so. Duloe has another object of interest more remarkable than its church. In the corner of a field, behind a wheelwright's shop, is a small stone circle, thirty feet in diameter, of eight very large stones, two of which are prostrate. It is conjectured from the smallness of its size that the circle once buttressed a tumulus, but there is no trace of a mound.

Turning southwards from Duloe, the traveller can proceed along the top of the hill and finally descend into the valley of the West Looe. He can cross the river by Souden's bridge, and by keeping to the side of the stream will pass Trelawne Mill and come to the picturesquely situated hamlet of Watergate at the head of the winding estuary, where the woods run down to the water-side. On a hill-side above the bridge, near Hobbpark Farm, amid sylvan surroundings but overgrown with brambles is St. Non's or the Pixies' Well. St. Non was the mother of St. David and has another well at Altarnon. The well, in a ' sounding grotto ', is covered by a gabled shrine, and the water drops into a circular granite trough.

> A little fountain cell
> Where water clear as diamond spark
> Within a basin fell.

A chapel which once adjoined the well has been destroyed

and the shrine itself is a restoration. At Watergate the pedestrian must leave the road and take to the path running beneath the woods along the brink of the estuary. So closely does the path hug the shore that at high tides it is occasionally flooded. The path eventually emerges from the wood to form a rough road connecting with the highway from Polperro to Looe.

This latter road will become more familiar to the visitor later on, for when he has completed his exploration of the Looe rivers he will be expected to make the regulation excursion to Polperro, which is one of the famous sights of Cornwall. Leland described it prosaically as 'a fishar towne with a peer', but Polperro is anything but prosaic; it is the quintessence of quaintness. The pedestrian should use the high road only for his return. He should set out up the cottage-bordered combe at the back of West Looe. At the top of the hill a lane breaks away to the left which will take him to Talland. Talland Church, the mother-church of West Looe, stands on a steep hill-side shelving down to a pleasant beach at the mouth of a smooth green dell. The chief peculiarity of the church is its detached tower springing from the end of the south porch, from which it is entered by some steps cut in the rock. The interior of the church is bare and is not improved by the makeshift character of its north windows. It has a number of carved benches and some Jacobean woodwork. The west wall of the nave retains some lancet lights, and at the east end of the south aisle is a table-tomb with effigy in relief of John Bevyll of Killigarth (1572). Killigarth, where the Bevilles in the spacious days of Elizabeth kept open house, stood on the top of the hill between Talland and Polperro. From Talland beach a good cliff-path leads to Polperro. When the traveller rounds the intervening hill, Polperro will confront him, and the top of its lighthouse will appear below him. Polperro presents a rather astonishing spectacle. It is crammed into the bottom of a narrow gorge which opens upon the sea between

high and rugged hill-sides. A little harbour is formed at the entrance of this rocky crevice, and so constricted is the entrance that when ' the swinging waves peal on the shore ' it can be completely closed by the simple expedient of dropping baulks of timber into some slots in the quay wall. A little river purls down the centre of the defile, and along its banks the houses are collected. Across the narrow street their occupants can shake hands. Near the bridge which spans the stream the wall of one cottage is actually supported on brackets projecting over the brook. In Warren Street, across the river, a gabled house with outstanding chimneys was once the home of Jonathan Couch, the geologist, but is now the village institute. On the beach are the remains of a submerged forest, and some remarkable fossils were discovered by Couch in the neighbourhood. The whole aspect of the place is picturesque and romantic in the extreme, though a string of smart bungalows has now appeared at the upper end of the valley to leaven its quaintness. Beyond the harbour the traveller

> May pass forth to an hill that is both steep and hy,
> On top whereof a sacred chapel was,
> And eke a little hermitage thereby.

The view from the summit of this hill is very striking.

If the wayfarer is still unwearied, he can, by following a road behind the church, prolong his journey to the outlying village of Lansallos. Lansallos Church, like that of Talland, courts the ' cold green-mantling sea ' and looks down upon it from a hill-side. It has a conspicuous tower which must prove a serviceable landmark to sailors. The interior contains some carved bench-ends, and at the west end of the south aisle are the mutilated effigies of a knight and his lady. The font resembles the one at St. Germans. A very rough lane leads down from the church to a little beach forming the termination of a prettily tinted combe debouching on Lanlivet Bay. Instead of retracing his

steps to Polperro the wayfarer, when well out of the village, should turn aside from the Polperro road to the left and follow a long lane down the hill-side until he reaches the white-walled hamlet of Crumplehorn, buried deep in picturesque retirement at the bottom of the defile. From there he can return by the main road to Looe.

The visitor will have to re-traverse the road from Looe to Polperro as far as Barcelona if he wishes to make the acquaintance of two other villages on the western side of Looe. One of these is Pelynt (Plint), a parish associated with the well-known family of Trelawney. Their seat—Trelawne—stands amongst the woods a little to the north of Barcelona. It was not, however, their original home, which was at Altarnon. It properly belonged anciently to the Bonvilles and was purchased by the Trelawneys in 1600 from the Crown, to whom it was forfeited on the attainder of the Marquis of Dover. The house has been largely rebuilt, but it possesses a fifteenth-century chapel and hall. An encampment—a circular stone enclosure—on the estate, overlooking the West Looe, is the termination of a mysterious earthwork, known as the ' Giants' Hedge ', which the traveller will see again later on. Pelynt is about a mile and a half to the north-west of Barcelona. The church has been pitilessly treated. The exterior remains unaltered, but the interior has been ruined. Sir Jonathan Trelawney (1650–1721), the famous bishop, transformed it by inserting a classical arcade and a plaster roof. The bishop is buried in the church, and a model of his pastoral staff hangs on the wall of the south transept. He was a man of stern, unbending temper, which caused him to be satirized as

> A spiritual dragon, a Christian Turk,
> But little milder than Judge Jeffreys or Kirke.

When Bishop of Bristol he was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower by James II. He was subsequently translated to Exeter, which he had always coveted, and

died in 1721 Bishop of Winchester. The bishop's grandson, Henry Trelawney, in religious matters went 'full circle'. He was disinherited by his father for becoming a Presbyterian minister. He was subsequently ordained in the Anglican Church, and died a Roman Catholic priest. There are some mural monuments of the Bullers, Achigms, Courtneys, and Trelawneys in the chancel. Pelynt is only the first stage to the more interesting village of Lanreath (Lanreth).

After passing Pelynt the road becomes more lively. Caradon and Kit Hill can be seen on the north, and to the south-west a glimpse can be caught of Dodman Point and the white-powdered china clay district around St. Austell. Lanreath Church is remarkable for its splendid woodwork, both mediaeval and Jacobean. The seventeenth-century choir-stalls in particular are finely worked. It retains its rood-screen, which, however, has been deprived of its canopy, and a Jacobean pulpit which is said to have been once 'a three-decker'. The *chef-d'œuvre*, however, is a magnificent Renaissance monument in wood to Charles Gryls (1611) against the south wall of the chancel. It forms an absurdly elaborate background for two doll-like effigies, but the design and details are exquisite. The circular Norman font is ornamented with a geometrical pattern of unusual type and carries what is said to be a thirteenth-century wooden cover. In a window-sill in the south chapel is a fragment of a Norman altar slab bearing consecration crosses, and a geometrical pattern round its edge. Barton Court, the ancient seat of the Gryls (now a farm), is on the south of the church and contains some panelled chambers. If the visitor passes up the village street and enters a field at the top of the hill he will see below him a section of the Giants' Hedge. It can, however, only be distinguished from an ordinary stone hedge by its great width. It runs irregularly across the country, apparently without regard to strategical considerations (for it traverses the hill-sides) from Lerryn to the encampment

at Hall Rings near Trelawne above the West Looe. Its origin is unknown, but, like the Wansdyke it was apparently intended to form a frontier line of some sort to a tract of country. Some people, however, believe it to be an old road, for in Cornwall the field-paths run on the top of the stone 'hedges'. Its erection is popularly attributed to Satanic agency:

> One Sunday the devil had nothing to do,
> So he built a great hedgerow from Lerryn to Looe.

If so the Cornish wreckers must at the moment have been saying their prayers. The Cornish folk, like the Scotch, have a great regard for the Sabbath. No wrecking was done on a Sunday, no matter how strong the temptation. On Bury Down, to the north of Lanreath, is a large earthwork.

The last remaining ramble in the vicinity of Looe is the walk along the east cliffs to Seaton. At Maldreath beach the path descends to the shore, but takes to the cliffs again until it slopes down to the mouth of the Seaton river. Bungalows have sprung up here round a pleasant little strand. By following the right bank of the river the traveller can make his way through the thickly wooded valley to Hessenford, where in the wood were once an ancient chapel and well. By again taking the Looe road out of Hessenford he can return to his base through the suburb of St. Martin. St. Martin's Church, which is the mother-church of East Looe, stands at the top of a combe opening into the Looe valley. It has a good Norman north doorway almost hidden by its porch. The interior has a good deal of modern carved woodwork, some Caroline altar rails, and a rather poor parclose screen dated 1612. Within the south chapel is a monument with kneeling effigies to Walter Langdon (1676) and his wife. There is another effigy in low relief under an arch on the south side of the sanctuary and a Norman font of the same type as that at Lansallos.

CHAPTER VII

THE COURT IN THE WOOD

> But when the war
> Of ocean's grey abyss resounds, and foam
> Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
> I turn from the drear aspect to the home
> Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed
> When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
>
> SHELLEY

THE half-playful transformation of ' Lostwithiel ', the ' music of which name goes into one's very being', into Lostwithall is about as fatuous as the popular corruption of Penycwmwic into Pennycomequick. Though there is nothing obtrusive, there is nothing forlorn about Lostwithiel. No one can ignore it, for the main line passes right through it, and those who have once beheld it will not readily forget the charm of its situation. Seated (as its name ' the court in the wood ' implies)—amid sylvan surroundings on the banks of the swift-flowing Fowey river, it has some claim to be regarded as the fairest inland town in Cornwall. It is not, it is true, a place of any great pretensions or in itself of any special attraction, but it has the ineffable quality of charm. It is a plain little country town, old-fashioned and rather somnolent, but possessed of that pleasing placidity which unspoilt rural surroundings always confer. Yet neither insignificance nor tranquillity were always its lot. In the time of the great Earl Richard it was the most important town in the county, and in the Civil War of the seventeenth century it was a storm centre round which surged the struggle for the mastery of the duchy. It was occupied by the Parliamentarians, and Cavaliers and Roundheads breathed

defiance at one another across its valley, but did not actually come to blows in its streets. Industrially it was one of the five coinage towns in the county, and Addison once represented it in Parliament.

Nowadays the town itself does not afford much entertainment for the visitor. One of its most picturesque things it shows at once. The traveller who crosses its little fourteenth-century bridge will admit that it alone is worth coming to Lostwithiel to see. Near it is a diminutive 'Thames Embankment' planted with trees, and a pretty walk is continued for some distance down the stream, to end ingloriously in a rubbish dump. At the bottom of the main street is the renovated Duchy House, displaying the arms of Cornwall, but now serving as a Masonic lodge. The church in the centre of the town has always evoked the enthusiasm of architects. Mr. Street grew lyrical over its fourteenth-century lantern spire, and called it 'the glory of Cornwall'. Mr. Godwin declared it to be 'as beautiful as unique'. This praise sounds a little extravagant. Though pretty it is *petite*, and the shoulders of the thirteenth-century tower below have been lopped off awkwardly to accommodate this later addition. The church, unlike most Cornish churches, has a clerestory, but the interior is plain, for the arcades are only chamfered. On the north wall is a small brass, and at the west end hangs a curious carving of the flaying of St. Bartholomew. There is a noteworthy Norman font curiously sculptured and a rude Jacobean almsbox, dated 1612; but the finest thing is the beautiful mediaeval lantern cross in the graveyard near the south porch. The Puritans played some sad pranks in the church during their occupation of the town. They took a horse to the font and christened it 'Charles', and when two Royalist soldiers, whom they had imprisoned in the church, retreated to the tower they tried to bring them down by blowing them up with a keg of gunpowder. They succeeded in wrecking the belfry without dislodging the fugitives.

The sojourner at Lostwithiel will probably desire, first of all, to visit Restormel Castle. It crowns a hill-top about a mile up the valley, and is reached by a road running near the river. Originally a possession of the Cardinhams, it passed in the reign of Henry III, like so much else, to the Earl of Cornwall, and the present building is conjectured to have been erected by him. It is a large, deeply moated circular structure with battlements, in appearance resembling Trematon. There is an entrance gateway on the west, a projecting chapel on the north-east, and a ring of chambers within the shell. It was 'unroofed and sore defaced' in Leland's time. Norden grew lugubrious over its condition. 'The whole castle,' he said, 'beginneth to mourne and to wring out hard stones for tears; that she that was embraced, visited and delighted with great princes is now desolate, forsaken, and forlorne.' Nevertheless, in spite of its lamentable condition, Restormel was garrisoned for Parliament in the Civil War, but was captured by Sir Richard Grenville in 1644. The ruin is now carefully preserved, and its 'tears' have been dried by masons. A fine avenue of trees leads to the entrance, and the view over the valley from the embankments of the moat is charming.

The visitor who desires to both gather an impression of the military operations during the Civil War and to view the country, should proceed up the valley to Lanhydrock House, the Parliamentary head-quarters, then cross the river and by a rather roundabout route reach Boconnoc, where the Royalists were posted. Lanhydrock, 'a goodly building bravely garnished', stands in a beautiful situation on a hill-side amongst an amphitheatre of trees. It fronts an undulating park and is approached through 'the pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores', whilst all around it 'the massy woods their tinted foliage throw'. It was built by the second Lord Robartes in 1620, but was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1821. Some of the wings and the gateway escaped, and the fabric was subsequently

rebuilt and extended. It was surrendered by Essex, in whose regiment its owner was colonel, to the King in 1644, and bestowed by him upon Sir Richard Grenville ; but on the collapse of the Royalist cause it reverted to its original possessor, who at the Restoration prudently made to himself friends at Court and became Earl of Radnor. The old Celtic legends of malignant and restless giants have somehow crystallized round the person of 'an unjust steward' of the estate named Tregeagle, and his room in the house is still shown to visitors. Behind the mansion is a fifteenth-century church which harmonizes well with the landscape, but its antiquarian interest is not great. In the graveyard is a Celtic cross. Boconnoc lies on the other side of the Fowey valley, but can be reached from Lanhydrock by a road over a pretty old bridge which eventually joins the highway from Liskeard to Lostwithiel near West Taphouse. A lane beyond the junction descends into a valley and then mounts to Braddock Church, which stands at the north extremity of Boconnoc Park. The church preserves some remnants of its rood-screen and benches, some fragments of old glass, and a curiously carved Norman font. The drive through the far-stretching Boconnoc estate—the most extensive park in Cornwall—leads past an obelisk which marks approximately the scene of the battle of 1643, for it stands on the site of a Royalist redoubt. The Puritans were completely routed by Sir Ralph Hopton, the Royalist leader, and were driven in confusion through Liskeard. The King himself, who was present at the battle, is said to have been shot at, and an oak-tree under which he was standing was blasted with horror at the outrage. The obelisk was not, however, erected to commemorate the victory, but, as the inscription declares, was set up in 1771 by Lord Camelford in memory of Sir Richard Lyttleton. Boconnoc, which had previously belonged to the Mohuns, was purchased by Governor Pitt, of diamond fame, and in 1708 his grandson, the great Earl of Chatham, was born there. It is also associated with two less

reputable noblemen, Lord Mohun, the notorious duellist, whose death forms an incident in Thackeray's *Esmond*, and the dissolute Lord Camelford, who also met his death through 'an affair of honour'. Both duels were sensational affairs. Lord Mohun is said to have killed his opponent, the Duke of Hamilton, by foul play, and Lord Camelford was shot by his antagonist, who in course of the encounter vainly endeavoured to amicably arrange the business. The house is a plainly fronted Queen Anne mansion standing at the bottom of a hill and overlooking a beautiful glade through which flows the Lerryn river. By the side of the mansion is the church, an interesting Perpendicular building with a modern bell turret. It contains a finely carved altar table, lectern, and pulpit, dating from 1629, and a good Norman font. The upper portion of the screen from Braddock encloses the north chapel. In a corner of the south aisle is a mural effigy of Penelope Drew (1637), and two figures are inserted in an opening above the arcade. On the north wall the Royal Arms are conspicuously emblazoned, as befits a scene in the struggle for Church and King. The churchyard commands a fine view of the park. In a wooded dell below the mansion is a small memorial cross to Lord Grenville, and on the hill, near the lodge, is a tall cross. The fields by the side of the Liskeard road bordering the park contain a number of barrows. It is a very long ramble from one of these 'stately homes' to the other, but it reveals a characteristic bit of Cornish inland scenery—hill and valley, wood and river, park and moor—and reopens a stirring page of Cornish history where the traveller may read the details of 'one of those many strange victories which in spite of all human probability and all imaginable disadvantages' (to quote the royal letter of thanks), helped to keep for a while the King's crown upon his head and his head on his shoulders.

The next ramble will be to another famous Cornish 'beauty spot'—the Luxulyan valley, which may be regarded as part of the Lostwithiel *entourage*. The way

for a while is along the St. Austell road. It is not an easy journey for there is a formidable hill to climb out of Lostwithiel. At the top of the hill near a wayside cross a road diverges to Lanlivery, the tall tower of whose church comes into view on the ridge in front. Lanlivery church stands well, but except for its situation is not otherwise noteworthy. It has an unusually large font and there is a stone coffin in the churchyard. From Lanlivery a road drops down the hill to Luxulyan, which will be seen on the other side of the valley. The church and village stand on an elevation and by the road-side as it climbs the hill to the church is a curious group of five granite pillars, whilst below the village pump is a holy well beneath a shrine. Luxulyan Church, like that of Lanlivery, is of granite, but it is not such an imposing-looking edifice. Near the lych-gate is a small cross. The porch has a groined roof and some fragments of the old screen are worked up into the pulpit. Up to the time of the Civil War the Stannary records were kept in the church, but they were taken to Lostwithiel for further security and were there destroyed. The valley, the head of which the traveller has already crossed, lies to the south of the church. It is wild rather than beautiful, for it has been despoiled of its timber and the railway clatters through it. A milk-white torrent courses along the bottom of the vale and huge boulders of granite are strewn in confusion about the hill-sides. The centre of the valley is spanned by a very fine granite viaduct used only for a tramway, and just below it some immense masses of granite are poised above the path. Beyond these the valley forks, the river and railway diverge into the adjoining valley of Carmears, and the road climbs out of vale. At the top of the ascent near Prideaux the woods commence and through them the road descends to St. Blazey. St. Blazey is a long dreary string of two-storyed houses with a church on a bank in its midst. The church like the town has little to show the visitor. Pope's friend, Ralph Allen, the enterprising Bath postmaster,

who ' did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame ', was born at St. Blazey. In the graveyard of the modern church at St. Blazey Gate is a stone with interlaced work on an inscription ' Alroron ullici filius '. There is yet one spot to be visited before the wayfarer returns to Lostwithiel. About a mile beyond St. Blazey near the hamlet of Highway at the foot of the formidable Penpillick hill a bridle road turns off to the left to some large china clay works. Opposite the works a path leads up through the woods of Carmears valley. By the side of this pathway a fine cascade comes tumbling down with ' misty spray ' from the hill-side above. If seen in wet weather, or when the water is not diverted to the works, the sight is really impressive for the fall is some two hundred feet. Beyond the cataract the path passes the disused incline up which the wagons were once hauled for their journey across the viaduct.

The visitor has still to make another expedition before he completes his impressions of the Lostwithiel district. This is to St. Winnow on the banks of the Fowey. He should include in his peregrination the village of Lerryn, for it lies in much the same direction. Lerryn is not on the Fowey, but on its own little river which forms a creek of the Fowey. It is a pretty little place at the bottom of a wooded dell, more rural than maritime, but with a pleasant suggestion of salt water about it. The Giants' Hedge begins its wanderings near a farm on the left bank of the river. To the north of Lerryn is St. Nectan's Church, which lost its tower during the Civil War in 1644. A lane to the left on the return journey will take the traveller to St. Winnow. There are four or five water-side churches in Cornwall in situations of extreme beauty, and of these the church of St. Winnow is one. The shining estuary, framed with wooded banks, stretches in front of it with the smooth still surface of a lake. For quiet loveliness the view can scarcely be surpassed. The church itself, too, is of much attractiveness and interest. It retains its

screen, its carved benches, and some of its fourteenth-century glass. During the Civil War an incident took place in the parish which shows how the sporting instinct animates Englishmen even in circumstances of the utmost gravity. The opposing forces as they faced one another from Lanhydrock and Boconnoc had got into a condition of stalemate. To liven things up the Roundhead Colonel Straughan challenged a hundred cavaliers to meet an equal number of his troopers in mortal combat on St. Winnow Down. The challenge was at once accepted by Lord Digby, and the contest took place on Druid's Hill. The Puritan champions were but lads, and the Royalists, with their usual careless impetuosity, galloped to the fray discharging their pistols as they advanced. The Puritans, with greater judgment, reserved their fire until their adversaries were at close range, and then letting fly they speedily emptied their opponents' saddles, and stood victors on the down, whilst the Royalists retired leaving half their men dead upon the field. A straight but rough path leads back through Newham to Lostwithiel.

CHAPTER VIII

'TROY TOWN'

He rose at dawn and fired with hope
Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

TENNYSON

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, though he did not make Fowey (Foy), yet made Fowey famous, at least for the present generation. It had gained great renown in times past, but its glory had passed under a cloud. That it should no longer remain hidden Sir Arthur came forward as its interpreter. He created a public interested in Fowey, and this interest Fowey by its own intrinsic merits has continued to hold. If people come to satisfy their curiosity, they go away captivated by its charms. Yet a fastidious visitor will find Fowey a little uncouth on a first introduction. It is very Cornish, very congested, and not a little inconvenient for the wayfarer. The hill-side and the quay between them do not leave much room for the town. The pedestrian,

Now pacing by the ocean's rim,
Will, in a narrow street and dim,

have occasionally to step into a doorway to avoid being made the subject of a coroner's inquest. But when he has once threaded the narrow business artery he will come upon residential Fowey, and residential Fowey has an uninterrupted view of the harbour. To appreciate Fowey you must see Fowey Harbour.

Fowey has a history with a spice of romance in it. It is of course the romance of the sea. Fowey has not always thriven only on its pilchards. In times past it acquired the name of Fighting Fowey, for its mariners were always ready for the fray. They were sad thorns in the sides of the French. They harried the French shore, and to stop their depredations the French fitted out several expeditions (if the metaphor may be changed) to smoke these hornets out of their nest. On one occasion they actually landed and fired the town. When there was no business doing with the French 'the Fowey gallants' were ready to come to blows with anyone who challenged them. The episode of which they were proudest was the humiliation they inflicted on the men of Winchelsea, who insisted on their 'doffing their bonnets' when they sailed past the town. The Fowey men would 'veil no bonnet' to any one, so the Winchelsea men set out to give them a lesson in civility, as Carew says, 'with more hardy onset than happy issue, for the Fowey men gave them so rough an entertainment for their welcome that they were glad to forsake the patch without bidding them farewell'. To commemorate their victory the Fowey gallants 'beare their arms mixt with the arms of Winchelsea'. In the Civil War Fowey speeded the parting of Lord Essex, who, despairing of finding a way out of Cornwall by land, withdrew to Fowey and set sail for Plymouth, leaving his army to make the best terms they could with the king.

The first thing that the visitor will notice on his arrival at Fowey is the extent of its seafaring trade. Some of the largest ocean-going tramps afloat will be seen at the quays loading with china clay. This is only a revival of its early pre-eminence as a port. In the reign of Edward III it sent a larger contingent of ships to the siege of Calais than any port in the kingdom except Yarmouth. 'The glorie of Fowey,' says Leland, 'rose partly by feats of warre, partly by pyracie, and so waxing rich fell all to merchandize.' Piracy was unfortunately its undoing. In

the reign of Edward IV the continued plunder of the French coast brought a royal warning to the port that the king was no longer at war with his brother of France ; but the Fowey gallants would have none of this *entente cordiale*. They replied that though the king might not be, they were. Whereupon the king, enraged at their insolence, ordered the men of Dartmouth to dismantle the harbour by removing the chains, and Fowey never recovered the blow. One of the old boom towers still stands by the waterside on the opposite shore.

As the visitor threads the labyrinthine streets, he will discover the church packed away in a corner under the hill. The building is worthy of a much better display, for it is of some merit and possesses a particularly handsome tower of four stages which is ornamented with bands of sculpture. The greater portion of the fabric dates from 1366, but the south porch has an arch which if not Norman is a good imitation. As at Lostwithiel Church, the arcade here is merely chamfered and carries a clerestory. The pulpit is dated 1601, and at its foot is a brass of John Rashleigh (1603). In the north aisle is another brass, and near it an alabaster effigy. In the south aisle, against the chancel pier, is an incised slab of Reginald Mohun (1590), and opposite to it is the tomb of some members of the Treffry family, upon which have been placed some cannon balls found during the church's renovation. The stoup in the porch and the font are both worth notice. Standing on a ledge behind the church, and still more concealed, is Place House, the Tudor home of the Treffrys, an exceedingly handsome mansion with an elaborately ornamented front in which are set some fine bays. The best view of the mansion and church is obtained from the other side of the water, but they present the peculiar appearance of standing one on the top of the other. In a street near the church is the fourteenth-century Guild-hall.

The view of the harbour, which keeps opening out as the visitor proceeds towards the cliff, expands into a fascinating

FOWEY HARBOUR

picture when he has crossed the little dell which separates the headland from the town and emerged from the wood upon the top of Point Nelson. The view is retrospective.

> Then slowly climb the many winding way
> And frequent turn to linger as ye go,
> From loftier rock new loveliness survey.

Below is the harbour, with 'the ships at anchor on the quiet shore', and the little town of Polruan over the water. In the distance is the wooded valley with 'the long bright river drawing slowly his waters from the purple hills'. On the summit of the hill is the mausoleum of the Rashleighs of Menabilly, surmounted by a crown-like monument. Beyond the monument the visitor will come out upon the open cliff, and can gaze seawards. The smooth promontory to the west, fringed with woods and carrying a tall Admiralty tower, is Gribbin Head. The cliff may be skirted and a descent made to the shore at Polridmouth. Among the woods which drape the combe in the rear is Menabilly, the seat of the Rashleighs. On the side of the cliff at the mouth of the combe is a grotto made of Cornish minerals, and at the entrance of the park on the Parr road is a Romano-British stone inscribed: 'Cirrusius hic jacet Cunomori filius'. By turning up 'a formidable length of plastry lane' the visitor can eventually find his way back to Fowey by a path which skirts the dingle near Point Nelson.

There is no path up the Fowey valley, but there is a road over the hill to Lostwithiel. Some three miles from Fowey, near the double-entrenched encampment of Castle Doun, on which a mediaeval castle is believed to have stood, a road leads off the right to the village of Golant on the riverside. It consists of a cluster of houses at the foot of a steep declivity and possesses a station. Its church, St. Sampson's, stands on the hill above, and should be visited before the descent is made. It has been severely handled by restorers, for its woodwork has been scrapped

and only a few fragments of its screen are preserved in its pulpit. Its chief curiosity is the holy well to the west of the porch, with which it once communicated by a passage.

Two ferries cross the river. By taking the one on the south the visitor can reach the little fishing town of Polruan, which climbs a steep hill-side. On the summit of a hill to the right of the precipitous main street is the coastguard station, and near it is a fragment of St. Margaret Chapel, which once belonged to the priory of Bridgwater. The hill commands a fine view of Fowey, with the church and Place House in the centre of the picture. It forms a complementary view to the prospect from Point Nelson and should be seen to complete the visitor's impression of Fowey. At the top of the street is a small cross surmounting the orifice of a spring. If the road along the hill be followed a lane will be found on the left descending to the head of a creek, where there is a small cluster of houses. On the hill-side, above the roadway, is Lanteglos Church, which can be approached by a pathway across the fields on the way down. It is an interesting building with a stately tower and an arcade of octagonal piers. It contains a fine display of mediaeval and Jacobean woodwork and a good Norman font. At the east end of the south aisle in a canopied recess is a tomb with a brass of Reginald de Mohun (1400). On the floor is another brass of John and Anne Mohun (1508), who are said to have both died of sweating sickness within twenty-four hours of one another. Hall House, the seat of the Mohuns, still stands near Bodinnick, but is now a farm. The churchyard contains two crosses.

The Lanteglos creek is not the only one on the eastern bank of the Fowey river. There is another higher up, the Penpoll creek. The traveller could if he wished pass round the head of the Lanteglos creek and return to Fowey by the upper or Bodinnick ferry. But he can likewise proceed by a lane to the hamlet of Penpoll, which lies snugly

ensconsed at the bottom of a valley at the termination of its creek. There is nothing particular to see at Penpoll, but the traveller will have to pass it if he wishes to visit the church of St. Veep, which stands at the top of the hill beyond. It is a fourteenth-century building consecrated by Bishop Grandisson in 1336, but, as the flattened arches on the north show, it was enlarged a century later. It has a good granite porch, and it retains its original altar slab and a squint. St. Cadoc, a farm in the parish, occupies the site of a cell which belonged to Montacute Priory in Somerset. During the Civil War a skirmish is said to have taken place in the vicinity between some Puritan troopers who crossed the river from Golant and a Royalist detachment from Boconnoc. By returning to Penpoll the wayfarer will find a road leading back to the Bodinnick ferry. The little group of cottages at the landing-place presents a very picturesque scene when viewed from the opposite side of the river.

CHAPTER IX

AMONG THE CLAY PITS

Grind away, moisten, and make up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder—I am not in haste :
Better sit thus and observe thy strange things
Than go where men wait me and dance at the Kings.
BROWNING

ST. AUSTELL, the metropolis of the china clay industry, is one of the most thriving and growing towns in Cornwall. It spreads itself on a slope at the foot of the downs, where the clay-mining is chiefly carried on. The district advertises itself far and wide by its altitude and by the white conical mounds of mining refuse, which in the distance look like snow-capped peaks. Though the streets are, as usual, somewhat steep and narrow, the town is not ill-arranged. It forms a sort of quadrant with the church on an elevation at the centre. The principal thoroughfare leads down from it to the valley below, which is prettily laid out as a public garden. It is a brisk and busy place, but with no pretensions to beauty. The church is a spacious building with an ornate tower finished off after the manner of Callington Church and remarkable for its niched statuary, amongst which is a representation of the Trinity. Over the west doorway is an incomprehensible inscription. The interior is impressive but not particularly interesting. There is a small Celtic cross at the east end of the graveyard. Dr. Colenso, the celebrated arithmetician, was born at St. Austell in 1814. He was of poor parentage but became second wrangler and Smith's prizeman. In 1853 he was appointed Bishop of Natal, but his ' modernist ' views about the Pentateuch—' the

writings Levitical he found were uncritical '—involved him in a furious controversy, in the course of which his opponents clamoured for his removal from his see. The following correspondence is said to have passed between him and the Archbishop of Canterbury :

My dear Colenso—With regret,
Your brethren, all in conclave met,
Request you, most disturbing writer,
To give up your colonial mitre.
This course I beg to urge most strongly,
And am yours very truly—Longley.

My dear Archbishop—To resign
This Zulu diocese of mine
And own myself a heathen dark
Because I've doubt about Noah's ark
And think it right to tell all men so,
Is not the game for yours—Colenso.

The most engaging feature of the town is the Menacuddle well, which is picturesquely situated in a dell below the Bodmin road, near the viaduct, on the outskirts of the town. A path leads down from the road to the bank of a stream, and in a little sheltered nook amongst the trees is the well chapel, a charming little shrine with the water dripping into a stone basin.

Another spectacle of a commercial rather than a romantic character lies in a rather different direction. About two miles to the north of the town, on the bleak and elevated moors from which the neighbourhood draws its wealth, is the Carclaze mine. It is an immense crater, a mile in circumference, by the side of the Luxulyan road. It is one of the oldest clay pits in the district, and is still worked. The whole surface of the moors is honeycombed with similar quarries with huge white cones rising beside them. The Carclaze mine is an illustration of the way in which a new industry has superseded an old one, for the mine, until 1851, was worked as a tin mine. The production of

china clay is now the most prosperous industry in Cornwall, and since the decay of tin mining has proved the commercial salvation of the duchy. The clay, which is the result of the decomposition of granite, was first discovered in Cornwall in 1758 by William Cookworthy, who found it first on Tregoning Hill but afterwards came across the huge deposits at Carclaze. Its use was largely popularized by Josiah Wedgwood, who took a lease of some of the Cornish pits. The clay is now used not only for the manufacture of porcelain but is also extensively employed in paper-making and for 'loading' calico. The clay, which, when found, is of a chalk-like texture, is sprayed out by water, drained to the bottom of the pit, and then pumped up into a series of settling tanks. When separated from its coarser impurities it is dug out of the tanks as a thick paste, moulded into blocks, which are placed in drying kilns, and then dispatched by rail or boat to its ultimate destination. Much of it finds its way to the Staffordshire potteries, and immense consignments are shipped at Fowey for foreign export. At Carclaze the clay in its liquid condition is gravitated through pipes to Charlestown, where it is dried before shipment. The drying sheds are almost as much a feature of a St. Austell landscape as the refuse dumps. Much of the rubbish extracted from the pits has been found useful for the manufacture of concrete. The elevated situation of the moors enables them to command a fine view of St. Austell Bay.

A visit to Carclaze should be followed by a journey to Charlestown, which may be regarded as the port of St. Austell. A road from the moors leads down through Tregonissey to Mount Charles, a suburban district of St. Austell, and from Mount Charles another road runs down to Charlestown. Charlestown, which is almost entirely occupied in the export of china clay, has a small dock opening into a little cove. From Charlestown there is a pleasant road beneath the woods of Duporth, which

strikes the road from St. Austell to Porthpean. If Charlestown is the port of St. Austell, Porthpean is its watering-place. It has a charming beach and some picturesque cliffs. In a field by the road-side on the way back to St. Austell is a large upright granite pillar known as the ' Giant's Staff ', a notch in its upper end is said to form the handle. To the east beyond Charlestown is Par, another china clay port. Par was the creation of Mr. J. T. Treffry, of Fowey Place, the builder of the Luxulyan viaduct, who furnished it with a fine quay ; but the larger part of the output of the clay pits is carried by the railway from Par to Fowey. Par is built on the flats which surround the mouth of the Luxulyan river. Its only attractions are some rather sloppy sands. Tŷwardreath Church, which stands on a ridge overlooking the town, was once connected with an alien Benedictine priory which has entirely disappeared. Some of its stones at its dissolution are said to have been shipped by the last prior to the parent house at Angers. A drastic restoration has purged the church of nearly all its interest, though it contains an altar slab and a few bench-ends worked up into a front for the pews.

If the visitor desires to make a more extensive acquaintance with the china clay field he should make an expedition to St. Stephen and St. Dennis ; he will then see how large a track of territory it covers. It is a bleak and not very picturesque tour, for it is over some desolate moors upheaved everywhere into peaky white cones which make them look like a gigantic mole run. St. Stephen is a typical mining village with rows of unadorned stone cottages standing treeless and unsheltered on the slope of a hill. It possesses, however, a large church with a fine tower rather spoilt by its awkwardly finished square stairway. In its graveyard is a Celtic cross and the bases of two mediaeval crosses. The church has a plain Norman doorway, a good Norman font, and a pulpit apparently constructed out of demolished bench-ends. St. Dennis is a less compact place and occupies an even more exposed

position, for it stands on the top of these elevated moors. The church is perched on the summit of a knoll which was once surrounded by an earthwork, the embankments of which have been largely transformed into a churchyard fence. The graveyard commands an extensive prospect and contains a Celtic cross, but the church was rebuilt in a debased style in 1847 and retains only its ancient tower. Some of the old material was removed to the adjoining village of Nanpean. To the north runs the conical eminence of Castel-an-Dīnas, crowned by an encampment, and at its feet are the Tregoss moors, the fabled hunting-ground of King Arthur. A walk of some three miles will take the traveller to Roche, whose church and rocks stand out conspicuously on a hill to the north-east. The rocks present a very remarkable spectacle. They stand like three upturned clumps of bananas on a slight knoll and are shivered and split in a most fantastic way. 'The horrid crags a toppling convent crowns', for on the central and highest block are the remains of a chapel built up flush with the face of the rock. At its eastern end is an open arch, and below it is a small fourteenth-century lancet window. On the south side is a large doorway. It is supposed to have been a hermit's cell, but in its roofless condition it is the haunt of giant Tregeagle who, on tempestuous nights, finds shelter in the ruins. To the south-east of the rocks rises the bulky form of Hensbarrow crowned by its tumulus. The hill commands one of the most extensive prospects in the duchy. Roche Church, near which is an avenue of limes, is chiefly remarkable for its tall fifteenth-century tower. The church itself was rebuilt twice in the last century. It contains a good Norman font, and in the graveyard is a singular Celtic cross pierced with four holes. A mile to the north of the village beyond the railway line in a little furzy dell approached by a lane from the Bodmin and Truro road is a wishing well covered by a small arch. The genius of the place is invoked by dropping pins into the basin.

St. Austell forms a convenient base for exploring the strip of seaboard which ends in Dodman Point. Foremost amongst the places of interest which face this easterly sweep of sea is the quaint fishing town of Mevagissey. The road to it is down a pleasant valley watered by a milky torrent. A temporary diversion may be made at London Apprentice by crossing the bridge over the stream and proceeding by a mossy lane up the opposite hill-side. On the top of the hill in a field near Towan Farm is an ancient well chapel. On resuming his journey down the valley, the traveller will pass the entrance to Heligan, 'one of the finest estates in the west', and will then arrive at Pentewan where the stream empties itself in the sea. At Pentewan there is a dock and a shingly beach. A fine building stone used to be quarried here, but now the place devotes itself chiefly to the manufacture of concrete blocks, the material for which is dug out of the beach. Beyond Pentewan the road leaves the valley to surmount a ridge forming the promontory of Black Head, and then descends into the combe at the mouth of which Mevagissey is situated. Mevagissey is one of the curiosities of Cornwall and second only to Polperro for the casualness of its arrangements. It is a confused jumble of narrow and ill-ventilated streets clustered round a spacious harbour. In the centre the houses look into one another's bedrooms and at the extremities they peer down each other's chimneys.

> And whoso entereth within the town,
> That sheening far celestial seems to be,
> Disconsolate will wander up and down
> Mid many things unsightly to the ee.

In 1849 it was swept by cholera and for a while abandoned. The time to see Mevagissey in its most old-world and Cornish aspect is on washing day, when the whole town is decorated with a miscellaneous assortment of domestic garments hung out of the windows on poles or suspended

across the street like flags. A ludicrous sight is presented when the wind excites the suspended clothing with a weird and flabby activity. Mevagissey was once famous for its pilchard curing, but the fish are said now to frequent other waters where they run less risk of being mistaken for sardines. Nevertheless the large harbour presents a lively spectacle at times. The church at the top of the town has a saddleback tower and contains a slate tablet to Lewis Dart (1632) and the effigies of Otwell Hill and his wife (1617), who are stretched on shelves one above the other, resting on their elbows. The outskirts of the town, which are pleasant, are becoming as elsewhere embroidered with bungalows. It is a stiff climb out of the valley to the cliffs on the south, but an extensive line of coast is unrolled when the top is reached. Another descent has shortly to be made to Portmellon where there is a delightful cove with a copious stream of water gushing from the vale behind it and spreading itself over the beach. On ascending from Portmellon, Bodrigan farm will be passed. It occupies the site of the old manor house of the Bodrigans, to which a story is attached. The last of the family in the time of Richard III was involved in the plot for transferring the crown to Richmond. His Yorkist neighbour, Trevanion, raised the hue and cry, whereupon the suspected traitor sprang upon his horse, dashed across the meadows and leapt from the cliffs between his home and Chapel Point. The adventure saved his life, for before his pursuers recovered from their astonishment he was on board a boat and made his escape to France to fight another day at Bosworth. There is yet another little port still further down the coast. A lane from the main road descends to Gorran Haven, an exceedingly quaint little place with a very narrow street running precipitously down to a landlocked shore where there is a small quay. Halfway down the street wedged in amongst the houses is a little aisleless church with a pentagonal tower. At its east end is a piscina and two curious apertures. A pleasant

tree-bordered road runs up the other side of this combe and leads to the church-tower of St. Goran. St. Goran is a rather bare-looking village clustered about its church, which is approached by a flight of steps. The church contains a number of bench-ends, a sanctuary chair carved with the figure of a woman, a few fragments of ancient glass, and on its south wall a small nameless brass of a kneeling figure. Due south of St. Goran the Dodman stretches its length into the sea. It is a long, level headland of shapely outline, two hundred and seventy-nine feet in height with a beach on either side of it. There are some traces of an embankment which once converted it into a cliff castle. An old saying implying an impossibility is 'when Rame and Dodman meet', a miracle which Fuller declares happened when Sir Pierce Edgecumbe became possessed of both promontories. On clear days the eye comprehends them both. From St. Goran there is a smooth descent to a wooded dell opening upon the sea at Porthluney Cove. In this picturesque and sheltered position is Caerhays Castle, occupying the site of the old mansion of the Trevanions. The present castle is a battlemented structure with

> . . . many lofty towers
> And goodly galleries far overlaid,
> Full of faire windows and delightful bowers,

with a turreted gateway to match. It was built by the architect of Buckingham Palace. John Trevanion, one of 'the four wheels of Charles's wain', fell along with Sir Nicholas Slanning at the siege of Bristol. 'They were the life and soul of the Cornish regiment,' Clarendon declares, 'both young, neither of them above 28, of entire friendship to each other and to Sir Bevil Grenville.' From the road leading up from the cove to Caerhays Church, a bridle-path takes off across some fields to Portholland where there is another little semicircular cove surrounded by a few houses. Caerhays Church, which stands on the hill above

the mansion, has a blocked Norman doorway with a tympanum carved with an Agnus Dei, and a stoup inside the church. In the south transept are some monuments of the Trevanions, and some ancient military accoutrements, including the sword which Sir Hugh flourished on Bosworth Field. In one corner is a life-sized statue of a naval officer, said to be a Bettesworth. By crossing the wooded dell through which flows the stream watering the castle grounds, the traveller may make his way to St. Ewe. In the centre of the little village are the steps and stump of a cross. The church opposite is approached by a tiny avenue of palms and has a broached spire encircled by a band of quatrefoils. The building dates chiefly from the fourteenth century, but has a handsome screen of the time of Henry VI. The font is Norman, and on the north wall of the chancel is an altar slab. St. Austell may be reached by taking the road to London Apprentice, and near the roadside near a clump of trees known as Nunnery Wood is the base of a cross bearing an illegible inscription.

The Truro road is a pleasant but much frequented highway. From it access may be obtained to the district of Veryan Bay. St. Mewan, a mile out of St. Austell, stands overlooking a dell below its rugged topped beacon. The church is not of great interest and looks as if it had lost the upper stage of its tower. The readiest way to reach Veryan is to strike off beyond the hamlet of Sticker to Tregony, but by keeping the high road for another two miles the traveller can include Grampound in his journey. Grampound and Tregony have much in common. They are both disenfranchized corporate towns and resemble one another in appearance. Both are on the Fal, and both have their parish churches beyond their borders. Grampound still retains an air of bland respectability. Its one long street slopes down to the river. There is a small wayside cross at the top of the descent ; there is another in the centre of the village, and a third on the road to St. Ewe. Grampound retains its old town-hall as a memorial

of its former importance, but the ancient chapel which once stood behind it has been replaced by a small modern church. The borough lost its parliamentary representatives in 1824. Though specially notorious as a rotten borough yet it once had the distinction of having returned John Hampden. Cuthbert Mayne, the first seminary priest to be executed in the Elizabethan persecutions, was arrested in 1577 at Golden Farm, where he was chaplain to Francis Tregian. There are several earthworks in the neighbourhood. A road down the river valley leads to Creed, the parish church, which is prettily embowered in foliage. Its chief features of interest are its groined porch, a thirteenth-century font and a seventeenth-century almsbox. There are some fragments of old glass in a few of the windows, and in the south chapel is the table tomb of John Denys (1559). The road past Creed Church joins the Tregony road. Tregony, like Grampound, shelves down towards the Fal. It has the same appearance of having seen better days, but does not bear its lost importance quite so blithely. Like Grampound it once sent two members to Parliament, but lost its privileges in quite early times, possibly through the disappearance of the Pomeroys who once had a castle here. The clock tower and some fragmentary columns of its market hall survive, but its church which once stood somewhere on the banks of the Fal, has been entirely demolished, and Cuby Church, at the eastern end of the village, serves in its stead. Cuby Church, with the exception of its tower, was rebuilt in 1828, but it preserves its Norman font and a few of its bench-ends have been used as pulpit panels. Built into the south-west angle of the fabric is a stone with an inscription : ' Nonnita Ercilini Regati Tris Fili Ercilinci '. There is a small thirteenth-century church at Cornelly on the Truro road. It has some lancet windows and a queer little tower. A road by the side of the Fal sadly discoloured by clay washings, leads to Ruan Lanihorne, a secluded village on a small creek of the Fal. Ruan, like Tregony, once had

a castle which is said to have been of considerable strength and size, and some traces of it may still be found near the church. Ruan Church has a fourteenth-century tower and some lancet windows. In the transept is an effigy of an ecclesiastic. Whitaker, the historian, was rector here from 1778 to 1808. From Ruan there is a roundabout road to Veryan, which, however, can be shortened by crossing some fields. Veryan is a very pretty village on a wooded slope, with its cottages scattered about amongst the trees and some queer round houses at its entrance. The church has a lengthy nave which has been rebuilt, though the tower seems to be original. The stocks have nine holes. A mile to the south of Veryan, near Gerrans Bay, is Carne Beacon, some four hundred feet in height. It is crowned by a tumulus which is said to have been the burial place of Geraint, who died at Dingerein in 588. He was interred with his weapons and a golden boat with silver oars. In 1855 the barrow was opened and some ashes were found within a kistfaen, but the boat must have sailed away with the dead king on his long voyage. On the cliffs of Nare Head are some blocks of quartz, known as Tregeagle's Quoits, which the giant is said to have hurled here in the course of his uneasy wanderings. From Veryan it is a short walk to Portloe, a little cove on the bay with an irregular string of cottages running in true Cornish fashion very steeply down to the shore. From the coast-guard station a view may be obtained, beyond Nare Head and the Gull rock, of the dangerous Manacles.

CHAPTER X

THE CATHEDRAL CITY

Upon the glistening leaden roof
Of the new pile the sunlight shines,
The stream goes leaping by.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

NOTHING succeeds like success. Truro, since it attained the dignity of a cathedral city, has gradually acquired the civil leadership of the duchy. It is now the capital of Cornwall in everything but name. To its rival, Bodmin, is left only the doubtful privilege of welcoming the assizes. No doubt what on the formation of the Cornish see secured the cathedral for Truro was its accessibility. It is on the main line. But it had another recommendation; with the exception of Penzance and Launceston (which were out of the question), it is the only town in Cornwall with any pretensions to dignity, and the dignity of Truro is both limited and of comparatively recent acquisition. It is for the most part like other Cornish towns cramped and congested, but in 1794 the municipality pulled down a rookery in its centre and erected the spacious rectangle of Boscawen Street. But with all its advantages Truro had one supreme disqualification. It had no room for a cathedral, for the town already filled to overflowing the basin in which it is placed. The difficulty might have proved insuperable if the ecclesiastical authorities had not chosen an architect capable of dealing with the situation. Pearson had a genius for adaptation. He delighted in the subtleties of his art, and could always find a precedent for an apparent anomaly. As he could not get the requisite space for an English cathedral, he seems

to have looked for a model amongst the congested conditions of continental cities. He squeezed his cathedral into the space at his disposal by throwing it up on lofty and slender lines, and then gave it three tapering spires to enhance its stateliness. And so it stands to-day, a monument of graceful ingenuity fitting its environment to perfection. Instead of being a new-comer it looks as if the city might have grown up round it. In spite of its altitude the cathedral has a certain furtiveness. You see it from the viaduct overtopping everything in the valley below; you descend the steep declivity from the station and find yourself in the roomy thoroughfare of Boscawen Street, but the cathedral has vanished. You have to dash up a little mediaeval-looking side street to find it; and there it is, soaring majestically before you with its spires and pinnacles, and looking for all the world as if the neighbouring buildings were the offenders and had invaded its sanctity. It is only when you go within that you discover what a real difficulty it had in fitting itself into its straitened surroundings. The building had to be violently twisted out of shape to prevent its encroaching on a neighbouring thoroughfare. The ecclesiastically-minded have, however, consoled themselves with reflecting not only that the distortion has mediaeval precedent, but that it has ' a distinct aesthetic value in varying the perspective '. The same artistic ingenuity was displayed with equally felicitous results in the incorporation of the south aisle of old St. Mary's Church with the cathedral fabric. It is a richly ornamented specimen of fifteenth-century workmanship and was worth preserving for architectural as well as sentimental reasons. It was linked up with the cathedral choir by the construction of a narrow additional aisle, and still serves the purpose of a parish church. St. Mary's retains its font and its eighteenth-century marquetry pulpit. Some mural monuments, including the effigies of John Robartes and wife (1610), removed from the demolished portions of the church, find a place in the

TRURO

north transept of the cathedral. Archbishop Benson's connexion with the diocese and cathedral is commemorated by a brass near the noble baptistry and by the preservation of his pastoral staff. The baptistry itself is a memorial to Henry Martyn (1781–1812), the missionary, 'The one heroic name which adorns the annals of the Church of England from the days of Elizabeth to our own.' He was born at Truro and educated at the Grammar School, whence he went to Cambridge and became senior wrangler, first Smith's prizeman, and fellow of St. John's. He intended reading for the Bar, but coming under the influence of Charles Simeon he became his chaplain and finally went to India where he occupied himself in linguistic studies as well as in evangelistic labours. The cathedral is often 'damned with faint praise' as a clever bit of modern imitation, but it is in its way just as much the outcome of its age as St. Paul's. It was the expression of a mind steeped in mediaeval tradition, and may be regarded as the last and most complete word in the now defunct Gothic revival. The other churches in the city are likewise modern, but St. Paul's has a fifteenth-century pulpit.

Truro has a number of public institutions, including a well-equipped museum of Cornish antiquities, which give it an air of importance. Though Norden long ago commented on the 'neatness' with which Truro is built, with the exception of Boscawen Street and its trim but steep offshoot, Lemon Street, its houses are rather mean and commonplace. The city has, however, the merit of compactness and cleanliness; two little runnels of water go tinkling through the streets. Its situation is picturesque and pleasant, and there are two bright little gardens near the viaduct. There are few historic relics in Truro. The castle, which once stood at the top of Pydar Street, was 'clene down' in Leland's time, and its site is now a cattle-market. Lloyd's Bank in the centre of the city stands where the old coinage-hall stood, and near the cathedral, with some medallions on its front, there is a house which was

once a theatre. A stone from the old market-house, inscribed with a moral maxim and dated 1615, is inserted in the wall of the present market. The proverbial and proper 'pride' of the people of Truro is exhibited in the erection of a conspicuous monument at the top of Lemon Street to the memory of the African explorers, John and Richard Lander, the explorers of the Niger. The latter was mortally wounded in 1834 in a skirmish with the natives. The only memorial in the city to another local celebrity is the old Red Lion Inn. It was the birthplace in 1720 of Samuel Foote, the comedian, and contains some good staircases and plaster ceilings. Foote was perhaps not forgiven by his fellow-townsmen for putting in one of his plays the praises of his native county into the mouth of a booby. He was a dramatist as well as an actor, but he was chiefly remarkable for his powers of mimicry which made him a terror to pretentious persons. Dr. Johnson, whom he threatened to take off on the stage, did not like him. 'But surely you will admit,' pleaded Boswell, 'that he has talent for exhibiting character?' 'Sir,' replied the sage savagely, ''tis not a talent but a vice which other people abstain from; 'tis the same talent that a monkey has for aping his betters. He knew that I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg. I would not have left him a leg to amputate.' Foote was, however, considered of sufficient note by his contemporaries to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Next to the cathedral the most attractive thing in Truro is the river, though it does not enter upon its most fascinating phase until some distance below the city. At Malpas (Mopus) it is joined by the Tresillian river and still lower down it unites with the Fal. This combination of streams, after flowing through the comparatively narrow channel of King Harry's Reach, broadens out into the magnificent estuary which is the glory of Falmouth. To see the river properly it should be navigated by boat

(steamers ply regularly between Truro and Falmouth). Its beauty is even more varied than that of the Dart.

> In this delicious region cultured slopes,
> Wild tracts of forest ground and scattered groves,
> And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods
> Surround us ; and as we hold our way
> Along the level of the glassy flood
> They cease not to surround us ; change of place
> From kindred features diversely combined
> Producing change of beauty ever new.

The scenery may, however, be sampled from Truro by proceeding down the riverside as far as Malpas, but the walk should be taken when the tide is in flood, otherwise the view will be shorn of most of its charm. The Truro river is the estuary of the two streams, the Allen and the Kenwyn, which flow through the city, and at low tide it is merely an expanse of mud. A portion of the bank of the river has been made into a public park, and from nowhere can a more pleasing view of the cathedral be obtained than from the road between the park and the bridge. At Malpas (where there is a ferry and a landing stage) a field-path crosses an intervening ridge to St. Clement's, which is prettily situated in the Tresillian creek. The churchyard has a picturesque entrance beneath a slate-covered and chambered lych-gate, but the church was purged of interest during a drastic restoration in 1865, when the old woodwork and some frescoes were destroyed. The stocks were, however, thought worth preserving, and are now placed near the font as if to suggest to the neophyte the hardships which attend the way of transgressors. In the transept, which appears to date from the thirteenth century, is a memorial to the Cornish poet and historian, Polwhele (1760–1838), ' a dreamer with very little worldly wisdom ', who was born at the neighbouring mansion. In the vicarage garden at the foot of a flight of steps from the churchyard is a tall wheel cross bearing the inscription : ' Isniocus

Vitalis Filius Torrici'. A direct road leads back to the city.

The Malpas ferry should be used for reaching the interesting church of St. Michael Penkévil which stands at one of the entrances to Tregothnan Park. A small Celtic cross will be seen in the hedge where the path from the ferry joins the road. The church was originally consecrated by Bishop Bronescombe in 1261, and the original dedication stone is fixed in the north internal wall of the chancel. The fabric was, however, entirely rebuilt by G. E. Street in 1862–6. It is claimed, however, that the reproduction was a conservative and conscientious one and that all the old material was re-used. If so the church exhibits some unusual features. It is a cruciform building with a slate spire. Its peculiarity lies chiefly in the transepts which have in their east walls traceried recesses with small chambers below. Each transept is furnished with sedilia and a piscina. The church was originally a college of four priests, each having his own altar, for there is a fourth altar in a chamber in the tower. In the south transept is a sepulchral recess and on the floor a brass of John Trenowyth (1497). On the floor of the north transept are some brasses of the Boscawen family. There is a circular ring of stone beneath the tower and on the tower wall are some monuments to some of the more recent Boscawens, including one by Rysbraeck to Admiral Boscawen (1711–61), 'Wry-necked Dick' or 'Old Dreadnought' as he was familiarly called. He was famous for his victory in Lagos Bay and was the embodiment of the time-honoured traditions of the British navy. 'What are we to do?' an officer asked him. 'There are two French war vessels in sight.' 'Do?' replied his superior. 'Why, damn 'em, fight 'em of course.' Tregothnan, one of 'the stately homes' of Cornwall, is famed for the profusion of its woods and gardens. A beautiful walk on the outskirts of the park leads down a valley by the side of a creek to Lamorran, which stands near the Fal river. The church is a small uninteresting

edifice which has been rebuilt. It has no tower, but an ivy-clad building, said to be the fragment of a priory, in a corner of the graveyard serves as a campanile. Near the porch is a cross with a shattered head. Near the church there is an old house which was once a manor-house.

There is a long but pleasant journey along the Falmouth road which will reward the traveller with a characteristic sample of the Fal river scenery. After passing the modern church of Kea standing back amongst trees to the west of the highway (the tower of the old church stands by the riverside two miles away) a road turns off on the left to the ferry across King Harry's passage, one of the most beautiful reaches on the river, where luxuriant woods sweep down to the water's edge. At Tolverne on the opposite bank are the remains of an old mansion of the Arundells and some slight traces of a chapel known as 'the chapel of our Lady and King Henry'. The King Henry of the chapel, and perhaps of the passage, was Henry VI, whose canonization was once proposed, though Henry VIII, who is said to have stayed a night at Trelessick on his way to Pendennis, may have given his name to the latter. Two miles beyond the ferry is Philleigh, one of the 'Roseland' parishes where there is a church with a thirteenth-century tower. Instead of crossing the river the road may be followed to Feock, a pretty village standing above a pill issuing from the Carrick Roads. The churchyard commands a fine view of the spacious and lake-like estuary. Feock Church has likewise been largely rebuilt, but retains its fifteenth-century arcade. The tower has a pyramidal roof and stands on a bank by the side of the road high above the church which is in a dell below. The graveyard has two lych-gates, one of which is modern, and near the south porch is a wheel cross displaying a figure on one side and a geometrical pattern on the other. It is claimed as unique, being 'Celtic in form but Gothic in detail'. South of Feock the land narrows into a beak-like promontory, and round this there twines an enormously

long inlet known as the Restronguet Creek. It is a vagrant sheet of water eventually deteriorating into a marshy bottom, threaded by a stream which flows through the heart of the mining district. A pathway across the fields from Feock leads to Penpoll, a hamlet on the lower and more picturesque portion of the creek, whilst from Penpoll there is a road which joins the Falmouth highway at Carnon Down. Instead of returning at once to Falmouth, the wayfarer may descend the hill, cross the creek near the mining village of Devoran and visit the neighbouring village of Perranarworthal, which is most beautifully situated in a densely wooded valley at the mouth of the little river Kennal, which flows into the Restronguet Creek. The stream comes down from Carnmenelez through a picturesque glen, which was once famous for the number of its water-wheels. Perranarworthal Church is on a hill above the road, but is scarcely interesting enough to repay the trouble of a visit, though its south doorway has a Norman tympanum. At the adjoining village of Perranwell was a mineral spring, now drained by mining operations. The district, which was once given over to mining, was probably associated with St. Piran because he was the patron saint of tinners and is said to have discovered the metal.

A place which on account of its proximity to the city generally secures the early attention of the tourist is Kenwyn where the bishop's palace is situated. It stands on a hill-side between the valleys of the Allen and Kenwyn about a mile from Truro. It is generally conjectured to have been the Cenion of the Roman itineraries, and the neighbouring hills abound in prehistoric earthworks. The church is screened from observation and must be reached by a pathway. At the entrance of the graveyard is a two-storeyed lych-gate, as at St. Clement's, and in the churchyard itself is a well. The church has a good fifteenth-century tower, but the rest of the fabric has been spoilt by clumsy restoration. From the churchyard, however, there is a fine view of the city and cathedral. The palace just

below the church was once the mediaeval rectory. At the eastern extremity of the churchyard, which is unusually extensive, is a series of fifty steps leading down to the Allen valley. At Idless, at the northern end of the valley, is a holy well. The church of St. Allen, which is at the very top of the valley, has a blocked twelfth-century doorway, a thirteenth-century lancet window in its chancel, and a tower with a spirelet. St. Erme, on the Mitchell road, has a church with a stately tower, but the fabric was rebuilt in 1820. It preserves, however, a good late Norman font and in its transept a brass of Richard Trencreek (1594).

A ramble over a bit of historic ground may be taken by pursuing the St. Austell as far as Tresillian bridge. It is a pretty as well as an interesting walk, for it mounts out of the Allen valley to descend to the banks of the Tresillian river, and it clings to the verge of the estuary all the way to Tresillian Bridge. It was here that Sir Ralph Hopton made his surrender to Fairfax in 1646 and brought to a close a short but brilliant chapter in Cornish military history. The village of Tresillian straggles along the highway in a desultory but persistent fashion. Near the modern church is the entrance lodge to the four-mile drive to Tregothnan. There is a lane running in a rambling way over the hill-side above the Tregothnan drive to the disused and almost derelict church of Merther. It is a queer little building in a dell. Its tower seems to have once carried a projecting upper storey, for the corbels which once supported it remain. In a niche on the splay of the east window is a figure of St. Anthony, found on the site of a well chapel which stood at the top of a field to the east of the church. Hals (1655–1737), the county historian, was born in the parish. The second part only of his history was published ; the earlier volume is said to have been suppressed on account of its scurrilous details. From Merther there is a cross-country road to Probus, a large and pleasant village on the St. Austell highway. Probus stands high and is remarkable for its fine church which has one

of the stateliest towers in Cornwall. The tower is both lofty and ornate and is modelled on Somerset rather than Cornish lines. The church has been largely rebuilt but contains some ancient features. The old altar slab survives, and the modern screen embodies some portions of the ancient screen. In the south aisle is a brass of John Wulveden and wife (1514), and in an aumbry in the chancel are preserved two skulls, supposed to be those of the two patron saints, SS. Probus and Grace. On the south wall is a marble monument to Thomas Hawkins (1737) with a weeping figure. A by-road from Probus leads beneath the railway to Ladock, a prettily situated village in the Tresillian valley on the Bodmin road. The church stands on a ridge above the village. It has a good tower and retains the base of its screen and a circular Norman font. There is a station near Ladock, if the traveller prefers to return to Truro by rail, but the road up the valley is very picturesque if he is inclined for a longer ramble.

CHAPTER XI

THE HAPPY HARBOUR

Now strike your sailes, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode
Where we must land some of our passengers
And light this weary vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode
Till she repaired have her tackle spent,
And wants supplied. And then again aboard
On the long voyage whereto she is bent
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent.

SPENSER

THERE are more reasons than one for putting the pictures of Penryn and Falmouth together into a single frame. Not only do they stand in close proximity to one another, but there is a sort of family relationship between them. Falmouth is the unnatural daughter who has not only superseded her antiquated mother but still looks with disdain upon her faded charms. Penryn was a corporate town when Falmouth did not possess a single house outside Pendennis Castle. The name had not even come into existence, for the two groups of cottages which Sir Peter Killigrew obtained permission from James I to build near his mansion of Arwenach, were known as Penycwmwick and Smithwick. It was only in 1660 that they succeeded in getting the title of the locality altered to Falmouth. The people of Penryn bitterly resented the persistent attempts of the Killigrews to establish a new port at the mouth of the river. The town still cherishes a little memento of this ill-feeling. In 1620 the wife of Sir John Killigrew quarrelled with her husband and sought an asylum at Penryn. The townsfolk received her with

open arms more for the purpose of spiting Sir John than out of love for his wife, and when her husband died in 1633 she celebrated her release by presenting the town with a loving cup which bore the inscription: 'To the town of Penryn where they received me that was in great misery.' The ladies of the family seem to have been always on better terms with their neighbours at Penryn than the men, for fifty years previously Lady Mary hired a gang of ruffians in the town and boarded some Dutch trading vessels lying in the harbour, murdered their skippers and carried off their merchandise and two barrels of pieces of eight. Though piracy was connived at by the local authorities, except when inconvenient, Lady Mary was arrested and condemned to death, as Elizabeth was anxious for State reasons to keep on good terms with the Dutch. The law was, however, satisfied by the execution of some of the underlings and Lady Killigrew saved her neck. The dispute between Penryn and the Killigrews did not terminate with the actual creation of the town of Falmouth. Sir Peter had obtained in 1652 the establishment of a customs house at the mouth of the river, but this did not satisfy him. In 1689 he raided the customs house at Penryn, carried off both the collector and his tolls and imprisoned the official within Pendennis Castle. Falmouth obtained its charter in 1661.

Penryn is a drab little town of whose dingy appearance its more fashionable offspring has perhaps some reason for feeling ashamed. It runs steeply down a hill-side to a creek of the Falmouth Harbour. In the centre of its not too commodious main street is the town-hall, at the entrance of which is a small wheel cross. There are no other public buildings of note within the town, for the church (St. Gluvias) stands on its outskirts near the harbour which is, perhaps, the most attractive feature of the place. Even the church is not very interesting, for it has been rebuilt. It contains some seventeenth-century monuments to the Pendarves, and in the south aisle a brass to Thomas Killigrew and his

wife (1484). Penryn once had also a collegiate foundation, established in the thirteenth century by Bishop Bronescombe, which subsequently enjoyed much episcopal patronage. It was known as Glassiney College and was a centre of literary activity, for many of the old Cornish miracle-plays were composed within its walls. It stood at the bottom of the town, and a few of its stones still survive in a stable at the foot of the hill.

Penryn is chiefly engaged in the exportation of granite obtained from some extensive quarries at Mabe on the hill above. Penryn granite once had a great reputation and was used for the construction of Waterloo Bridge. The quarries are worth a visit not only for their own sake but on account of the fine view of the river which they command. Its waters may be seen gleaming at intervals in the undulating landscape from King Harry's Reach to St. Anthony Head, whilst below in the foreground is the Falmouth reservoir which looks like a creek which has somehow got out of place. There is another fine view at Roscarrow on the Truro road. Mabe Church lies a mile to the south-west of the quarries, and with the exception of its tower and porch it has been rebuilt. The porch doorway is rudely carved, and on the north of the chancel is an Easter sepulchre. At the vicarage are preserved some fragments of the ancient reredos. Five miles to the south-west is Constantine, another granite district. The church stands out prominently on the top of a hill, and the village trails down the hill-side to the valley below which opens on a creek of the Helford river. The church is a large and stately fifteenth-century structure with a short additional aisle on its north side. The interior contains an Easter sepulchre, sedilia, and a few panels of its rood-screen, but is chiefly remarkable for its brasses. The most notable is one of Richard Gervys and wife (1574)—both of whom are said to have been buried on the same day. The brass is a palimpsest with Flemish work—the figure of a knight of the fourteenth century on the reverse. There is another

brass of John Pendarves and wife (1670). There are several antiquities in the neighbourhood of Constantine. In the vicinity of the quarries once stood the Tolmen, a huge egg-shaped mass of granite thirty-three feet long and estimated to weigh four hundred and fifty tons. It was supported on two other rocks, but was overturned in 1870 during some quarrying operations. At Bosáhan, a mile north of the village, is a fogou or subterranean passage, known as the Pixies' Hall. Behind a farm at Tolvan, between Constantine and Gweek, is a tall triangular stone with a large hole in its centre. There is only one other stone like it in the duchy. At Merther Uny are two crosses and the remains of a chapel. On the return to Penryn a diversion might be made to Budock Church which stands on a hill midway between Penryn and Falmouth. Though enlarged in the fifteenth century it retains two thirteenth-century lancets. The base of its screen, and two samples of its carved benches likewise survive. On the chancel floor is a brass of John Killigrew (1567), 'the first captaine of Pendennis Castle', and on the south wall is a mural monument with effigies of his son John and wife (1584).

There is a tract of territory on the eastern side of Penryn creek which will afford the visitor a change of scene, for it is a waterside ramble. The journey is to Flushing and Mylor. The road runs past St. Gluvias church and subsequently forks, one branch going on to Mylor and the other leading down to Flushing, for they are on opposite sides of the peninsula. Flushing is a sort of transpontine suburb of Falmouth with which it is connected by a ferry, and it has the reputation of being the warmest place in Cornwall. If the winds are excluded from Flushing, so also is the sea view. The houses form a screen along the water's edge, and the visitor's only opportunity of viewing the harbour is from the quay where the ferry calls. There is little to see in the village itself, except a small wheel cross and an old font at the entrance of the church. Beyond the houses is a field-path hugging the water's edge which

works round the promontory and ends at Mylor Church. Mylor Church stands near a quay at the mouth of a long creek and is rather an oddity. It has a small 'engaged' west tower, and an ugly half-wooden erection has been constructed at the higher end of the graveyard as a supplementary campanile. The church has been a great deal altered, but retains many of its Norman features, amongst which are a north and west doorway. The south porch has an elaborate entrance arch, near which is a tall wheel cross. Within the church are a pillar piscina, an Elizabethan pulpit and the lower portion of the rood-screen. There is a mural monument with kneeling figures at the east end of the south aisle. The situation of the church and its rather quaint appearance make it something of a show place. A bridle-path runs from the church along the edge of the creek to the village of Mylor Bridge, a mile away, from which there is a direct road back to Penryn.

Penryn is only an introduction to the more attractive neighbourhood of Falmouth. Over Falmouth itself it is not possible to grow enthusiastic, but its surroundings are bewitching. The town faces its harbour and is not a particularly engaging place; it was built for the seafarer and not for the tourist, and the Cornish mariner is not a faddist about town-planning. He arranges his town as he arranges his ship. He stows everything away in the smallest possible space. Falmouth must have been built as it is by sheer force of habit, for there was plenty of room for expansion. This seems to be now understood, for modern Falmouth has climbed the hill-side and gone over the top. But Falmouth seems still to halt uncomfortably between two destinies, and in consequence does not achieve either very successfully. It is neither a full-fledged watering-place nor a first-class trading station. Yet no one can doubt its qualification to fill either rôle triumphantly. As Carew said with pardonable exaggeration: 'In its harbour a hundred sail of vessels may anchor and not see one another.' Yet the town is of no great importance as a

port except as a refitting station. Its climate is delightful and its situation is unsurpassed, yet the town fails to impress the visitor favourably. Its chief defect seems to be its general air of confusion. One never knows where to find things in Falmouth. One has even a little difficulty in discovering its one great possession, the magnificent drive round Pendennis headland. Few other sea-fronts can display so enchanting a prospect. In the course of its perambulation the visitor passes gradually from the tranquil beauties of the harbour to the heaving expanse of the boundless ocean, where

> O'er the rocks and up the bay
> The long sea-rollers surge and sound.

The drive, on leaving the headland, runs along the south shore for a while until it coalesces with the town which creeps over the hill to meet it.

The history of Falmouth is contained in the story of Pendennis, for under the shelter of the castle on the top of the hill the town eventually gathered. The castle is a cylindrical building with a projecting watch-turret above and a gun emplacement below. It was built in the reign of Henry VIII for the defence of the harbour which Leland considered to be 'in a manner the most principal in all Britain'. But in Leland's time the castle existed chiefly for the protection of the merchandise of the port of Penryn. for the only house in what is now Falmouth (as has already been said) was the Killigrews' mansion of Arwenack. When once the town was established, however, it soon began to flourish, and in 1688 the Government gave a fillip to the port's development by establishing at it their mail-packet station, and this privilege (as the obelisk in the centre of the Moor declares) it retained until 1852. The castle has long outlived its utility. It is now an empty shell. It played, however, a valuable part in the great Civil War. It afforded a temporary shelter to both the

Queen and Prince Charles, and in 1646 it was stoutly defended by its governor, John Arundell of Trerice (' John for the King ') for six months, though he was in his eighty-seventh year. He was compelled by hunger to surrender, but with the exception of Raglan, Pendennis was the last Royalist fortress to capitulate. Near the front below the castle is a smugglers' cave. The only antiquity which the town possesses is Arwenack House, now almost entirely modernized. The church in the centre of the town was built in 1663 and is dedicated to King Charles the Martyr. It is a galleried building, without any architectural merit, but contains a carved pulpit. The town has some public gardens at the top of the hill, and another small garden behind the beach on the south shore.

A walk round this little sandy bay leads past Swan Pool to the cliffs beyond. The pool is sometimes regarded as a lake, but it is really formed by the silting up of a ' tangled watercourse ' which threads the adjoining valley, and here among ' the wavy swell of the soughing reeds ' swans float and nest. There is a path round its ' reedy marge ' leading to the valley.

The path along the cliffs leads to the shores of the Helford river. There is a shorter cut across the fields to the intervening cove of Maen Porth—a pretty beach overlooked by a wooded crag in its centre. From here a road mounts the hill to Mawnan. Mawnan Church stands apart from its village on the verge of a cliff overhanging the mouth of the Helford estuary. It was once surrounded by an earthwork, but is now enveloped in trees. The trees unfortunately obscure the view which might otherwise be obtained from the churchyard. The church possesses the panelled base of its ancient screen but nothing else of much note. Mawnan village, known as Mawnan Smith, is a sort of clearing house for Helford Passage to which a pleasant road leads down through a dingle. The Helford river has the sinuous beauty characteristic of all the Cornish estuaries. Its dappled banks are full of charm and are indented as

usual with numerous creeks. Prettily placed at the head of the estuary is Gweek, where in Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake* King Alef spread his wedding banquet of 'fried pilchards, hake, roasted porpoise and huge squab pies.'

The eastern side of the Fal estuary is quite as attractive as the western and has also a bit of river scenery to show. Though St. Mawes was the joint custodian with Pendennis of the security of Falmouth harbour, it has a harbour of its own. Town and harbour are at the mouth of the Porthcuel river, one of the many wide-spreading tributaries which lend such variety to the banks of the Fal. A ferry puts the passenger across Falmouth Harbour and then proceeds further up the Porthcuel estuary. Opposite St. Mawes is St. Anthony, and here the traveller should disembark for the exploration of the Roseland peninsula. This is the neck of land between the Fal and Gerrans Bay, once known as Rosenis or 'the Moorland Isle'. St. Anthony's Church and the adjoining mansion are prettily grouped on the shore of a small inlet and themselves command an equally charming view of St. Mawes. They occupy the site of a priory founded by Athelstan and afterwards bestowed by Bishop Warelwast upon the Austin canons of Plympton. The mansion has arisen from the ruins of the monastery, and the church stands immediately behind it. The latter is a small cruciform structure dating from 1259, and though largely rebuilt still preserves some features of interest. It carries a low central tower with a slate spire. The tower arches, which have some well-carved capitals, are original and in the transepts are some thirteenth-century triplets which in the north transept almost reach the ground. The south doorway is a vigorous bit of Norman work. There are some mural monuments in the north transept to the Sprys, to whom the 'Place' belongs. The village is on an adjoining hill.

On Zose Point, the southern extremity of the promontory, is a lighthouse and some traces of an encampment. The high ground in the vicinity at one place embraces a

prospect of what is termed ' the seven seas '. The traveller will have to round another arm of the Porthcuel estuary to reach St. Gerrans, the next village. St. Gerrans has likewise a spired church dating from the thirteenth century, for in the north wall some lancets still survive, but the fabric as a whole was rebuilt in 1850. There are one or two carved bench-ends still in the nave and in the north transept is an incised slab in a recess. Near the porch is a wheel cross on a square base. The chief interest of St. Gerrans, however, is its proximity to Porthscatho. Porthscatho is a flourishing little watering-place, quite modern in appearance and with none of the usual Cornish quaint declivitousness about it. It faces a picturesque and attractive cove comprehended in the wide sweep of Gerrans Bay. On the opposite side of the inlet is the striking promontory of Nare Head, with the Gull Rock at its foot. Two miles north of Porthscatho, on the road to Tregony, is the earthwork of Dingerein Castle, the reputed fortress of King Gerraint. St. Tielo, who had previously visited the king here, was, it is said, suddenly summoned from Brittany to administer the viaticum to his dying host. A subterranean passage, called the Mermaid's Hole, is alleged to have run up from the shore to the castle. The traveller can, however, leave Dingerein out of his programme, and after leaving Gerrans make his way by a circuitous route round the head of another creek to St. Just. The village stands on a ridge between the Porthcuel river and the Fal. The church, on the contrary, lies at the bottom of a declivity descending to a creek of the Fal. Its situation is one of exceptional beauty. On the verge of the water, sheltered by sloping banks and embowered in lofty trees, it presents a picture of sylvan seclusion not readily forgotten. The church has two lych-gates and an entrance porch resembling that of Mylor Church, which is just opposite on the other side of the Fal. On the north wall is the fine brass of an ecclesiastic (1520). In the wood at the east end of the church is a holy well. The visitor should traverse the

shady walk that leads to the mouth of the creek, and then make his way to St. Mawes by a field-path near the upper lych-gate, for it commands a continuous view of the Fal.

Of all the places in the immediate vicinity of Falmouth, St. Mawes is one of the most inviting. It is merely a string of unpretentious houses facing its tree-clad harbour, but there is a restful beauty in its unaffected simplicity which is quite captivating, and its surroundings are exquisite. It has, however, few features of interest. Its only curiosity is its castle standing on the western verge of its harbour. The fortress was built about the same time as Pendennis, which it resembles in construction, but it is rather more picturesque without and more interesting within. Its cylindrical form is relieved by some projecting semicircular bays. Above its external doorways are carved some Latin inscriptions said to have been penned by Leland. In the Civil War it was held for the king by Sir Richard Vivian, but was surrendered to Fairfax in 1646. An ancient tin ingot, shaped like a knuckle-bone for transport on the back of a mule, was dredged up in the harbour in 1825 and is now in the Truro museum. Half-way up a steep lane fronting the pier is the site of St. Mawes Well, a spring at one time held in much repute, for it was the saint's first work on settling here as an anchorite to dig the well and to carve for himself a chair out of the rock beside it. People in this case have not been content to let well alone, for they have built a wall over it and St. Mawes seems to have taken his bit of furniture with him.

CHAPTER XII

THE LIZARD PENINSULA

Now here the sighing winds, before unheard,
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow,
Till all the surface of the deep is stirred
Like to the panting grief it hides below,
And heaven is covered with a stormy rack,
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

HOOD

HELSTON is as much the capital of the Lizard Peninsula or Meneage (Menague) as Penzance is of the Land's End district. It is its one and only town and forms for the tourist an admirable base of operations. He will find it a pleasant as well as a convenient sojourning place. It is Helston's boast that it is ten miles from everywhere, but this is a too modest statement of its distance from the Lizard; it is twelve miles, and the journey thither seems even longer than it is. The Lizard Peninsula is a long lone land which makes no compromise with the weary pedestrian, so that those who go to Helston must not be under the illusion that they have only to step out of their hotel to reach the southern extremity of Britain.

Helston is a sloping town overhanging the valley of the Cober. It is a fairly large place, with a wide central thoroughfare, enlivened by a little ruddy rill rattling merrily down each side. At the bottom of the street is a monumental gateway giving access to a bowling-green, which was once the site of a castle. In the valley below is a large sheet of water, the banks of which serve as a sort of public park. The church stands on a hill-side to the

north of the town. It was rebuilt by Lord Godolphin in 1703 in the fashion then approved of by people of taste ; it is unattractive enough, but its tower looks well amongst the trees. At the corner of a street near it is a small Celtic cross. Helston is chiefly notable for its perpetuation of an ancient frolic called the Furry or Flora Dance. It is probably the survival of a pagan festival in honour of the coming of spring. It is celebrated about the 8th May, when the town goes *en fête*. The devil is said to be at the bottom of the commemoration, which the puritanically-minded will probably allow. He attempted to destroy the town by dropping a huge boulder upon it, but St. Michael, the town's celestial guardian, jogged his elbow and the deadly missile fell harmlessly. The ' hell stone ' is still knocking about in the vicinity, but no one seems to know where. The inhabitants used to deck themselves with flowers and dance in and out of the houses singing the Furry song, an old folk-melody. Nowadays the dance has degenerated into a more or less orderly procession headed by a brass band braying incessantly the Furry tune.

Before embarking on more distant excursions the visitor should take a ramble through the beautiful woods of Penrose at the mouth of the valley below, for they have more to show than their wealth of foliage. Helston possesses one of the very few lakes in the duchy, and the walk through these woods skirts its waters. The lake, modestly known as Looe Pool, is not a real lake though it has all the appearance of one. It is the estuary of the Cober, across the mouth of which an obstructing bar of sand has been formed. The sheet of water is some two miles in length. It is draped to the brim with woods and is tuneful with ' the dreary melody of bedded reeds '. When the woods are bursting into leaf and the path carpeted with bluebells it presents a very fascinating spectacle. In front of the bar are spread the far-stretching Porthleven sands, which reach from Porthleven to the precipitous wall of the Hapzaphron cliffs. The ramble

should be continued to Porthleven, the port of Helston, which has a very spacious harbour ringed round with houses. It is a cheerful-looking place and makes some show of mercantile activity, but it can hardly be called a watering-place. There is a direct road back to Helston which crosses a hill and descends into the Cober valley.

There are several places to the north of Helston which will repay a visit. They may be comprehended in a single journey. One village, the church of which stands out conspicuously on a hill, is Breage (Brague). It is on the Penzance highway, but before reaching it Sithney Church will be observed in an almost equally elevated position to the right of the road as it mounts out of Helston. Sithney Church, on the whole, is more striking than interesting. It has a fair tower with some almost obliterated figures at the base of its pinnacles. On the chancel floor are the remnants of a brass of Roger Trewythynnyk, one of the king's justices. In the north aisle is a slab with a cross in relief and a slate monument with the arms of John Arundell (1671). On Prospidnick Hill, two miles to the north-east, are a logan stone (the Men Amber) and an overgrown cromlech, and on Longstone Down is a large granite menhir. Breage Church is an imposing structure worthy of its situation and has some notable contents. In its tower hangs the largest bell in Cornwall. It is said that a former vicar so disliked 'the jangling and the tinkling of the bells' that he had them melted down into one that their clamour might be concentrated into a single clang. On the north wall are the remains of some frescoes, and in the north aisle are a Roman milestone, the head of a cross, and some other fragments. There is another small cross in the churchyard. The screen and tower arch are modern. A personal interest attaches to Breage Church, for it was the burial place of Margaret (*d.* 1078), the wife of the first Earl Godolphin and 'the inviolable friend' of Evelyn, who wrote her life. The earl was the close friend and ally of

Marlborough and became Lord Treasurer. Sydney Godolphin, the poet, and one of ' the wheels of Charles's wain ', was killed in a skirmish in 1643. In the south chapel are some helmets belonging to the family. Behind the village of Ashtown rises the fine hill of Tregoning on the summit of which are some earthworks. To the north of it is the less striking eminence of Godolphin, at the foot of which is Godolphin House, now a farm. Though no longer in its integrity.

> . . . the old sequestered hall
> A venerable image yields
> Of quiet to the neighbouring fields.

It has lost some of its outstanding wings, but it has a dignified two-storeyed façade embodying a colonnade. The ridge, of which Tregoning and Godolphin hills are the crests, runs seawards and forms the fine promontory of Trewavas Head. On its side is a pillar of rock resembling a man in a shovel hat and known as ' the bishop '. Near some clay works at the western foot of Tregoning hill and hidden in a hollow is Germoe Church. The porch has two grotesque figures at the extremities of its gable with a crucifix above, and there is a good Decorated window near it. The interior preserves the base of its old screen, and in the north transept are some old benches and a large piscina. The stoup is inside the church. But the feature for which the church is famous is the curious canopied seat at the north end of the churchyard, known as St. Germoe's chair. It is a double-arched structure containing a triple sedilia, but its use and origin are unknown. In a field of the name of Tremen-Keverne there once stood three boulders of iron-grit stone from the neighbourhood of Crouza Down near St. Keverne. Their existence was explained by the story that St. Just from the Land's End paid a visit to St. Keverne at the Lizard, and requited his host's hospitality by carrying off his drinking-cup. When St. Keverne discovered the theft he flew into an unholy but not unnatural

rage, and picking up three stones he hurled them after his departing guest with his blessing, and here they fell. With this example of neighbourliness before them it is not surprising that the inhabitants of the district had not too good a reputation for civility. They were proverbial for their perverted ideas of hospitality.

> God keep us from rocks and from shelving sands,
> And save us from Breage and Germoe's men's hands.

The rocks and the shoresmen around the coast were the dreaded teeth and claws which fed the jaws of death. The 'wreckers' were said to be mostly tinners, who when a ship seemed likely to come ashore assembled in huge gangs, equipped themselves with axes, and followed the doomed vessels on the cliffs until the catastrophe occurred.

Opposite to the turning to Germoe is a lane leading to Pengérsick Castle and Praa (Prar) sands. Pengérsick was built in the reign of Henry VIII and consists merely of a two-storey square tower and an outstanding turret. It is now a private residence, and was always strictly so, according to the story of its origin, for it is said to have been built by one Millaton who was either a fugitive from justice seeking refuge from his foes, or a wealthy merchant needing a safe for the security of his treasure. It is well adapted for either purpose, for it is like a fortified strong-room. Praa sands form the floor of a wide and well-sheltered bay between Trewavas Head and Cudden Point. The locality is now being exploited by the squatter and the speculative builder, and, though rather spoilt in consequence, is an attractive spot, and seems to have been regarded by others besides Millaton as beyond the long reach of the law. To the north of the beach are Prussia and Bessie Coves honeycombed with caverns which were formerly the resort of smugglers. Prussia Cove obtained its name from a tavern kept by a notorious 'free-trader' named Carter, who is alleged to have actually mounted a

battery on the cliff to keep at bay the revenue cutters. From Praa sands there is a cliff path to Porthleven.

Three miles to the north-west of Helston is Wendron, a village on the moors surrounded by abandoned tin mines. It was once the centre of an extensive parish which included Helston. The church has a chambered lych-gate, and near the south porch is a mutilated wheel cross and a sun-dial. The interior has one or two peculiarities. The north transept has a double arch and on the north wall of the chancel is a recess (probably used as an Easter sepulchre) with an external plinth, at the west end of which is a lancet window with a very low sill. At the entrance of the chancel is an altar slab, and in the chancel itself are a brass of a civilian and his wife, and the headless brass of Warine Penhalluryk (1535), a pluralist vicar who was likewise Rector of St. Just, Vicar of Stythians and Prebendary of Glassiney. The district possesses a remarkable collection of antiquities. At Trelill on the Falmouth road is a holy well with a shrine, at Roselidden is another well reached by a very long flight of steps, at Bodilly are the remains of an ancient chapel and elsewhere are several crosses and barrows.

The road to the Lizard runs straight down the backbone of the peninsula. It is an unsheltered, undeviating, and a fatiguingly monotonous journey, but no one who visits the Lizard, except on business, would think of taking the direct road all the way. The real charm of the district lies in its variegated coast scenery. The continuous pounding of the Atlantic breakers has scooped out of its rugged wall of cliffs a number of picturesque coves. The usual plan is to follow the coastguard track from Looe Pool to the Lizard, but if this is too heroic a programme a compromise may be arrived at which will enable the traveller both to visit the inland villages and to see the chief beauty spots on the coast. He can leave the main road at Cury (Kewry) Cross and take a by-road to Cury. The diversion entails the omission of the prettily-wooded dingle at Bochim, which

the main road threads. Cury Church stands by the wayside and has a fine Norman doorway and a very tall Celtic cross. The porch has a squint and there is another squint of unusual character at the corner of the south transept. It forms a passage, which is lighted by a small window, the internal angle of the wall being supported on a pillar, and the external wall being bulged out in a peculiar manner to accommodate it. There are rood stairs on both the north and south sides of the church. The road past Cury leads to Pol Dhu (Poljew) Bay, but before reaching the bay there is a pathway on the right across the golf links to Gunwalloe Church, which occupies quite a unique position. It stands on the shoreward side of a small humpy promontory which at high water is almost insulated. The waves creep round the church almost to the gate of its graveyard. It is said to have been built as a votive offering by someone who was shipwrecked on the shore. It is a fair-sized building with a pyramidally-roofed tower rising not from the church but from the bank of the knoll. In the churchyard is the base and head of a cross. Within the church are a late Norman font and the roughly-sculptured basin of a still older font. Two of the bays of the screen have been apparently adapted as doors. There are some traces of a cliff castle on the knoll behind the church. There is a path along the beach to Pol Dhu Bay, a pleasant inlet intersected by a stream. On the cliff above is a wireless receiving station and a large hotel.

Two of the famous sights of the Lizard, Mullion Cove and Kynance Cove, have yet to be seen. Unless the cliff path is taken a detour has to be made through Mullion village, the church tower of which will be seen on the higher ground. The village is a crooked little place but has a very attractive church. On the tower face a crucifix will be observed. The interior has been reformed and displays an elaborate modern rood-screen. Portions of the old screen still survive in the north aisle and there is a most remarkable series of carved bench-ends, each one

bearing a different device. One is a quaint representation of Jonah in the whale's belly. The church likewise retains its original doors, the one on the south has a small latchet at its base, supposed to be for the use of dogs. The cove is a mile from the village. It is a picturesque rock-fenced gap in the cliff, out of which a small harbour has been formed. Across the mouth of the cove is an islet. Half a mile to the north is another inlet, Polurrian Cove, almost as pretty and rather more open. The visitor will have to return to Mullion to rejoin the highway to the Lizard and he will now have to traverse the most desolate stage of his journey, for his way lies over the wild region of the Goonhilly Downs, an unrelieved expanse of furzy moorland dotted with barrows and the remains of hut circles. To the left of the road amongst a clump of trees will be seen the tower of the church of Ruan Major. It is a melancholy building which seems to have despaired of retaining a congregation, for its aisles have been demolished and the arches (two of which were peculiar) blocked up. Near a large Marconi station and an adjoining string of cottages is a pathway leading to Kynance Cove. Kynance Cove is a more popular resort than even Mullion. It lies deep down below the cliff and its sandy beach is reached by a rough track. It owes its fame to its serpentine rocks which assume fantastic shapes, and its blow-holes furnish the tripper with some sensational amusement. There are some gorgeous caverns in the vicinity,

> Where under the caves
> The echoing waves
> Are green as the forest's night.

It is perhaps rather more singular than beautiful, but it commands a fine view of the jagged wall of cliff terminating in the Old Lizard Head. On Rill Head, which commands a fine view of Mounts Bay, on the north of the cove are some boulders known as the Devil's Apron Strings. He

was carrying the stones in his apron to build a bridge across the Channel for the convenience of smugglers when the strings broke. It is said that he found his vocabulary unequal to the occasion.

Facing the real Lizard is the straggling collection of houses known as Lizard Town. They look bare and unpicturesque against the skyline as the traveller approaches them, but they serve to relieve the sense of dreary isolation which a journey across this unpeopled waste induces. The Lizard itself, however, at least on a sunny day with

> No circling hills the ravished eye to bound
> But earth and sky and ocean blazing all around,

is a cheerful-looking and charmingly coloured headland with nothing very menacing in its aspect. There is nothing reptilian about it, even in name ; it is the Lis-arth or High Court, a title suggestive of its nobility. It stretches as an undulating plateau into the sea, crowned by its trimly-ordered lighthouse and edged with low cliffs, which serve as a foil to the smooth declivities above. It is seen at its best across the yawning gap of Housel Bay, where the cliffs, by way of contrast, are dark, precipitous, and savage. When Sir John Killigrew in 1611 established the first beacon on the Lizard the people bitterly complained that he had ' taken the grace of God from them ', by which, he declared, they meant that ' they should receive no more benefit from shipwreck ', for it was interfering with an ' act of God '. The light cost Sir John ten shillings a night for coal. A chasm or funnel known as the Lion's Den has been formed on the western face of the headland by the collapse of a cave in 1847. The Lizard Peninsula is really a blunt-ended promontory, for on the west of the Bumble Head, the real Lizard, is its rival, the ' False or Old Lizard ', a precipitous corner stretching itself out in sullen aloofness as if disgruntled at finding itself superseded. Between the two is the little sandy harbour

of Polpeor, where fishing boats find a southerly haven of refuge and where the lifeboat station is located. A dangerous reef of rocks, known as the Stags, runs far out to sea between Polpeor and the adjoining inlet of Polbream Cove. There are two other places which should be seen to complete the visitor's impression of the most southerly point in Britain. These are Landewednack and Cadgwith Cove. Landewednack lies half a mile to the east of the Lizard and can be reached either by a cliff-path from Housel Bay or by the road from Lizard Town. It is a mere cluster of cottages set in a tree-clad dell and comes as a surprise, for it is quite rural in aspect. As approached from the road there is scarcely a hint of the sea about it until below the church it is seen insinuating itself between a cleft in the cliffs. The church stands in the centre of a large graveyard on the slope of this leafy hollow. Like Cury Church it has a Norman doorway, a squint in its porch and the same kind of passage-like hagioscope, lighted by a window, in its transept. The pulpit has absorbed the remnants of its bench-ends. The fifteenth-century font bears the donor's name, 'Ric Bocham'. Landewednack has the double distinction of being the most southerly church in Britain and the last place where the old Cornish liturgy was used. Cadgwith Cove is still farther to the east below the village of Ruan Minor, and can be reached from Landewednack by a cliff-path. It has a sandy shore walled round by high cliffs, and a few cottages are gathered round its beach. On its western side is a great hollow with a natural arch known as the Frying Pan, caused, as at the Lizard, by the falling in of a cavern. A little to the east of Cadgwith is Carleon Cove, a small sandy bay at the mouth of the Poltesco valley, a combe of rugged rocks watered by a stream. Ruan Minor Church fulfils the implication of its name, for it is a modest-looking building pushed into a corner of the village. It contains little of note except a rather unusual Norman circular font and a piscina, the basin of which is ornamented with chip-carving.

St. Ruan is traditionally said to have lived here as a hermit and his well, covered by a pretty little shrine, is near the road between the village and Grade Church, which stands out bleakly on a hill beyond. Grade Church, with the exception of its tower, has been entirely rebuilt in rather cheap style, but it contains on its chancel floor a brass to James Essey and wife (1525). From Grade a road connects with the main road back to Helston.

The Lizard Peninsula has another centre of interest besides the Lizard itself, for it is a lop-sided promontory, as will be seen from a map. It has a bulky protuberance facing east, of which Manacles Point is the chief feature. These two halves of the peninsula are quite distinct regions, and the mariner who confuses them involves himself in disaster. To a landsman a similar mistake is not attended with such serious consequences, but it would prove inconvenient if he desired to see the Lizard and found himself at the Manacles, for the headlands are some ten miles apart. The confusion in both cases is inexcusable. It is said that in days gone by a skipper who thought that he was rounding the Lizard and found himself caught on the Manacles used to cover the name of his vessel with a sail to prevent his error of judgment being published abroad. Yet the mistake has been made scores of times. The traveller could just as easily get out of his reckoning if it were not for a directing post, for the highway to both ends of the peninsula is the same for the first two miles out of Helston. There is something uncompromising about this signpost at the parting of the ways. It points so boldly to the long stretch of monotonous road which in each case has to be traversed, though the Manacles road is the more varied of the two. It has likewise, however, to cross the Goonhilly Downs. When it reaches the boulder-strewn waste of the Crousa Downs, in the vicinity of a Nonconformist chapel, will be found a curious cromlech, known as the Three Brothers of Gugwith. It consists of a heavy capstone resting on two cubical supporters and evidently

once formed a burial chamber. Beyond the Three Brothers a road leads off to Coverack Bay—a spacious and picturesque inlet with an incipient watering-place rising round its shore, and is notable for its serpentine rocks. But Coverack is only an incidental feature in the journey to St. Keverne, which is the main objective of the tour. It is said that metal will not run within the sound of St. Keverne's bells, for the saint, whose temper seems to have been touchy, laid a curse upon the land as a punishment for the inhospitable reception he met with in the locality. It sounds as if he had found the collections disappointing.

> Never was heard such a terrible curse ;
> But what gave rise to no little surprise
> Nobody seemed one penny the worse ;

for the farmer, if not the miner, seems actually to have profited by it. Round St. Keverne is a fertile belt of country, quite unusual in a district so close to the sea. St. Keverne is a large village with a specially fine church which might be termed the cathedral of Lizard Land. Its tower carries an octagonal spire, and its interior, which is very handsome and spacious, has three sets of rood stairs, a curious font, a Jacobean pulpit, and some good bench-ends. But the objects which will chiefly arrest attention are the pathetic mementoes of the victims of the sinister headland which adjoins the village. Hanging at the west end of the church are a sword from the wreck of the *Despite* in 1869 and a gudgeon from the *Penrose*, lost in 1809, whilst in the churchyard is a cross to commemorate those who perished in the ill-fated *Mohegan* in 1908. The dreaded Manacles, ' where wind and sea in stormy nuptials joined ' to celebrate their unholy union in wild tumult, is a snub-nosed promontory with a reef of half-concealed rocks below it running far out to sea. On this reef hundreds of unwary mariners have ' toiled and shrieked and perished in the wave '. No one can look upon it without experiencing something of the horror one would feel in gazing

WRECK OF THE 'MOHEGAN' ON THE MANACLES

upon the features of some arch-criminal. On the northern side of the headland in a little cove at the mouth of a narrow combe is the primitive village of Porthoustock. Its picturesqueness is rather spoilt, however, by the quarry staging overhanging its beach. From Porthoustock there is a road to Porthallow which is a couple of miles to the north. Porthallow, too, is at the mouth of a combe, but the valley, which is threaded by a stream, is wider and the strand more spacious. From Porthallow the traveller should make his way over the hill towards Manaccan, and in the course of his journey he will catch a glimpse of the Helford estuary, but what will concern him more immediately is the Durra River. At Carn, which lies deep down in the valley at the head of the creek, he will be well advised if, instead of proceeding at once to Manaccan, he crosses the stream by the mill and pursues the beautifully wooded lane that skirts its estuary. It is a long digression, but it is worth the trouble it entails, for it is a delightful walk along a path carpeted all the way in springtime with wild hyacinths. When he approaches the mouth of the estuary he will discover the church of St. Anthony-in-Meneage, situated under the hill-side almost on the verge of the water. For the beauty of its surroundings the church has few rivals, except St. Winnow and St. Just in Roseland. With the estuary in front and the woods behind, it presents a picture of idyllic charm. Like Gunwalloe Church it is said to owe its existence to the fulfilment of a vow. Some voyagers from Normandy overtaken by a storm vowed to build a church to St. Anthony if he would guide them to a place of safety. The vessel came to anchor in Gillan creek and here, when the voyagers came ashore, they built the church. The edifice has a ribbed porch, two lancet windows, a circular font with an inscription and some initials, and the fragments of a wheel cross in its churchyard. The entrance to its rood loft is in the external wall, a most exceptional position. Each of the headlands at the mouth of the river has a prehistoric

encampment, one of which was re-fortified during the Civil War. A road over the hill at the back of the church will enable the traveller to complete his journey to Manaccan, near which is a road to Helford Passage, where there is a pretty hamlet amongst the trees. Manaccan bears some resemblance to Veryan. Its cottages are disposed in much the same pretty and haphazard fashion on the hill-side. The church is famous amongst excursionists for the fig-tree which grows out of its south-west corner. To the antiquary more interesting is the Norman doorway close by. The church has evidently been widened, for the chancel roof is corbelled out on one side. In the transept is a hagioscope. Polwhele became vicar here in 1797. The road from Manaccan to Helston passes Trelowarren, once the home of Sir Richard Vivian, the last 'hope of the stern unbending Tories', for he it was who endeavoured to stem the advancing tide of democracy by moving the rejection of the Reform Bill. In the grounds is a fogon, or underground passage, now partially in a state of collapse. From Trelowarren the road dips into a valley to negotiate one of the many creeks of the Helford river. On the hill on the other side of the vale is Mawgan village, in the centre of which is a menhir. The church is as attractive and interesting as its situation is pleasant. In the south transept, which has a double arch, is an elaborate passage hagioscope similar to the one at St. Cury, and under a recess are the thirteenth-century effigies of a knight and his lady. In the north aisle, which has a fine wagon roof, are some slate monuments of the Vivians, and there is a rather curiously fashioned font.

CHAPTER XIII

'THE GUARDED MOUNT'

> Where the great vision of the guarded mount
> Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
>
> MILTON

> I looked and saw between us and the sun
> A building on an island.
>
> SHELLEY

'WHAT'S in a name?' Some people seem to imagine that 'Marazíon' is a 'blessed word' in which a good deal of unwritten history is wrapped up. They picture the place as having been once a sort of 'King Solomon's mines' to which Hiram's navy came to take on board their cargoes of Cornish tin. Where money is to be made Hebrew financiers congregate, and it is therefore popularly conjectured that the metal marked here was in the hands of enterprising Shylocks who financed the Phoenician traders and called the place of their lucrative exile Marah Zion. To confirm the correctness of these deductions it is only necessary to quote its synonym 'Market Jew', and to point to Port Isaac and to the number of 'Jews' Houses' scattered up and down the mining area. The argument in spite of its seeming plausability is, however, fallacious. Philologists assert that though the name implies the existence of a market there is nothing Hebraic about it. It is a purely native product. 'The two words represent the Cornish tongue of different periods. *Margha* meant market with *ion* for plural, and *Mara* also meant market with *ion* for plural.' So we have the two alternatives of 'Market Jew' and 'Marazion' as later

times have corruptly preserved them. Whether or not the Phoenicians ever came to Cornwall at all is a moot point. The idea that Marazion was the miners' port seems to have arisen from a passage in Diodorus, who says, 'The inhabitants carry the tin to a certain island on the coast of Britain called Iktis. During the recess of the tide, the intermediate space being left dry, they carry over abundance of tin to this place in their carts. There the merchants buy it of the natives and transport it to Gaul.' The description might well apply to St. Michael's Mount, but Diodorus did not always write from first-hand knowledge, and he is occasionally suspected of relying on his imagination to fill in the gaps in his information. The formation of the coast was probably different in Diodorus's day. Florence of Worcester declares that the Mount was once six miles from the sea. Some scholars think that Iktis was the Isle of Wight. In any case the markets which gave Marazion its name were the fairs established for the convenience or plunder of the pilgrims who resorted to the shrine of St. Michael.

If it was the proximity of the Mount which made the prosperity of Marazion in times gone by, it is the Mount which gives it its interest to-day. Marazion itself is a long straggling place of virtually a single street skirting the shore which faces the Mount. It has a beach of sorts, rather incommoded by rocks, and enjoys a pleasant climate, but it has otherwise but few attractions. It scarcely needs them with so fine a possession within its embrace. There is something very fascinating about the Mount. It rises abruptly from the sea, a grand pyramid of mingled granite and slate, to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, with its summit romantically crowned by its chapel and mansion. It completely dominates the scene. It is always coming unexpectedly into view and it changes with every change of the day. Sometimes it looms up dim and mysterious through the haze, sometimes it stands out clear and distinct, beautiful alike in colour

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

and form, and sometimes it looks dark, frowning, and forbidding. But whether, when in the sheeny promise of the morning it seems 'half lost in the liquid azure of a crescent of sea', or when 'the sun's last splendour lights the day', it is tinted with roseate hues, or when it is sharply silhouetted against the sky as

> The full-orbed moon, in dazzling silver dyed,
> Hangs o'er the dark and melancholy tide,

whether bathed in summer brilliance or wrapped in winter storm it is always grandly impressive. The view from the summit is striking and far-reaching, but it does not make such an appeal to the imagination as the view of the rock from the shore. Of all Cornish memories none will linger longer in the mind than 'the great vision of the guarded mount' rising superbly from its circle of gleaming water.

There clings to the Mount not only a certain religious awe but something of the romance of history. In the fifth century St. Michael appeared on its rocky summit, and he must have brandished over it his flaming sword, for warfare has been its heritage. It was doubtless the archangel's visit which gave it its early religious repute, but the monastery which, in consequence of that reputation, subsequently rose upon the rock was the creation of Edward the Confessor, who bestowed it upon the monks of its Norman namesake. Like Durham it was as much a fortress as a shrine, and like Oxford it was a last home of lost causes. During the absence of Richard I it was held by Henry de Pomeroy for John, but it was surrendered on the royal captive's return. In the reign of Edward IV, the Earl of Oxford and some companions, on their flight from the stricken field of Barnet, gained an entrance to the monastery in the guise of pilgrims and fortified themselves there until they secured a pardon. In the reign of Henry VII, the wife of Perkin Warbeck, the 'Fair Rose of Scotland', found a temporary asylum on the Mount,

whilst her husband went on his mad attempt to wrest the kingdom from the usurper. During the Western Counties' rising of 1549, its governor, Humphrey Arundell, made it a rebel stronghold and paid for his treason on the scaffold. In the great Civil War, the Roundhead, Colonel Hammond, dislodged its Royalist garrison by mounting a battery at Ludgvan.

It is invaded now only by tourists who perpetually clamour for admission. They are rewarded only by a sight of its grounds and chapel. The monastery which existed on the Mount was for both monks and nuns. At its dissolution the property was bestowed upon the Bassets, and it ultimately passed to the St. Aubyns. Sir John St. Aubyn was the only individual whom Sir Robert Walpole exempted from his dictum that 'every man has his price'. The rock stands about a third of a mile from the shore and is a mile in circumference. It is united to the mainland by a causeway, which, however, is only exposed at low tide. On the north side of the island is a little harbour and a few cottages. In the spring the cliff is a mass of daffodils and bluebells. In the centre of the pile of buildings on its summit is the chapel which has a square tower with a beacon turret. To clamber on to this turret and seat themselves in what was termed St. Michael's chair was deemed an exploit which entitled the performers to marital supremacy, which no doubt any woman who was determined to achieve the feat was already qualified to exercise. The mansion, which adjoins the chapel, incorporates some of the conventual buildings, but these have been much altered and extended. A steep path winds up to the house and passes some remnants of the Norman gateway. The entrance to the chapel is from a small courtyard, and in front of the door mounted on a balustrade is the sculptured head of a fourteenth-century cross. There is another mediaeval cross in the grounds. The chapel is chiefly fourteenth- and fifteenth-century work, plain but dignified. It contains an exquisitely sculptured

reredos and a fine chandelier. A doorway on the south, long concealed, leads down to a vault which, when discovered, contained the bones of a man of exceptional size. The drawing-room of the mansion adjoins the chapel and was the monastic refectory.

Marazion has a church of its own, but its mother-church is St. Hilary, the spire of which rises from a group of trees a couple of miles away. In a ramble to St. Hilary should be included a visit to Perranuthnoe. Perranuthnoe is a village on a small bay sheltered by the low craggy promontory of Cudden Point. It apparently does not think much of its maritime possibilities, for only a rough lane leads down to the shore, which is not very attractive. The church is a fifteenth-century building of the usual Cornish type and has over its entrance a roughly carved figure of St. James. The way to St. Hilary is through the large and pleasant village of Goldsithney on the Redruth road. A lane on the north leads to St. Hilary's Church, which is smothered in trees. The original fabric was destroyed by fire in 1853, and its successor is a rather finicking example of modern Decorated Gothic. Happily the tower and spire escaped this conflagration. It is said that the spire, which is adorned with some rude figures, used to be whitewashed to serve as a landmark to mariners, but with its leafy screen it could even then have never been very conspicuous. In one of the chapels of the church is a cresset stone, a contrivance used in the Middle Ages as a receptacle for holding oil and a wick to serve the purpose of a public match-box from which anyone could get a light. The chief interest of St. Hilary's Church, however, is the collection of ancient sepulchral stones which it possesses. Near the south entrance to the graveyard is a large stone with the curious inscription 'Noti, Noti', and opposite to it is an incised coffin slab. Near the porch is a wheel cross and a mutilated cross head, whilst within the church is a Roman milestone bearing an inscription in honour of the Emperor Constantine. Westwards from St. Hilary a

field-path leads to an open moor. In the distance stretches a fine range of hills amongst which Castle-an-Dinas and Tren Crom stand out prominently. A road to the north brings the wayfarer eventually to a path running across some fields to St. Erth, which however can be more readily reached from Hayle. St. Erth's Church stands in the valley of the Hayle river near a picturesque bridge, which was old even in Leland's time, and has had to be enlarged in the interests of modern traffic. The village rises up the hill-side beyond. In its centre on the top of the hill but pushed into a corner is a tall and clumsily fashioned cross carved with a figure. The church is a rather pleasing fifteenth-century structure with a tower bearing on the angles of its upper storey some grotesque figures. The interior contains an elaborate modern screen. On a hill to the north-east are some remains of an earthwork, believed to be of Roman origin.

There is another church, Ludgvan (Ludgevan), in the vicinity of Marazion which, though not intrinsically of great interest, is worth visiting on account of its fine situation. The larger part of the village is at Crowlas on the St. Ives' road, but the church stands on the top of the hill above. It is a large but rather bare-looking fifteenth-century building with a good tower. On the south side of the church are some remains of the lancet windows of an earlier structure and the font has a Norman cable moulding. On the east wall of the graveyard is a small round-headed cross. Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, was rector here for fifty-two years and there is a monument to him in the church, but his best memorial are his works, to which every one interested in Cornish archaeology owe a debt of gratitude universally acknowledged. Though his theories are not always sound, his facts are invaluable. The well at Ludgvan has the curious reputation of conferring upon persons baptized in its waters immunity from the hangman's noose. A Ludgvan woman was, however, once upon a time hanged, to the dismay of the parish, but the fame of

the well was re-established when it was discovered that she had been baptized elsewhere. Possibly the rope on the font had something to do with the superstition. The return to Marazion should be made by the fields, for they command a superb view of St. Michael's Mount and the surrounding district.

CHAPTER XIV

PENZANCE AND THE LAND'S END

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strewn ;
I see the waves upon the shore.
Like light dissolved in star shower, thrown
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion.

SHELLEY

ITS open position on the magnificent sweep of Mount's Bay, its genial climate, and its railway facilities, combine to make Penzance the Cannes of the Cornish Riviera. There is nothing very Cornish about Penzance. It is the one place in the duchy which approximates to the typical seaside resort. It is almost continental in its equipment. It has nearly everything that a globe-trotter expects but a Casino. Some people do not like Penzance on account of its conventionality, but others find its social amenities a welcome relief to the primitive conditions of other Cornish coast towns. Besides occupying a fine situation, Penzance is on the whole a convenient and attractively arranged town. It is for the most part laid out on modern lines whilst it retains a sufficient savour of old-fashionedness to temper pleasantly its modernity. As places go in Cornwall it cannot boast of any very high antiquity. The town dates from the fourteenth century, when it was granted a free market. It received its charter in 1512, but an untoward incident arrested its development. In 1595 it was burnt by the Spaniards. What commenced as a display of bravado was turned into a

calamity by the pusillanimity of its inhabitants. An old Cornish prophecy declared

> They shall land on the rock of Merlin
> Who shall burn Paul, Penzance, and Newlyn.

Because the Spaniards effected a landing on the rock of Merlin, the townsfolk took to their heels, and only mustered courage enough to turn upon the invaders when the prophecy had been fulfilled. In 1614 the town had sufficiently risen from its ashes to become an incorporated borough, but the Civil War again involved it in misfortune, for Fairfax brutally chastised it for its loyalty to the cause of the king.

The immediate surroundings of Penzance have a smoothness and urbanity uncommon on the rugged coast of Cornwall; yet nowhere can finer seas be seen than on its usually tranquil shore. The formation of the coast lends itself to a display of massed marine effects. The whole 'dark, heaving, boundless ocean' seems on occasions to be hurled forwards by the gale in one majestic swell, and 'all the billows green toss up their silver spume against the clouds'. So terrific is the force of the waves that it has been found impossible to build a modern pier. Penzance has won its reputation as a watering-place by the equability of its climate. It claims to be warmer than Florence in the winter and cooler than Petrograd in the summer. Those who are distrustful of official records have only to look at the array of sub-tropical plants which at Penzance manage to withstand the winter's flaw to feel reassured. The older portions of Penzance are near the station, for the station adjoins the harbour. There is reason for the close association between the harbour and the station. They connect the flower gardens of the Scilly Isles with the metropolis. There is an enormous traffic at Penzance station in fish and flowers. A raised causeway borders the street which leads up to the centre of the town, and gives the town an antique atmosphere, which, however, is

dissipated at the sight of the handsome domed market hall, which confronts the visitor at the top of the thoroughfare. In front of it is a trim statue of Sir Humphrey Davy, who was born in Penzance in 1778. It is said to stand on the site of a house which he occupied. Davy in his lifetime seldom presented the neat appearance which he is here given. He was a man of ungainly exterior and careless habits, and is alleged to have invariably put a clean shirt on the top of a dirty one, and to have often made his appearance wearing half a dozen shirts at once. His gifts of expression equalled his scientific attainments. Coleridge, who attended his lectures to add to his own stock of metaphors, declared that 'if he had not been the first chemist of his age, he would have been the first poet'. Though the business quarters of the town are narrow, the private houses are well built, and there is a well-laid out public garden in the centre of the residential area. Within the garden is a library containing a large collection of valuable books of local interest, and a Celtic cross removed from the market place. The harbour is exceptionally large, and round the bay runs a handsome parade. The church, which stands on a slight elevation between the harbour and the parade, was erected in 1835 on the site of an earlier chapel. It preserves the font and the top of the steeple of its predecessor. On a ridge to the east end of the town are some remains of a prehistoric fortification known as Lescudjack Castle. A somewhat similar custom to the 'furry dance' at Helston, and, like it, possibly of pagan origin, used to be observed in the town in times gone by on the eve of St. John the Baptist. It was known as 'threading the needle', but it has now died out.

One of the great attractions of Penzance is its proximity to the Land's End district, of which it may be said to be the capital. The Land's End region really includes the whole of the peninsula west of the railway line from St. Erth to Marazion, and is one of the most interesting localities in Cornwall. It not only contains some of the

finest coast scenery in the duchy, but is notable for the abundance of its prehistoric relics. Unlike the Lizard peninsula it is a very hilly land, and the number of rugged eminences which diversify the landscape give it an eerie character much in keeping with the weird memorials of the past which it contains. From Penzance roads radiate to all its chief centres of interest.

A preliminary reconnaissance of the district may be effected by making an expedition to St. Buryan through Newlyn. Newlyn is one of the many quaint sights in Cornwall, and, like St. Ives, is much affected by artists. In fact, it attracted a colony of painters who from their distinctive style became known as the 'Newlyn School', and a little art gallery has been established in the place by Mr. Passmore Edwards. The founders of the school, or, at any rate, its earliest exponents, were Stanhope Forbes and Frank Bramley. They specialized in 'genre pictures of Newlyn manners and customs'. The scenes they depicted are still characteristic of the village, and indeed of Cornwall, for Newlyn is one of the most typical fishing ports in the duchy. It is a congeries of very narrow streets running steeply down a hill-side to the harbour. The harbour is extensive and its surroundings are somewhat squalid. A spectacle of rather repulsive activity is presented on the arrival of the fishing fleet with its catches. The steam trawlers are moored alongside the wharves, and the fish hoisted out, sorted, and in some cases skinned, on the quays, whilst thousands of gulls circle and scream overhead, 'then drop for prey within the sweeping surge' or perch on anything that affords them a foothold in the hope of obtaining a feast from the offal. On the outskirts of the harbour is the so-called Gwavas Lake, which is said to have been once surrounded by a primeval forest, extending as far as Marazion. Tradition says that it disappeared beneath the sea when the lost land of Lyonesse was overwhelmed. Traces of this submerged forest are still discernible along the coast at very low tides. Leland says

that Newlyn once possessed a chapel, but this has now vanished. A modern church stands at the north of the town near the entrance to the Tolcarne valley. Behind it, in a wall, is a small Celtic cross. The valley is threaded by a stream and pleasantly wooded ; a road ascends the valley and joins the main road from Penzance to the Land's End near the entrance to the Trereefe (Treve) estate, where the cross-roads run under avenues of trees. In the hedge-side near a lodge is a wheel cross. At Buryan Bridge, which is at the bottom of a picturesque defile, the road again crosses the torrent and proceeds through the village of Drift, where are two menhirs, to Lower Hendra, where the Land's End road must be left. St. Buryan's Church stands out boldly on a hill, and is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the district. It can be seen for miles. On approaching St. Buryan another large menhir will be observed in a field at the entrance to a farm. In the hedge near it is a holed stone. Too much significance need not be attached to these holed stones, for it seems probable that many af them were sockets for wooden spindles, though some appear to be prehistoric. There is nothing remarkable about St. Buryan village except its bleak situation, but it possesses a very fine church. It was originally a collegiate church, said to have been founded by Athelstan. The present building dates from the fifteenth century and has a lofty tower of four stages with a beacon turret. A plain round Norman arch and a portion of another (both now blocked) prove the former existence of an early Norman fabric. A fine modern screen, embodying the base of its mediaeval predecessor, spans the entrance to a spacious chancel, which contains four of its original stalls. Some remnants of the carved bench-ends which the church once possessed have been fashioned into a litany desk. At the west end is a coffin slab with a floriated cross and a Norman-French inscription. Near the south porch is a cross with a rudely sculptured figure on a stepped base, and on the south side of the

churchyard is a Celtic cross, also exhibiting a figure. William Noy, the lawyer, was born within the parish, at Pendrea, in 1577. The neighbourhood of St. Buryan abounds in crosses. If the traveller leaves the village by the road which runs to the south-east he will find a cross with a Latin head by the wayside. At the junction of this road with one leading east and west is a wheel cross with a figure, and in the hedge to the west along this latter road is another Celtic cross. The traveller should, however, from the junction turn eastwards on his way back to Penzance. About a mile farther on he will see on the right in a gently sloping field a good stone circle, known as the Dawns Men or the Merry Maidens. The maidens (Sabbath breakers, of course) are nineteen in number and form a very jocund group. All the stones are upright, but there are three outlying prostrate stones which are probably lolling spectators too idle to join in the giddy dance. Opposite a solitary cottage, close by the circle, is a holed stone, two others are in a lane leading to Modress Farm, and a little beyond the first is a Celtic cross. Still farther along the road, near the hamlet of Bolleit on the left, are two huge monoliths, the Pipers, who accompanied the festive dance just witnessed. One of them looks more merry than wise. They are probably sepulchral monuments, for Bolleit is traditionally said to have been the scene of Athelstan's final victory over the Britons. A few hundred yards from this 'field of slaughter' is a fogon somewhat similar to the one at Trelowarren. It is difficult to find, for it is on a bit of rough moorland, and is almost completely overgrown by furze and brambles. The interior is lined and roofed with stone. During the Civil War it was used by a party of Cavaliers as a hiding-place. The road descends into the Lamorna valley, where there are some remnants of Trewoofe (Troove) manor-house, which was built in the reign of Henry VIII and belonged to the Levelis family. All that now survive are some ruins and 'a portal's blazoned arch', which forms the

doorway of a farm adjoining its site. The road should, however, be abandoned at the bridge and the Lamorna valley traversed to its mouth, where there is a cove. It is thickly wooded and watered by a stream. Its picturesqueness has to be largely taken for granted, as it is a case of not being able to see the wood for the trees. The locality has been much quarried for its granite. There is a bridge across the brook at the lower end of the valley, and the path over it, up the hill, should be followed. It leads to Paul, but before Paul is reached a lane turns off on the right which will take the traveller to Mousehole. Mousehole is a characteristic Cornish fishing village at the foot of the cliff. It is provided with a small harbour, at the mouth of which is a reef of rocks like a miniature St. Michael's Mount. The village was the landing-place of the Spaniards in 1595, and is a charming little place with narrow and picturesque streets, down one of which courses a wayside brook. The Kirgwin Arms, an Elizabethan house with a projecting two-storeyed porch, is a surviving portion of the mansion of the Kirgwins, which was the only house to escape the Spanish conflagration. John Kirgwin (*d.* 1712) was an authority on the old Cornish language. On the shore is an almost inaccessible cavern, which no doubt lent itself in times past to the exigencies of the contraband trade in which the men of Mousehole were said to be expert. A steep lane up the hill-side, at the top of which is a cross, leads to the village of Paul.

> We went up the beach by the sandy shore,
> Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town ;
> Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
> To the old grey church on the windy hill.

Paul Church, the tower of which is a prominent landmark and has a beacon turret, is in the centre of the village. The interior is spacious, but not remarkable. There is a curious contraction of one of the arches of the arcade on the north, to admit possibly of the passage of the now demolished

rood loft. The interest of the church is largely philological, for on the south wall is a monument to a Captain Hitchens, which bears the only extant old Cornish epitaph :

> Bounas heb dueth En poes Karens wei
> Tha pobi Bohodzhak Paull han Egles nei,

which being interpreted reads :

> For you may endless life remain
> Who loved Paul's poor folk and its fane.

On the north wall, above a monument to William Godolphin of Trewarreneth (1689), hangs a helmet, a cuirass, and some swords. George Borrow visited the church in 1854, and records in his diary : ' Went to St. Paul's Church. Saw an ancient tomb with an inscription in Cornish at the north end. Sat in a pew under a black coat of armour belonging to the Godolphin family, with two swords.' On the south wall of the graveyard is a monument erected by Prince Lucien Bonaparte ' to Dorothy Pendreath, who died in 1778, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish '. Dolly Pendreath was a Mousehole woman whose knowledge of ' the peculiar language of the country ' is suspected of being largely assumed. Her vocabulary is said by her detractors to have been limited to a few obsolete ' swear-words '. On the west side of the graveyard is a wheel cross. A path across the fields leads down from Paul to Newlyn, and from it a splendid view of Penzance and Mount's Bay may be obtained.

The most popular expedition from Penzance is, of course, to the Land's End. The Land's End is what every visitor feels bound to see. It is a pilgrimage which should certainly be made once at least in a lifetime. The Lizard excursion is more generally regarded as a mere counsel of perfection. The road is for a while the road to St. Buryan, but it should be pursued directly from Penzance. At Lower Hendra the Land's End route diverges to the right, and not far from the parting of the ways a large menhir

will be seen in a field overhanging the roadside. Near the top of a rise where Sancreed Beacon and its neighbour Caer Bran come prominently into view is a lane leading down to Boscawen-Un farm. This lane should be followed, for beyond the farm, at the end of the lane, is another stone circle, the Nine Maidens. It stands on a patch of furzy ground, and is almost entirely hidden by gorse and brambles. The circle is some seventy feet in diameter and consists of nineteen upright and two prostrate stones ranged round a central pillar. In an adjoining meadow is a large menhir. According to a Welsh triad the circle is one of the three ancient Gorsedds (or places of Bardic assembly) in Britain. On resuming the Land's End journey, a Celtic cross will be observed near a wayside Nonconformist chapel, with the two striking eminences of Carn Brea and Bartinea (Bartiney) rising in the background. On the summit of Carn Brea, which is remarkable for a prospect embracing 'the widest sea horizon in the British Isles', are some barrows and the traces of a chapel. In Bartinea are some hut circles. At Sennen Green, a lane to the right leads to Sennen Cove, a fishing station in a pretty situation at the southern end of Whitesand Bay, fronting 'a concave green of sea'. Whitesand Bay was the scene of Perkin Warbeck's landing in 1497, as he hoped to fan into flame again the embers of popular discontent which were still smouldering in the duchy after the collapse of the Cornish rebellion of the previous year. On the left of the main road, near Mayon, is a large slab of stone, the Table Maen, at which four kings, of whom Arthur was one, sat down to a banquet to commemorate their victory over the Saxons. When they assemble here again the Saxon supremacy will come to an end. Sennen, the last village in England, is a small string of houses and a church by the roadside. In the cemetery is a Celtic cross. The church is a modest structure with a plain tower. The transept contains a mutilated image of the Virgin, and on the east wall of the aisle are some traces of a fresco. St. Sennen

seems to have been a whimsical rather than an engaging person. He took a freakish delight in making people's flesh creep. He refused to assist his mother in a removal of the household goods, and when, in a rage at his refusal, she threw as much cold water on him as he had done on her domestic arrangements, the furniture at once removed itself. When he was carried out to his burial his corpse sat up on the bier, and out of sheer contrariness ordered that his festival should be observed on 8th March instead of on the anniversary of his death.

Though the Land's End has no better reason for its name than any other promontory except the sentimental one that it is the last glimpse of Old England that western-bound vessels catch, yet there is a certain suggestion of finality about it. " Life's end," Tennyson called it ' ocean's very marge ' ; beyond it is the broad, heaving bosom of the deep. The road terminates abruptly, for a great hotel blocks the way. But the hotel does not actually face the Land's End ; the Land's End is a little to the north of it. It is not a very sensational ending. It is not so imposing as the Lizard, or so shapely as its rival Cape Cornwall. It is a low and not very prominent ridge of granite, through which the waves have bored an archway, shelving down to the sea. Only the columnar character of its rocks prevents it from being commonplace. Even Turner's magic brush failed to glorify it. The best view of it is to be obtained from the coastguard station between it and Sennen Cove. Here, as you listen to ' the surgy murmurs of the lonely sea ' and ' mark a gleaming through the tides of diverse brilliance ', you can imagine what the spectacle is like.

> When ye behold the wrathful sea from farre
> In a great mountain heapt with hideous noise
> Eftsoones of thousand billows shouldered narre
> Against the rocke to break with dreadful poyse.

The hotel fronts another similar ridge off which rises a group of rocks, to one of which has been given the fantastic

name of the Armoured Knight. Due west, four miles away, is the reef crowned by the Longships Lighthouse, and seven miles off, a little to the west, the Wolves, whose ' beacon blazing through the night o'er lonely wilds afar ', can generally be discerned, unless (as is often the case) ' a cloud has passed on it, and its dim bulk becomes annihilate '. On an exceptionally clear day the Scilly Isles are said to be just visible on the horizon. It is a thirty miles' voyage over this waste of waters before

> We come to the Isle of Flowers ;
> Their breath meets us out in the sea,
> For Spring and the middle of Summer
> Sit each on the lap of the breeze.

The lost land of Lyonesse is supposed to have extended between the Longships and the Scillies, and one hundred and forty churches are said to have been destroyed in its submergence.

The cliff walk round the south-west corner of the Land's End promontory is exceptionally fine. Two headlands in particular are of great grandeur, Pardenick and Tol-Pedn-Penwith. Pardenick is a precipitous and lichen-clad mass of granite exhibiting some freakish effects of nature's tooling. It presents the appearance of some shattered citadel. Just beyond it are seen the two lion-like projections of Carn Evall, which form the northern extremity of Nangizel Bay. Tol-Pedn, the southern extremity of Mount's Bay, presents a still more impressive spectacle. ' A giant form, it towers conversing with the storm.' Its face is a perpendicular cliff with outstanding columns of granite like giants' teeth. One ' keen pyramid with wedge sublime ' is known as the ' chair ladder '. In the cliff is a funnel communicating with the sea, similar to the Frying Pan at Cadgwith. On one side of the headland is Porthloe Cove and on the other the little fishing hamlet of Porthgwarra, noted for its lobsters. Beyond Porthgwarra, at the mouth of a combe, is Chapel Porth, with a sandy

THE ARMED KNIGHT AND THE LONGSHIPS

beach, near which are the traces of a small oratory. On the hill-side at the head of the combe is St. Leven's Church, a rather solitary edifice containing some bench-ends, an inlaid pulpit of 1752, and a portion of its rood-screen. There is a tall wheel cross near the south porch, a cross head on the churchyard wall, and a third cross in a field beyond. From St. Leven a road leads to Porth Curnow, which lies in a wide valley opening upon an extensive tract of sand. Here the Atlantic cable comes ashore. The village has a row of villas lining the upper end of the valley which are lighted by electricity and give the place the aspect of a suburban district. Porth Curnow, however, owes its celebrity to the triple-coned headland, Treryn (Treen) Dinas, which closes the bay on its east. The promontory is fenced on its shoreward side by a prehistoric earthwork, making it a cliff castle. On the central cone is balanced the famous logan stone, a huge block of granite. In 1824 it was dislodged by Lieut. Goldsmith, a nephew of the poet, who, for a 'lark', landed a boat's crew and by its aid succeeded in upsetting the rock. The Admiralty promptly ordered him to replace it, and special tackle had to be employed for its restoration. There is a road up the valley back to the Land's End.

Taking the Penzance expeditions in rotation, the next on the list is the ramble to St. Just and Cape Cornwall. This will introduce the traveller to the Land's End mining area. The main road to St. Just leaves Penzance by the Land's End route, but separates from it on the outskirts of the town. There is a small Latin cross beyond the junction. The road runs through the hamlets of Tremethic Cross and Newbridge, but there is another more arduous and less frequented way through Sancreed. Sancreed is a little village secluded amongst trees at the foot of its beacon. The church has a reposeful look, and contains a good deal of modern woodwork. In the churchyard are two Celtic crosses, one of which displays some fine ornamentation. The beacon is covered with boulders. The road to St. Just

from here passes over the shoulder of the hill and skirts the slope of Caer Bran, a neighbouring eminence, surmounted by a cliff castle. At Capel Uny, close by to the west, is a fogou with a central domed chamber, the steps of a demolished well chapel, and a curious barrow which Borlase described as combining the features of a stone grave, a ring barrow, a cromlech, and a passage chamber. In reality it is a large cist covered with gorse and brambles. By the side of the St. Just road, at the northern foot of Caer Bran, is a small circle of stones known as the Grumbla. St. Just is a large and typical mining village standing grimly amongst the wreckage of an almost extinct industry. It has two little squares adjoining one another. In one is the church and in the other is a round. The latter is a *plane-an-quary* or playing place. It is an amphitheatre, one hundred and twenty-six feet in diameter, enclosed by a circular embankment, and may have been originally erected for the exhibition of miracle plays, but was afterwards used for wrestling matches. The church is a building of more interest than architectural merit, for its masonry is very rough, but it has some noteworthy antiquities ; amongst the latter are a stone of interlaced work serving as the lintel of a low north doorway, and a stone in the north aisle bearing the chi-sho monogram and inscribed ' Selus hic jacet '. In the chancel are a sedilia and Easter sepulchre. The porch has a stairway and is heavily buttressed, and the upper stage of the tower is ' battered '. The arcade arches differ in width and form, and there are the remnant of two frescoes on the walls. The Rev. G. C. Gorham, of the famous ' Gorham Case ', was once vicar here. He was a bigoted Protestant, and is said to have destroyed one of the old Celtic crosses because it savoured of popery. The chief attraction of St. Just is its proximity to Cape Cornwall, a mile or so to the west. The intervening ground is thickly littered with abandoned mine workings, and a chimney-stack surmounts the headland, below which an engine-house stands on the verge of the

sea. The cape is a conical promontory almost insular. Beyond it rises a double-peaked rocky islet known as the Brisons. On the neck of land connecting the cape with the shore is a small ancient chapel, and in the wall of the paddock in which it is situated is a recess termed the 'giant's grave'. There is another 'giant's grave' surrounded by a stone enclosure with similar cavities near a mine stack, a little lower down the coast. The road northwards from St. Just drops down into a valley in which lies the hamlet of Tregaseal, and then rises over the shoulder of Carn Kenidznek. A long lane to the right of this hilly road will take the traveller to its windy summit, crowned by a pile of weird rocks. The hill derives its name from the howling blasts which sweep over it, and their sounding fury has given rise to the popular impression that it is haunted by demons who have their dwelling amongst the crags of this

> Chief temple of thunder.
> The gale like a ghost in the middle watch moans,
> Gliding over and under;
> The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,
> Leapeth white to the forelands;
> And the plover, whose cry is like passion and pain,
> Complains to the moorlands.

Near a solitary house just below the summit are the Tregaseal circles. They stand close together, but are divided by a hedge. The one on the open moor is about seventy feet in diameter and has thirteen stones, six of which are prostrate. The other circle is of much the same size, but is very imperfect. Only ten of its stones survive. Of its five standing stones, three are actually in the hedge. Not far from the circles is a barrow, and a third of a mile away to the north-east are four holed stones, which certainly look as if they were prehistoric monuments of some sort. On the coast, between St. Just and Pendeen, are the Botallack and Levant mines, both of which burrow under

the sea. The Botallack mine is now deserted. Pendeen is a long, straggling mining village, more dreary-looking than even St. Just, though some of its mines are still in operation. Its rather gloomy church was built by the Rev. R. Aitkin, the Cornish revivalist, and is said to have been modelled on the cathedral of Iona. Pendeen headland carries a lighthouse, and to the east of it is a rather picturesque cove. Near the cove is Pendeen House, an old Tudor manor-house which was the birthplace of Dr. Borlase, the antiquary. In a field behind the house at Pendeen Vau is a fogou with a crooked passage. The traveller may save himself the trouble of visiting the uninteresting little village of Morvah, with its ugly church. He will employ himself more usefully by climbing to the summit of Chun Hill, which rises between the two places, for it is crowned by the best-preserved cliff castle in Cornwall, and has the most perfect cromlech. The castle has a double rampart of stone walls pierced by a gateway. Within the enclosure are traces of chambers and a well. From this gateway the cromlech will be seen on the slope of the hill. It forms a cist, and though the mound which once covered it has been entirely removed, the stones have been undisturbed. At Bosullow, at the eastern foot of Chun Hill, are the remains of a prehistoric village, but the site is so completely overgrown with furze and brambles that much difficulty is experienced in exploring it. From Bosullow a lane leads to the Madron high-road. At Lanyon farm, on the top of the next hill, is a very fine cromlech and the remains of a fallen one. The wrecked quoit is in a sloping field behind some farm buildings on the right of the road. It consists only of the capstone, which is propped by a single support. The large upright cromlech stands on a bit of rough common land by the roadside a little farther on. It is a very striking object. The huge capstone is poised on three upright supports, and shows no trace of a mound. Unfortunately it was overthrown in a thunderstorm in 1815, and was replaced by Lieut. Goldsmith, when he had succeeded in

restoring the logan stone. It is said that in order to make his work easier he shortened each of the supports by a yard. It must have been impressive indeed in its original condition. Not far from the quoit a path across the fields leads down the hill to Madron, which will be seen in front. On approaching the outskirts of the village a diverging path to the left through a copse runs in the direction of St. Madron's well. There is a well and a small roofless chapel furnished with a stone seat and

> An altar whence the cross was rent,
> Now rich in mossy ornament.

The baptistry is in a corner of the building. Though ravished and ruined, this little retreat is still beautiful in its decay, for its walls are draped with ferns and lichens. It owes its melancholy condition to the fanatic zeal of a Puritan soldier who destroyed it. Madron is a large village, and was the mother parish of Penzance. The church is a fine fifteenth-century edifice of some interest. It has a splendid array of carved bench-ends, and a handsome rood-screen preserving a good deal of original work. The church was consecrated by Bishop Grandisson in 1236, and a small panel of sculptured angels belonging to the earlier fabric is on the south wall. In the chancel is a mural monument with effigies of William Rowe (1726) ; on the north wall is a brass to William Clies (1623), and in the south aisle is a slate slab to John Maddern (1620), the first mayor of Penzance. There is a small wheel cross with a kilted figure on the west wall of the graveyard. The road to Penzance passes through Hea (Hee) Moor, now a suburb but once an open common, where John Wesley used to hold his gatherings during his Cornish peregrinations. The rock on which he stood to preach is now covered by a large Wesleyan chapel.

There is only one more journey which the visitor to Penzance need take, and it is as mentally stimulating but

as physically exhausting as the last. It is what may be termed the Gurnard's Head tour, but Gurnard's Head is only one of its incidental features; its chief interest is antiquarian. The road leads from the castle end of Penzance up a leafy lane, and then makes for the open moors, which extend all the way to Gurnard's Head. It is a wild and solitary district. On the top of a hill to the left of the road about a mile beyond Newmill is the Mulfra Quoit, another very fine but imperfect cromlech. Its capstone has slipped and now rests against three supports. The hill on which it stands embraces a very extensive view. On a ridge about a mile west of the quoit across the moor and half a mile due north of the abandoned engine-house of the Ding Dong mine—one of the oldest mines in Cornwall but now 'a windowless, deformed and dreary pile'—are the Nine Maidens, a stone circle some seventy feet in diameter, with seven more or less upright stones and three prostrate ones. Near it is a rifled barrow. Still further west of the Nine Maidens by the side of the track, which descends from the moor to the Morvah road and near a cottage, is the famous Men-an-tol, a holed stone of exceptional character. It looks like a lifebuoy stuck on edge, but has probably a square base below ground. The hole is big enough for a man to creep through, and the performance used to be regarded as a cure for hernia. Three upright stones are in line with it, and three others are lying on the ground near. To the north of the Men-an-tol in the direction of Carn Galva and near the electric cable is the Men Scryffen, or written stone, a menhir bearing an inscription: 'Rialobran Cunoval Fil'. When the traveller has discovered this he will not have exhausted all the prehistoric relics of these prolific moors. He will have to make his way across the furzy downs towards Gurnard's Head. At the hamlet of Bosporthennis (Bosprennis) are the remains of a bee-hive hut. It is not far from the cottages and is situated in an angle of one of the stone walls. It is roofless and circular in shape, but it has a projecting rectangular chamber with

MULERA QUOIT

which it communicates by a very low doorway. It was probably only one of a number of similar huts. In the immediate vicinity is a dismantled cromlech with a circular capstone, a very unusual feature. The journey to Gurnard's Head may now be resumed, and from the road will be obtained a very impressive view of the double-crested Carn Galva, the most imposing tor in the district. Gurnard's Head is not far from Bosporthennis and is reached from the high road by a pathway near the hotel at Treryn. The promontory shelves towards the sea and then terminates in a rocky crest which looks like a basking marine monster. On the isthmus are the remains of a small chapel, and there are apparent traces of embankments across the approach to the headland. There are likewise indications of fortifications at Bosigran Castle, a neighbouring promontory near the road to Morvah. After viewing Gunard's Head the traveller should proceed to Zennor, which lies at the foot of a rugged hill to the east. Zennor Church has been so tampered with by restorers that it is difficult to know what features are genuine, but there is a Norman window near the porch, and an old seat in the chancel exhibiting the figure of a mermaid. The chancel roof is partly supported on corbels, which points to an enlargement in the fifteenth century. There are two wheel crosses on the north side of the church. In a field between the church and the shore is a long Logan stone. The summit of the neighbouring hill is crowned with masses of granite moulded by the weather into fantastic shapes resembling the Cheesewring. Farther along the ridge by the side of a wide trackway is a large cromlech. It was apparently a huge double-chambered cist, but the capstone has slipped and cracked and is now supported by only three uprights. The trackway, as it descends the hill, narrows into a pathway which leads down to Towednack (Twinnick) Church lying in the valley below. The church has a curious stairway to its tower and a chancel arch, an unusual feature in Cornwall. A long stone bench in the porch bears an incised cross,

and there is an altar slab within the church. The font looks like Norman work, but is dated 1720. In the graveyard is a small Celtic cross. The seclusion of the village led in times past to its inhabitants being bantered on their simplicity. The Towednack men, they say, in order to prolong the summer built a wall round the cuckoo to prevent its departure, and when they lost it reproached themselves for not having added an extra course of masonry to the enclosure. But this particular cuckoo's egg has been laid by the joker in other nests besides Towednack. Towednack is on the old road from St. Ives to Penzance, and passes the foot of Castel-an-Dinas. This hill should be ascended as it commands a magnificent panorama,

> For southward far, with moors between,
> Hill-tops and floods and forests green

combine to make a very impressive landscape. The summit, now crowned by a modern castellated beacon, retains some traces of a hill fort. Near Chysoster farm, on the south-west flank of Castle-an-Dinas, are the remains of a large prehistoric village. It is surrounded by embankments and the walls of one hut in particular are still fairly well preserved. It is a circular chamber with apsidal projections, and a stone protruding from the entrance of one of these projections is hollowed out like a stoup. From Castel-an-Dinas a descent can be made to Gulval, a village adjoining Penzance. The church lies behind the village and is thickly screened by trees. It is a much-renovated building with a skewed chancel. In the south chapel is a mural monument with effigies (1621). In the churchyard is the base of a cross and near it an inscribed stone. At Bleu Bridge, in the valley below (a picturesque but spoilt spot) is another menhir inscribed 'Quenatavus Icdinui filius'.

CHAPTER XV

HAYLE AND ST. IVES

Up the still glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over the banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills
At the white sleeping town,
At the church on the hill-side,
And then come back down.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

HAYLE is generally set down as a place to be avoided. It is supposed to be a dreary wilderness of ironworks and sand-hills, and is accordingly resented as a blot on the fair neighbourhood of St. Ives. But this is only the case with people who have never been to Hayle and have derived their impressions merely from the railway carriage window. Hayle, like many apparently unattractive places, is better for knowing. Its situation on further acquaintance will be found to be of some picturesqueness, and whatever may have been the extent of its industrial depravity in the past it is now very largely a reformed character. Hayle used to be a great shipbuilding place, but the process is reversed; they only break up vessels at Hayle in these days. There are no ironworks, though there is a large electric power station which, with its radiating cables and gaunt trestles, does not improve the appearance of the locality. But this is one of the inevitable accompaniments of modern progress, and these live wires are one of the main hopes of industrial Cornwall.

First appearances at Hayle are deceptive in another

way. It is only when the traveller thinks that he has come to the end of the place that he discovers he is really at the beginning. Hayle, unlike most Cornish towns, covers a great deal of ground, for it spreads itself in prodigal fashion. When its little square has been traversed and the corner of its one-sided street turned, the town begins to unfold itself, and (so to speak) still goes marching on unweariedly in single file. This eccentricity is due to the divergations of its river. In Cornish fashion the Hayle estuary forks into a creek, and the town has no other choice but to follow the water and flank the creek. The creek is, however, pictorially the making of Hayle. On its opposite shore are the high green slopes of the Towans and from the centre of a velvety cluster of trees rises the tower of Phillack Church. When the tide floods the creek it is a very engaging scene. The main river is furnished with long quays and is devoted to merchandise, but there is a pretty view here also across the estuary to the hills beyond. Its towans and extensive beach are—business apart—Hayle's chief asset. Hayle is as proud of its towans as Newquay is of its cliffs. They form a high billowy expanse, firm as the land, and are a favourite camping ground with those who come here to sample the joys of the simple life. Phillack Church, which stands in the midst of this amenable wilderness, has a picturesque tower, but the fabric as a whole has been rebuilt. There is a wheel-headed cross near the porch (which has the chi-sho monogram in its gable), and another cross and a stone inscribed 'Clotualus Mogratti' at the east end of this graveyard. From the adjoining road the estuary is seen to great advantage.

Three or four miles away in a dell skirting the towans is the village of St. Gwithian. This church, likewise, has been rebuilt and some fragments of the old fabric are inserted into the lych-gate. There is some seventeenth-century glass in one of the chancel windows and a Celtic cross is in the graveyard. The locality is chiefly notable

for the discovery in 1825 of the ruins of a small oratory amongst the blown sand to the north of the village. It was a small rectangular building of rude masonry with stone benches round the walls and was conjectured to date from the seventh century. Unfortunately no care was taken to protect the remains and the sand has again obliterated them. They are said to be somewhere by the side of the little Red River, whose ruddy waters flow through a gap in the cliffs ; but there is no visible sign of their existence. The valley in which this venerable shrine lies buried is a very desolate scene, for the sand drifts in from the shore and creates a wilderness. A tin mine at the mouth of the stream is the only sign of human activity. From the shore itself a good view can be obtained of the Godrevey Lighthouse, standing amid a circle of white walls on an island at the nose of a projecting headland. On the other side of Godrevey there is some fine cliff scenery, the rocks round Hell's Mouth in particular present a very impressive spectacle. From St. Gwithian the traveller may make his way across country to Gwinear, which lies some three or four miles inland. On his way he will pass Trevarnon Rounds, an extensive prehistoric earthwork on a hill. Gwinear will be found by taking a lane to the right on approaching Gwinear Road Station. It lies about a mile to the south of the Camborne road. It has a large church with an extra north aisle and a tower carrying a beacon turret. The interior contains the remnants of a black oak screen, and the pulpit has a panel carved with a merman. There is a desk in the south chapel made of bench-ends. In the graveyard is a Celtic cross with a sculptured figure. The road back to Hayle drops into a pretty valley spanned by a viaduct.

Standing conspicuously amongst the sand dunes on the opposite bank of the Hayle river is Lelant Church, which can be reached from Hayle by a ferry. The building, as a whole, dates from the fifteenth century, but the two western arches of the north aisle are earlier. One is a

plain-pointed arch devoid of mouldings or capitals, the other is a well-fashioned Norman arch supported on a circular pier and respond with escalloped capitals. At the west end of the south aisle are some slate slabs with figures in relief. Over the porch, which has a good doorway, is a curious sun-dial, and in the adjoining cemetery is a sculptured cross. Lelant is the Cornish Westward Ho and is devoted to golf. It is a pleasant little village with picturesque surroundings.

A visit to Lelant is only introductory to the journey to St. Ives. Every one who comes to Cornwall makes a pilgrimage to St. Ives, for it is one of the best known places in the duchy, and from being something of a curiosity has become a celebrity. It is now a very popular health resort. From Lelant the traveller should, as far as possible, keep to the cliff-path all the way. At Carbis Bay he will have to descend to the beach, but he will be able to resume the path on the other side of the hotel. One does not know whether to regard Carbis Bay as a rival or as a suburb to St. Ives. It is a rival only as a watering-place, for unlike St. Ives it is distressingly modern. It has a superb situation on the cliff-side above the fine sweep of St. Ives Bay and a good beach. It is fair, but flaunting ; the trail of the builder is over it all. On a hill behind it is a pyramid forming a conspicuous landmark. It was erected in 1782 by John Knill, an eccentric mayor of St. Ives, this ' folly ' as a mausoleum for himself. Rumour had it that there was method in Knill's madness, and that it was intended as a guide for smugglers, as Knill was suspected of cheating the revenue. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Knill, on second thoughts, left his body to the anatomists and a benefaction to the town. To the latter was attached the curious condition that every five years a matron and ten children should dance round the monument singing the hundredth psalm, and with subtle irony he named as his executor the collector of the port. St. Ives presents a very charming picture as it is approached from the cliffs. The

ST. IVES' HARBOUR

town is seen jutting out into the sea with rows of trawlers all trimly arranged behind its pier,

> Whilst here and there a fisher's far-off bark
> Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail.

A steep descent plunges the visitor at once into the heart of the town. St. Ives gradually rose to importance in the fifteenth century. In the reign of Henry VI it was destroyed by the French, but quickly revived. In 1558 it became a parliamentary borough returning two members. Though its portreve was hung in the town for his complicity in the popish rising of 1549, in the Civil War the inhabitants sided with the Puritans. John Wesley seems to have found St. Ives a congenial sphere of labour, for he visited the locality no less than twenty-seven times. Though there are tin mines in the neighbourhood its prosperity has chiefly depended upon its fisheries, which however are not now so remunerative as formerly. The modern residences are ranged on the cliff, but the older portions of the town are crowded on a neck of land connecting a conical promontory with the shore. The harbour is formed under the lee of this so-called 'island', and there is a little sandy bay on each side of the town. The pier was constructed by Smeaton in 1767. St. Ives is a rather indescribable place. Though sharing many of the characteristics of Cornish fishing towns it has a pronounced individuality of its own. It is a bewildering network of very narrow streets about which it is difficult for the casual visitor to find his way with any degree of certainty. The church stands by the harbour-side, and has a fine tower of four stages with projecting pinnacles. Near its south door is a roughly sculptured mediaeval cross. The rood-screen has been destroyed, but some carved choir-stalls and some bench-ends survive. In an outstanding chapel on the south are some well-sculptured capitals and a mutilated brass of Oto Treunwyth (1463). There is a

small restored chapel on the 'Island'. To the west is a path over the cliffs to Clodgy Point, which is really a series of small headlands. Sir Henry Irving spent his boyhood in the neighbouring hamlet of Halse Town, and acknowledged 'that the wild and weird surroundings' made a lasting impression upon his mind.

The visitor in the course of his return to Hayle should make a diversion at Carbis Bay by turning inland and directing his course towards the remarkable hill of Tren Crom, whose rugged outline figures conspicuously in the Hayle landscape. There is a fairly direct road until a large water-wheel is approached, when a path will be seen leading up the hill. It is a singularly impressive eminence, for on its summit are piled huge blocks of granite like bales of wool, and there are some remains of a cliff castle and its gateway. It is said that the castle was inhabited by giants who snatched folk from their homes, conveyed them to their lair, crushed their bones on the boulders and devoured them. The hill is still a scene of feasting, for it is a favourite resort with picnic parties who, like the giants, bring their provisions with them. The view from its breezy summit is superb. The two channels gleam on either side, with 'the great vision of the guarded mount' and Castel-an-Dinas coming into the picture. A road leads down the eastern flank of the hill, past the woods of Trevethoc to the long causeway which crosses the marshy estuary of the Hayle river. At the entrance of Hayle, adjoining the viaduct, is an enclosure known as the Plantation. Built into the bank of a little knoll in its midst is an inscribed stone with a now obliterated inscription, but an adjoining slab gives the reading 'Hic Genui requievit Cunido naido Hic tumulo Jacit Vixit annos XXXVII'. Sand, ashes and charcoal are said to have been found in the grave when it was opened.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MINING REGION

Gathering from the pavement's crevice as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil.

LONGFELLOW

THE mining area is really coterminous with the duchy, for it stretches from the Devon border to the Land's End. Abandoned mines disfigure the banks of the Tamar and ruined engine-houses cling to the cliffs around Cape Cornwall. But the mining region, *par excellence*, is the district round Carn Brea. This has always been and still is the heart of the mining field, the Black Country of the West, where mining is the staff of life to the community. Elsewhere mines are more or less incidental, here they are universal. The first impulse of the uncommercial traveller is to leave this industrial welter severely alone, but on second thoughts he will probably decide to include it in his programme as necessary to complete his impression of the county. It is at least as typical of Cornwall as its fishing harbours and clay pits. 'Paint me,' exclaimed Cromwell to the artist when he sat for his portrait, 'wart and all.' The wart in this case is essential to the picture. The mines are a disfigurement, it is true, but the blemish does not amount to a deformity, for the natural features of the county are still there, and the mines give a certain character to the scene. Tin mining is of both historical and technical interest. Tinning is of almost immemorial antiquity. As tin is used in the manufacture of bronze it must have been found and worked by men of the Bronze Age, but in early times tin was not mined; it was obtained

from the ore found in gravels by 'streaming'. The ore was washed out and pounded after the manner of gold. This surface method of obtaining the metal, though never entirely abandoned, was eventually supplemented and virtually superseded by actual mining. The tin occurs in the form of peroxide and is found in 'lodes' or veins, running through both slate and granite rocks. These lodes are worked in the same manner as coal seams by sinking a shaft and excavating galleries. The mine has to be kept from flooding by pumping-engines, and the ore is brought to the surface by winding-drums. It is then separated from the rubbish with which it is mixed and the latter is piled in heaps at the pit head. As there is no fuel in Cornwall the ore is exported for smelting.

Over this mining region two towns vie for supremacy. They are Camborne and Redruth, and it is difficult to say which has succeeded in attaining sovereignty. They exercise a sort of dual control, and they are so intimately associated in this industrial partnership that they have been connected by a tramway. Yet each possesses a distinct individuality. Camborne is compact and commonplace. It stands upon the level and wears the aspect of a modern industrial town. Redruth, on the contrary, spreads itself over a hill-side, or, more strictly speaking, wanders down one hill and up another. Though almost as dreary as Camborne its unstudied irregularity gives it a certain air of old-fashionedness which is absent from its neighbour. Both towns can claim to have been pioneers in industrial progress. At Camborne, Richard Trevithick (1771–1833), who was an Illogan man and locally notable for his feats of wrestling, invented the high-pressure steam engine in 1796, and in 1801 designed the first locomotive, 'the puffing devil'. It was a steam-propelled road vehicle, but it did not achieve any very great success, owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the highway. Arthur Wolfe, the originator of the double-acting cylinder, was also born at Camborne. At Redruth, William Murdock,

who had come from Scotland to Cornwall to look after Watt's pumping engines, in 1792 devised the first gas-making plant. Both towns are still active in the encouragement of technical education.

In Camborne itself there is little to attract the attention of the tourist except the church, which should be inspected. It stands in the centre of the town and though much restored retains several ancient features. In the churchyard are two Celtic crosses, one of which has a pyramidal shaft. Within the church are some remnants of its fifteenth-century woodwork. There is a good carved pulpit, and round the sanctuary are some vigorously executed panels. The most noteworthy curiosity, however, is a square altar slab mounted on a pillar in the south chapel. It bears a consecration cross and a key-shaped pattern round its edge, within which is an inscription, 'Levint jussit hic altare pro anima sua'. It is believed to date from the tenth century, and, like one of the churchyard crosses, was found at Troon. The Pendarves family are commemorated by a number of monuments. It is to Pendarves that the visitor will at once betake himself when he has completed his inspection of Camborne. The mansion lies two miles to the south of the town near the bleak and unpicturesque mining village of Troon. The traveller will pass on his way a strangely designed modern tower known as the Camborne Beacon. At Treslothan, near the entrance of Pendarves Park, is an enclosed well, bearing the name of the Silver Well, and a modern church, which, however, contains a mediaeval font bearing some letters, and in the vestry a panel representing the adoration of the Magi. In the graveyard J. H. Harris, the Cornish poet, is buried, and there is also a mausoleum of the Pendarves family. The mansion is a modern classical erection, and the park was created out of the open moor. In the gardens is an altar slab similar to the one at Camborne, but bearing the single word 'Aequred'. It is now used as a sun-dial. At Carwinnen on the outskirts of the

estate, in a field by the side of the road to Praze, is 'an early but enduring monument' in the shape of a cromlech. It has been overturned and re-erected. At present it is balanced on three supports, but two other prostrate stones lie near it. There is another mansion three miles farther south at Clowance, pleasurably embowered in trees, and containing a collection of pictures. Not far away, on a hill at the foot of its Beacon, is Crowan. The church has a good fifteenth-century tower, but the rest of the fabric has been in part rebuilt. The Norman font has some sculptured dragons at its base, and at the east end of the north aisle are some brasses of the St. Aubyns of Clowance. A long tramp across the flanks of Crownan Beacon will bring the traveller on to the Helston and Redruth road. In a field behind a farm on the highway as it mounts over a hill are the remnants of a stone circle, locally known as the Nine Maidens. Only five of the stones are now left. Behind them, on the east, rises the rock-crowned summit of Carnmenelez, on which are the traces of a small chapel and several rock basins. A huge fungus-shaped mass of rock, known as the Giants' Quoit, which once existed on the hill was broken up for road metal.

The traveller who passes from Camborne to Redruth by either road or rail will cross the foot of Carn Brea (Bree), the one feature which gives distinction to the dreary landscape. It is a weird-looking eminence 740 feet in height, rising midway between the two towns. It may be ascended with equal ease from either. Carn Brea challenges attention in much the same way as Kit Hill. Its natural prominence is rendered all the more conspicuous by a landmark. In the latter case, instead of being a chimney that looks like a monument, it is a monument that looks like a chimney. But there is an air of mystery about Carn Brea that Kit Hill does not suggest. So much did it intrigue Borlase that he regarded it as the chief sanctuary of the occult rites of the Druids. Its rugged and fantastic crest seems to lay a spell on the mind of the beholder, but with

whatever awe it might have been anciently regarded, later generations have treated it with scant respect. Its slopes are covered with the refuse of mining operations. The miner was not, however, the first to invade its sanctity. On the summit are not only traces of a cliff castle but also a small mediaeval castle, 'like a rock upon a rock', built by the Bassets. It is perched upon a mass of boulders, and is now partly covered with plaster and used as a cottage. There are no signs of the hill's having ever been used for religious purposes. The sacrificial altars and baths of purification which impressed Borlase are only weathered masses of granite and rock basins. One great tilted slab has a huge cinquefoiled cavity, which looks as if it might have been tooled. The ugly monument in the centre of the hill is an ill-shaped cross erected to the memory of Lord Dunstanville in 1836. It need hardly be said that

> From this proud eminence on all sides round
> Th' unbroken prospect opens to the view.

In the valley below is Redruth Church, which retains only its fifteenth-century tower. The rest of the edifice has been transformed into a classical building. The interior contains a monument by Chantrey. Higher up the valley is a tin-streaming works still in operation.

At Redruth there is not much more to be seen than at Camborne, but it makes a rather better centre for the exploration of the district. Behind the Druids' Hall is the house (indicated by a tablet) where Murdock lived and tried his experiments in gas lighting, and on the hill at the eastern end of the town is a public park. Redruth was the scene of religious as well as industrial activity. George Fox, the Quaker—'too disordered for liberty, but not mad enough for Bedlam'—was imprisoned in 1655 for blasphemy, in the old King's Head tavern, and John Wesley proclaimed his doctrine of 'free salvation' from the balcony of Bank House. But the permanent memorial of Wesley's

evangelistic labours is Gwennap Pit, about a mile from the town, lying a little to the right of the road to St. Day. It is either a natural depression or the sunken floor of a filled-up mine. Here Wesley was accustomed to address the Cornish miners who flocked to hear him. He preached to them there for the last time when over eighty years of age. Since his day it has been furnished with tiers of grassy seats, and every Whit-Sunday a great gathering is held within the enclosure. It is capable of accommodating two thousand people, and its acoustic properties are said to be perfect. Wesley described Gwennap thus filled as 'the most beautiful spectacle this side heaven', and he declared that the finest music he knew was the singing of this 'innumerable multitude'. Though Wesley appreciated the religious fervour of his audiences, he was not so satisfied with their hospitality. ''Tis a fine country,' he once said to his companion, John Nelson, 'for getting a stomach, but 'tis a mighty poor one for furnishing a dinner.' On one occasion he complained that after preaching to the largest congregation he had ever seen, and subsequently exhorting the elect to 'beware of covetousness' they regaled him with only a crust of bread and cheese. The father of Henry Martyn, the famous missionary, was a 'captain' of one of the Gwennap mines. Strangely enough, St. Day, near by, was a place of religious note long before Wesley's time. In the Middle Ages its shrine vied with St. Michael's Mount as a popular place of pilgrimage. Its chapel has long since disappeared, and an early Victorian church has taken its place, the spire of which, however, overtopping a belt of trees on the summit of a hill, looks quite picturesque from a distance. St. Day was once the centre of the most prolific of the Cornish mining areas. Tin to the value of many millions of money has been extracted from the neighbourhood, but St. Day's day is now over. It is a place of exodus rather than resort, and its prospect, literal as well as metaphorical, is dreary. Whilst in this direction the traveller, if he is careless of

rather ill-requited labour, may turn his steps to Gwennap itself, which lies in a bosky dingle two miles south of St. Day. The church is an imposing one, with a stumpy detached tower; but frequent restorations have deprived it of all antiquarian interest. Another over-restored church is St. Stythian's, three miles farther south beyond the Falmouth road. The church was given by the Black Prince in 1354 to Rewley Abbey, but it has a tall fifteenth-century tower. In the north wall of the chancel is a fragment of Norman masonry, and in the churchyard is a good cross with a sculptured figure, and another cross recovered from the brook is at the entrance of a neighbouring farm. The return to Redruth may be made by a road which passes at the foot of Carnmenelez and joins the road from Helston. As it mounts towards the town it commands an extensive prospect over the lowlands, from which the tower of St. Stythian's Church stands out conspicuously.

The seaboard of Redruth is much more attractive than its devastated inland district; but even the seaboard is not exempt from the activity of the miner. On the contrary, he found in the sea a very useful ally, for it brought him coal for his boilers. There are mines, consequently, along the coast also, though nature has done some excavating as well. Otherwise the convenient partnership between the miner and the mariner would have been impossible. She has scooped out of the serried line of cliffs which run up the channel from Godrevey Point a number of sandy coves where the sailor and the fishermen can beach their craft. One such haven is Porthreath, the holiday haunt of the Redruth and Camborne folk. It is reached through Illogan, the birthplace of Trevithick, 'the father of the locomotive'. The church here has been rebuilt, but the tower of the old building still stands in melancholy aloofness some little distance away. Some brasses of the Bassets find a place in the new edifice. Portreath nestles in a wide combe with a sandy shore, flanked on its western side by a curious semicircular cliff.

On the eastern side a long breakwater has been constructed beneath the cliffs to form a harbour. Navigation must be difficult with high seas running, and the same device for bottling up the harbour is adopted here as at Polperro. Coal and other commodities are brought in large quantities, and an inclined tramway is provided to transport them up the hill to the level of the railway. A three-mile length of road over the windswept moors separates Portreath from Porth Towan, another favourite local resort. Porth Towan likewise has a sandy beach, but with none of the spaciousness of its neighbours. The little place is squeezed into a deep and narrow defile, which runs some distance inland, and has a wild and rugged picturesqueness. The road can be pursued farther east to St. Agnes (Annes), whose lofty beacon is for many miles a conspicuous feature in the landscape. Midway another cleft in the shore forms the little cove of Chapel Porth. There are traces of an earthwork extending from this valley to the one beyond. St. Agnes is now beginning to recognize its latent residential possibilities. It used to be looked upon only as a busy mining centre, with the additional convenience of ready access to the sea. The wilderness to which its surroundings have been reduced testifies to its former commercial importance. But its mercantile career is for the moment at an end. Its mines are derelict, and its harbour has been destroyed. Henceforth it will have to turn its engine-houses into flats and seek a new reputation as a health-resort. Its qualifications for this new role are undeniable. In the desert which the mines have made the village itself forms an oasis. It is an attractive little place, charmingly situated above a leafy combe which winds down to Trevaunce strand, picturesquely surrounded by towering cliffs and overhung by the lofty beacon. The harbour has been swept away by the sea, and only a fragment of its breakwater remains as a pathetic memorial of its former maritime pretensions. The beacon rises to over 600 feet, a mile to the west, and commands a fine seascape. The church in

the village has a pretty spire, which, like the rest of the fabric, has been rebuilt. Opie, the painter, whose real name was Hoppie, was born at Harmony College in 1761, and was the son of the village carpenter. His first commission was to paint the household at Port Eliot, ' including the dogs and cats '. He was introduced to London society by ' Peter Pindar ' as ' The Cornish Wonder '.

> Speak, Muse, who formed this matchless head,
> The Cornish boy in tin mines bred.

He had other gifts besides his artistic talents. It was said of him that ' if he had given his mind to philosophy, he would have been the greatest philosopher of his age '. His fame rests chiefly on his historical pictures, which are characterized by a generous largeness of manner and an unusual freedom of execution. Northcote said of him : ' Other artists paint to live, but Opie lives to paint.' He is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

CHAPTER XVII

NEWQUAY

I must go down to the sea again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call, and a clear call that may not be denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying
And the flung spray, and the blown foam, and the sea-gulls crying.

J. MASEFIELD

NEWQUAY has some claims to be regarded as the most fashionable seaside resort in Cornwall, but its attractions are not altogether of the popular kind. Nature did not intend Newquay to be otherwise than select. People do not find themselves here herded together on one common strand and compelled or cajoled into seeking their entertainment at the hands of the showman. Newquay does more than present the visitor with a peerless sea and an extensive carpet of fine sand ; it provides him with a number of separate coves where he can bask in self-centred seclusion out of sight of the boarding-house windows. This is the special and engaging peculiarity of Newquay. It does not expect its guests to be always on view. It supplies, so to speak, private compartments for their retirement almost within reach of their doorstep. It is able to secure for them this privacy through its position on the top of the indented wall of cliffs which fence its beach. Nor is this all it does for its visitors. For those who desire a less secluded shore it has another open and more spacious strand between its two fine headlands. Even this, to some extent, is 'out of bounds' to the madding crowd, for the bay which it encircles is at the far

end of the town. In other respects Newquay fails to live up to its general pretensions. It has two palatial hotels, but otherwise the town is commonplace and unprepossessing. Greatness was thrust upon Newquay when it was unprepared for it. Visitors began flocking to the place before it had envisaged its opportunity, and the town sprang up in hurried and haphazard fashion to meet the influx; so Newquay is to-day a town of mean modern streets. Its little harbour tucked away under a cliff in the corner of its bay and the old 'huers' house near one of the hotels are now about the only mementoes of Newquay's more primitive days. Apart from its fine situation, people fancy Newquay on account of its salubrity. They think they find here a tonic property in its breezes, which they fail to detect in the languorous south; and certainly the wind here has frequently a very keen edge to it. In spite of its structural defects, Newquay is a great place, as all those who make the complete circuit of its magnificent coast will declare.

People must not, however, expect to find in the surroundings of Newquay the same luxuriance that they would, say, in the neighbourhood of Falmouth. The beauty of north Cornwall is different from the subtle beauty of the south. It has not the same witchery of woodland and river. It is a land of rather bleak expanses and bare valleys; its charm lies chiefly in its majestic cliff scenery and its fascinating seascapes. Of what the seaboard has to show, Newquay has its share. The first effort of the visitor to sample its environment will therefore be an excursion more or less along its shore. As he rambles round the town the two neighbouring villages of Crantock and St. Columb Minor will have already caught his eye. Crantock lies on the opposite side of the Gannel estuary, which severs Newquay from the western half of the duchy. The estuary may, however, be crossed at low water by a causeway, and at high water by a ferry. There is a pleasant but rather long way round by a road over the

recently constructed concrete bridge, where the river narrows to more manageable dimensions. The road dips down beneath the railway viaduct into a valley prettily laid out as a public garden. After mounting the opposite bank of the river it has to traverse an uninteresting bit of country before it descends into Crantock village. Crantock is a picturesque cluster of houses on the side of the Gannel valley, and is supposed to have been the old port before Newquay came into being. But that is so long ago that Crantock has forgotten any maritime traditions it may have had; its aspect is now quite rural. Its church attracts a great number of visitors by reason of its elaborate display of modern woodwork. So profuse is the decoration that even the stocks have been placed under a canopy with a sculptured panel. Very little of the woodwork is, however, ancient, though some fragments of the original rood-screen are worked up into its splendid modern substitute. The church itself is rather curious, for the chancel, which retains its sanctus bell cot, is not only higher than the nave but is out of line with it. The building is cruciform, with two side chapels, and dates in part from the thirteenth century. The font, which looks Norman, bears the date of 1473. There is another font-like basin and a stone coffin in the graveyard. The church was once collegiate and had a dean and canons.

Two and a half miles south of Crantock is Cubert, the spire of whose church is seen from the road above Crantock. The village stands high, but is not otherwise striking. The tower of the church recalls that of Lostwithiel, and into its face is built an inscribed stone which reads, 'Conetoci fili Tegerno mali'. The chancel roof is supported on corbels on its south side, and there is a rather curious font and a pulpit with carved panels. On the shore of Holywell Bay in a cave is a well credited with healing virtues. Southwards of Cubert is a more interesting shrine, for buried amongst the sand-strewn cliffs on the way to Perranporth is the lost oratory of St. Perin. It may be

reached from Cubert either by a direct path which crosses a marshy dingle and then traverses the towans, or by a circuitous lane leading past an old Elizabethan farm. The remains of the oratory lie half buried in a sandy hollow half a mile from the shore. For some years after its first discovery in 1835 this venerable relic, which is thought to date from the seventh century, was neglected, but in recent years a useful but unsightly building has been erected over it for its better preservation. Little more than the foundations of the chapel and a rudely sculptured doorway survive. On higher ground to the north is a wheel cross and the ruins of a later church, built probably for the accommodation of pilgrims who resorted to the original shrine. It was itself rebuilt in 1420, but owing to the continual encroachment of the sand a new church was, in 1802, erected, largely out of the materials of the mediaeval fabric, at Perranzabuloe, three miles to the south. After viewing the oratory, the traveller should proceed to the village of Rose, a mile to the south, where there still exists a remarkable ' round ' 130 feet in diameter and enclosed by a high and almost perfect embankment. Whatever may have been its origin, the ' round ' is believed to have been used in mediaeval days for the exhibition of mystery plays. From Rose the visitor may descend by the highway to Perranporth, a rising little watering-place in the process of collecting round a wide but sand-encumbered bay. A curious feature of the embarrassing and extensive wilderness of sand-dunes which fringes the coast here is its elevation. The sand seems to drift in through every opening in the shore and heaps itself on to the top of the cliffs. The wearied pilgrim can return to Newquay by train. If, however, he is in the mood for further adventure he can break his journey at Newlyn Halt. Crowning the hill above the station is the village of Newlyn East. The church contains some finely carved bench-ends, a modern screen, and an interesting font. Trerice, the ancient seat of the Arundells, is in the parish, and possesses

some remarkable panelling. From the same station, in the opposite direction, Mitchell can be reached. It is a little town fallen to the low estate of a rural village, and straggles along the Redruth and Truro road a mile to the east of the halt. Its seven electors once returned two members to Parliament, and amongst its representatives have been Sir Walter Raleigh, Carew the historian, and the Duke of Wellington. It scandalized even an unsqueamish age, and election petitions were frequent until it was disfranchised in 1832. Some of its members are said not to have known where their constituency was. The little place still retains a shadow of its ancient dignity, and preserves its porticoed town-hall. Two and a half miles north-east of Mitchell, and just beyond the village of Summerscourt, is St. Edoner. The tree-embowered church, which stands a little off the high-road, must once have been a rather stately building, but is now somewhat out of the perpendicular. Its tower crumbled in 1686 and was rebuilt in 1711. The interior contains some carved bench-ends, portions of its rood-screen, and a peculiar font. The arcades differ in style and date. As the traveller returns to the station from Mitchell, he will notice Newlyn Church picturesquely perched on the tree-crowned hill opposite, and a pretty combination of woods and moors below, ruined, however, by the ravages of the miner.

St. Columb Minor, though on the other side of Newquay, was once associated with the cure of Crantock. Those who have not seen Porth should approach St. Columb through this little Newquay suburb, for the valley on the side of which Newquay stands opens out into the Porth. There is here a pleasant sandy beach shut in on the north by the island headland of Trevalgey, which is separated by a very narrow but precipitous crevasse from the shore. The island is reached by a wooden bridge spanning the gap. It exhibits some traces of a cliff castle and possesses some caverns and a blowhole, which, however does not always function. St. Columb is becoming rapidly modernized,

but the old village lies hidden on the slope of the hill near its church. The latter has a fine fifteenth-century tower of four stages, and is an imposing edifice. Its screen, which was held in high repute for its workmanship, was destroyed in 1795, but some fragments of it and of its bench-ends survive. The royal arms are extravagantly emblazoned on its north wall, which likewise is adorned with two small seventeenth-century mural monuments, one of which exhibits a gentleman attired in anticipatory 'plus fours'. The road through the older portions of the village leads on to St. Columb Major. Pleasantly seated in the valley into which the road descends are the remains of Rialton Priory, which was really one of the country residences of the priors of Bodmin. The building is now converted into a farm. There is nothing very ecclesiastical about it to arrest the attention of the passer-by, but the back of the building (if a 'bull' may be permitted in a farmyard) is the battlemented front of the fifthteenth-century priors' house. Within the farm is the wagon roof of the great hall, a groined entrance passage (now a pantry), and a small dungeon or cellar. In the yard are some remains of the outer gateway and a well covered with a shrine. The initials of the last abbot, John Vivian, and the arms of the abbey appear on one of the windows. Other fragments of masonry and a font are to be found at a neighbouring farm. The traveller to whom an extra mile or two makes no difference should leave the road and follow a path behind the farm to Colan Church, which retains a portion of its screen and the brasses of John Cosowarth (1578), receiver-general of the duchy, and of Francis Bluet (1572). St. Columb Major is a thin and lanky town with a long and narrow street ending in a knot of grey houses clustered round its church. Some of the houses display a fondness for slate shingles. The church stands on the verge of the Lanherne valley, which separates the town from Denzell Downs. It is a noble building, though the dark colour of its stones gives it externally a

rather sombre appearance. It is of a type very unusual in Cornwall, and has several peculiarities. Its four-staged tower has arches opening north and south upon the churchyard, and the long nave is divided into only three bays. Besides its aisles and chapels it is furnished with transepts. There are some good bench-ends in the aisles, some fourteenth- and seventeenth-century brasses of the Arundells in the south chapel, and the original altar slab in the sanctuary. In the churchyard is the head of a fine wheel cross; another cross is over the north porch, and beneath the tower are two coffin lids. On the north side of the church and, hidden amongst the trees in the valley, is the moated fourteenth-century rectory. St. Columb was renowned for the muscular activities of its inhabitants, for it was one of the chief arenas of the wrestling contests, and the ancient game of hurling is still practised there. On the return journey to Newquay a backward glance will disclose a distant view of Castle-an-Dinas and of Roche Church and rocks.

Before leaving Newquay an expedition should be made to Mawgan, as the journey figures largely in every local itinerary. Mawgan enjoys the reputation of being one of the most beautiful places in Cornwall, and it is certainly well worthy of a visit. It lies in a leafy valley, which eventually opens upon the shore; so the journey does not lack variety, for it provides a pleasing combination of coastal and inland scenes. The road to Porth should be taken and followed as it climbs the cliff-side on the opposite side of the bay. Some conspicuous barrows will be noticed on the summit of the cliff, and beyond these the long swell of the downs is interrupted by a defile which gives access to the sandy shore of Watergate Bay. A large hotel overlooks the strand. Beyond the hotel the road again mounts the downs and drops once more to sea-level at Mawgan Porth, the mouth of the far-famed Lanherne valley in which Mawgan lies enfolded. The smooth and gently sloping sides of the porth present a striking contrast to the

LANHERNE CROSS

frowning succession of cliffs which form a tranquil interruption. At Mawgan, which is two and a half miles inland, the valley contracts and drapes itself with woods. The church stands by the side of the stream and is enveloped with trees, which compete in friendly rivalry with its graceful tower. The latter, which carries a spirelet, is placed on the south side of the church and groups felicitously with the eastern gables of the church. Above some stone steps in the churchyard is a fine fourteenth-century lantern cross with a curiously sculptured head. Near it is the grave of some sailors whose frozen corpses drifted ashore on the beach in 1846. Their lifebelts are placed in the west window of the church. The interior of this charming and interesting church contains some fine bench-ends, a Marian pulpit, and a richly-coloured screen of unusual type, for it has neither tracery nor panels. On the north chancel wall, near a squint, is the brass of a priest, and several brasses of the Arundell family are on the west wall of the south aisle, whilst a series of armorial brasses are preserved below a window on the south. On the hill-side overlooking the south of the church is Lanherne, the old manor-house of the Arundells, which since 1794 has been occupied by a community of Carmelite nuns. It was granted to the sisterhood on its expulsion from France during the Revolution. Near the door of the chapel is a Celtic cross, found at Gwinear, bearing a sculptured figure and a puzzling inscription. Near Mawgan is the finely wooded estate of Carnanton, once the house of Noy, Charles I's learned but eccentric attorney-general, who complained that the house was 'too near London' to suit his taste. Noy had a greater genius for extracting money than for dispersing it. It was at his advice that the king resorted to the unpopular device of 'ship-money' for replenishing the exchequer. It was said that after death his heart was shrivelled up like a leathern purse, which might well be the case if, as his detractors averred, it was always in his breeches pocket. A more direct road will lead the traveller over the hill back to Newquay.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN AND ABOUT THE COUNTY TOWN

> Erstwhile a religious house that day and night
> With hymns resounded and the chanted rite,
> And when these rites had ceased the spot gave birth
> To honourable men of various worth.
>
> WORDSWORTH

BODMIN still considers itself to be the county town of Cornwall, and it certainly has one unrivalled qualification to justify its claim: it is the most centrally situated town in the duchy. It is twelve miles from either channel, and is almost equidistant between Launceston and Truro, its two most formidable rivals. Geography in these days of rapid locomotion does not decide everything. Bodmin's inaccessibility has always been its drawback, and has constituted a fatal bar to the retention of its pre-eminence. 'Out of the world and into Bodmin' ran the old saying. Though it is still titually the county town, its public importance is continually declining. Though it still remains a military centre, of the civil institutions of the county it retains only the assizes and the asylum—a melancholy combination of distinctions. Yet it once had some shadowy pretensions to ecclesiastical as well as secular leadership. It contests with St. Germans the claim to have been the seat of the early Cornish bishopric, and in the Middle Ages it certainly had a priory of considerable influence and affluence, from which indeed it derives its name, 'the Abode of the Monks'.

Historically, Bodmin seems to have been singularly unfortunate in its efforts to give the county a lead. Flammock, a Bodmin man, headed the Cornish rising of 1496

against the oppressive government of Henry VII, and only succeeded in running his own neck into a noose at Tyburn after the slaughter of his followers at Blackheath. It was the Bodmin folk who proclaimed Perkin Warbeck king on his march from the Land's End to London, and in 1549 Bodmin's mayor suffered for the town's complicity in the Western Counties rebellion. To this latter circumstance a grim story is attached. Sir Anthony Kingston, the royal commissioner, dined in state with the mayor, and then asked to see the gallows. 'Is this strong enough to bear a lusty rebel?' he demanded. 'Assuredly,' replied the mayor. 'Then get thee up on it,' was the unexpected and disconcerting rejoinder; and hanged the mayor accordingly was without further ado.

Bodmin does not exhibit many signs of present-day importance, except for the big barracks at one end of the town and a huge asylum at the other. It consists of a square and 'a long and melancholy street' trailing off from it into the country. It stands on a considerable elevation, and, like Liskeard, it seeks some alleviation of its exposed position by thrusting itself into a hollow in the hills. The church has secured the snuggest position, for it lies low and is well sheltered by trees. It is a stately fifteenth-century building, the finest parish church in the county, and was probably the priory church, half monastic and half parochial. The priory was founded by Bishop Warelmast of Exeter (1107–36) for Augustinian canons. At the dissolution its domestic buildings, which stood to the east of the church, were sold to Sternhold, the translator of the Psalms. They have now entirely disappeared, but between their site and the church is the roofless and ruined chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which exhibits some good window tracery. In the graveyard, at the west end of the church, is an octagonal pier and a covered wall, which now discharges its water through two grotesque spouts into the street. The tower, which once carried a spire (destroyed by lightning in 1699) is on the north. There

is a stoup inside the church, and the font is remarkable for its vigorous sculpture. The rood-screen has disappeared, but some of its panels have been worked up into a screen for the south chapel, in the roof of which ' three carved beams make a certain show ' as the remnants of its original wagon roof. A few bench-ends now form a front for the pews. In the north chapel is a bracket piscina, the head of a mediaeval cross, and slate mural monuments. On the north side of the chapel is the tomb of Prior Vivian (*d.* 1533). The effigy is clad in episcopal vestments, for he was a titular bishop of Megara, and the base of the tomb exhibits some fine renaissance details. Besides its priory Bodmin had a large Franciscan friary, which stood on the site of the Assembly Rooms adjoining the Assize Courts. The octagonal pillar in the churchyard came from its ruins, and there is still an archway in a neighbouring shop. Near the cemetery, on a hill-side to the north of the town, is what is known as Berry Tower. It is a ruined Perpendicular tower, a forlorn and melancholy relic of the demolished chapel of the Guild of the Holy Rood. Bodmin has one other remarkable antiquarian possession, but it is not on public view. It is an ivory casket with a roof-like lid, and is now in the possession of the Corporation. It is not a mare's nest, but is believed to have been a reliquary in which the bones of St. Petrock were preserved. The saint came to Bodmin after his departure from Padstow and died here. In 1177 one of the canons of the priory secretly conveyed his relics to the abbey of St. Meen in Brittany, but Henry II, by means of threats, managed to secure their return. The relics have again been dispersed, but the casket remains in safe custody. To the west of the town rises Bodmin Beacon, a rounded eminence crowned by a lofty obelisk to the memory of Sir W. R. Gilbert (*d.* 1853). The hill commands a most extensive prospect, embracing Pentire Head, the Vale of the Camel, Hensbarrow, the rugged crest of Helmen Toy and the Bodmin moors.

The scenery round Bodmin is pleasantly varied and in places distinctly pretty. Hill and valley, woodland and moor, combine to form its surroundings. Two of its most popular rambles are in opposite directions, though both lead to river scenes. One is the walk to Glyn Bridge, near Bodmin Road station, where the Fowey is seen forcing its way impetuously through a thickly wooded valley on its way to Lostwithiel. A wayside cross is passed in the course of the journey. The other is an excursion to Dunmeer Bridge (also near a station), which spans the Camel at the bottom of a deeper but less obscured defile. There is a prehistoric earthwork in Dunmeer wood above the valley, and near the river, in a low situation, are some remains of a Roman camp. There is also a ramble of some antiquarian interest to Lanivet along the Truro and St. Austell road. Lanivet lies in a valley on the edge of the clay moors, and on the top of the hill above it are seen the great masts of the wireless station near Bugle, which, when enveloped in haze, seem like dim, ghostly forms stalking over the moors with outstretched arms. Lanivet Church, which stands a little off the high-road, has a fine tower, and is a dignified building. In the graveyard are two tall Celtic crosses with interlaced work on their shafts and a coped stone also profusely adorned with similar designs. Within the church is a stone inscribed 'Annicu fil'. A portion of the rood-screen has been transferred to the tower arch. There is a large recess on the south side of the sanctuary and a curious projecting bracket on the north. In the corner, near the recess, is a Norman capital, said to have come from St. Benet's priory. On the north wall is a slate monument to John and Richard Courteney (1559). The district is rather rich in crosses. There are two on the road to Lanhydrock, and a tall one with an engraved figure at St. Ingiunger. Half a mile beyond the village, by the side of the Truro road, are the remains of St. Benet's priory. The relics consist chiefly of a ruined tower, but the front of the adjoining house, though entirely

modernized, is said to have formed part of the monastic buildings. At St. Laurence are some traces of a leper hospital.

A long but fascinating expedition may be made from the eastern side of Bodmin which will introduce the visitor to some of the wilder scenery in the district. The suggested ramble is through Cardinham to Blisland. The route lies through a sylvan glade and up a long ferny lane on the outskirts of Pensla Park. The road climbs over the fringe of the moors and descends into a deep valley on the other side of which is Cardinham Church. Some romantic as well as antiquarian interest attaches to Cardinham, for it claims to be the Cardigan where Arthur occasionally held his court. In the neighbourhood are two earthworks—one is to the south and the other to the north of the village. The latter—Cardinham Bury—is supposed to have been Arthur's castle. It is a circular entrenchment with well-preserved ramparts, at the southern end of a long ridge. At Treslea (Treslee) to the south of this is a wayside cross. Cardinham Church stands on the hill-side to the south-west of the 'castle'. It is a stately building with a shapely tower, and contains a fine array of bench-ends and has some good wagon roofs to its aisles. On the north side of the sanctuary is a recess with a curious little window and a small trefoil cavity above it, and on the east wall are two piscinae. On the floor is the brass of a priest, robed in a gown and girt with a sword—Thomas Aumarle (1401), rector. The royal arms are displayed on a large plaster panel on the north wall. In the graveyard near the porch is a good Celtic wheel cross, and another cross mounted on a pillar near the east wall. In the valley to the north of the church are the remains of a holy well and its chapel through the doorway of which the water still flows. In an orchard opposite is a cross. The road from the vale climbs upwards along the side of the downs to the open Bodmin moors, and crossing the Launceston road, proceeds to Blisland. Blisland is a pleasant little village

built round its tree-covered green on a hill overlooking a pretty valley which the wayfarer has to cross. As he mounts towards the village he will pass a wayside cross placed above St. Pratt's well, and he will find another small cross on the farther side of the village green. The church, which is prettily situated looking down upon the valley, is of some interest. It has a low but well-designed tower forming a north transept. The arcade within the church has listed over towards the south and sadly distorted the nave roof, which retains its ancient timbers. An elaborate modern screen embodying portions of its ancient predecessor is thrown across the church. On the chancel floor is a brass of John Baham, rector (1410), and in the north chapel is a slate slab with engraved effigies of John Kemp of Lavéthan (1624). The church contains both a Norman and a fifteenth-century font, and in the porch is a pillar stoup. Opposite the church is a picturesque old gabled farm, and in a vale to the west of the village is the ancient manor-house of Lavethan. The traveller may make his way back to Bodmin by a road either on the east or west of the village, for they both eventually join the highway from Launceston.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BODMIN MOORS

It was a barren scene and wild
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green.

SCOTT

EVERY one knows that Dartmoor is one of the prized possessions of the opulent county of Devon, but comparatively few are aware that Cornwall has a tract of country in its way as remarkable and as interesting as the famous Devonshire highlands. This ignorance is both intelligible and excusable, for the Bodmin moors are not only a remote but an inhospitable region. They are well off the track of the ordinary tourist and are difficult to explore. He who essays to penetrate into the recesses of these reticent uplands will find his way beset by many pitfalls, for

His path will be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the spongy dell.

But no one can say that he has really done his duty by the duchy unless he has at least a passing acquaintance with this secluded wilderness. The traveller can never hope to get on really intimate terms with the moors, for they are a pathless waste and they form a kind of witches' cauldron where the most execrable weather that Cornwall can produce is specially brewed for the discouragement of the curious. Unfortunately this is not their only disconcerting feature. They abound in treacherous bogs, far worse, Baring Gould declared, than anything to be found on

Dartmoor. He himself nearly lost his life in one of these bottomless quagmires, and cattle and horses are frequently engulfed in them. A good road, however, stretches diagonally across the centre of the moors from Bodmin to Launceston, and if the traveller traverses that he will at least get some idea of their more pronounced features. But the Bodmin moors have many secrets to reveal which are not disclosed to a superficial survey. It is a land teeming with the relics of prehistoric life, and those who would penetrate its mysteries will either have to attack the moor from its centre at Bolvéntor or else work inwards from its circumference. Why the moors should be specially allotted to Bodmin in particular it would be difficult to say, for there are several other places as much on its fringe as the county town. The towns which lie upon their skirts have been dealt with elsewhere. Here we are concerned with the granite tors which rise like bosses from its centre and give it its peculiar character. The moor is not entirely an unreclaimed desert, for there stretch across it large tracts of cultivated land dotted with solitary farmsteads, but these occur in patches. For the most part the moor rolls away for miles, a trackless undulating heath on which ' the prickly furze buds lavish gold ', studded with rugged and rock-strewn towers, intercepted by shadow-holding hollows, and dropping suddenly into the wooded dingles which form its fringe. Except for the whirr of the cars on the highway the whole region seems ' lone, silent and doure ', and there is the same ' sense of boundless freedom and expanse ' about it that Kingsley experienced amongst the Fens.

No sojourning place lies nearer the heart of the moor than Bolventor, an isolated village midway between Bodmin and Launceston, and from nowhere can a more comprehensive panorama of its wild and desolate scenery be obtained than from the neighbourhood of this half-way house. Bolventor is a forlorn-looking group of cottages gathered round a school; the melancholy metropolis

of ' a land where no one comes ', with ' clouds, mists, and streams and watery rocks ' for its environment. Around Bolventor the one commanding feature of the prospect is the fine group of hills to the north of the high-road, for they form the Cornish Alps over which Brown Willy claims sovereignty. There is something exceedingly impressive in the picture of ' gloom in glory dressed ' which these companion heights display. They are not great or majestic hills, but they all have character, and present a spectacle of ' still magnificence ' which is particularly striking when seen under ' the opening windows of the golden day '.

> Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
> With glittering cliffs on cliffs and frowning ramparts rise.

Four of them, each well over a thousand feet in height, stretch in a line northwards from Bolventor. They are Toborough, Calshole, Brown Willy and Roughtor (Row-tor). Butters Tor and Garrah stand away to the west. The Beacon, Cudda Tor, and Buttern Hill rise on the east, whilst Brown Gilly rears its barrow-crowned crest from a ridge to the south. At Bolventor they are not all seen.

From this assemblage of stately hills Brown Willy rises ' in wild pomp of mountain majesty '. It is a bulky and triple-peaked pyramid of granite rising to a height of 1,380 feet. It does not encourage the contemptuous familiarity which its popular name suggests. On the contrary it stands severely on its dignity. Its real title, Bryn-whilla (highest hill) is a testimony to its sovereignty. It guards its privacy from intrusion by surrounding itself with a deep morass, and will suddenly clothe itself with a veil of impenetrable mist. Like a moated castle it can only be approached by a causeway. Its summit is crowned with a huge cairn and affords a comprehensive view of its companion heights and of the regions beyond them. On one side of the hill is a good specimen of a bee-hive hut. Roughtor, the monarch's chief supporter and immediate

BROWN WILLY

neighbour, is an equally fine eminence but of a different shape. It is a beetle-browed and craggy hill rising into a peak at each end. Its weird aspect has caused men ' to view the mountain ridge askance ' as rather awe-inspiring. It was sometimes regarded as a sacred hill, for on its summit once stood a small chapel to St. Michael, who was charged with the duty of controlling the demons who might otherwise find lodgment amongst its rocks. In the swamps between the two hills is the Fernacre stone circle, one of the largest memorials of its kind in Cornwall. It is forty-three yards in diameter and has thirty-eight upright and ten prostrate stones. Another curious structure, known as King Arthur's Hall, lies to the south-west of Garrah. It is a quadrangular earthwork roughly faced on the interior with unhewn stones. It is thought to have been a cattle pound. One mile from Bolventor along the Bodmin road is a fine but mutilated wayside cross. Its shaft is wrought with interlaced work, but its head was partly shattered by some sportive volunteers who used it as a target. Two miles farther along a lane leads up to a farm on the flank of Hawkstor and between the farm and the summit are the Stripple Stones, the remains of a large stone circle fifty-six yards in diameter. There are now only four upright and seven prostrate stones ranged round a central pillar which is likewise down. On the south are three outstanding prostrate stones and faint traces of an encircling embankment. Though not a lofty hill Hawkstor commands a fine view over the south and western sides of the moor. On a lower level a mile south-west of Hawkstor between a farm and Carbilly Tor is another circle, the Trippet stones, thirty-seven yards in diameter with eight upright and four prostrate stones. The small central pillar is said to be modern.

South of Hawkstor, but hidden by an intervening ridge, is the village of Temple, which stands upon a loop road. In the thirteenth century there was a small commandery of Knight Templars here who probably settled amongst

these wilds to secure ecclesiastical independence. On the suppression of the order the property, as usual, passed to the Knight Hospitallers for whom it proved a more appropriate sphere, for they were charged with the duty of providing travellers with shelter. After the Reformation the traditions of its former independence were all that clung to the spot. It became a Cornish Gretna Green and all sorts of irregularities were perpetrated in the locality. To this day it is said of a headstrong woman, ' Send her to Temple Moors '. The church was allowed to fall into decay, but it has been rebuilt and retains the font of the original fabric. A mile and a half nearer Bodmin, built into the corner of a wall by the roadside on the slope of a hill, is Peverill's Cross. It is only small and needs some looking for. Opposite to it on the other side of the road rises the rugged bulk of St. Bellarmine's Tor. On the same ridge, of which Cardinham Bury is the southern extremity, are some traces of an ancient chapel.

To the east of Bolventor the moor is buttressed by another fine range of hills, of which the Beacon is the most outstanding eminence. At the northern end of the chain is the rounded form of Bray Down, and at the other extremity are double-peaked Hawkstor, the rugged mass of the Kilmar rocks, the Cheesewring hill and Caradon. On the south side of the moor, Brown Gilly is the most prominent feature in the landscape. It is capped by two cairns and a barrow. Near it in boggy surroundings are some remains of a prehistoric village. Between the neighbouring Smallacombe Downs and the eastern range of hills extends the desolate expanse of Trewortha marsh, once a lake, on the borders of which are two extensive groups of rectangular enclosures and circular huts; but the surface of the ground has been much disturbed by miners in their search for metal. It is said that gold in small quantities was formerly found in the district. The scene is very striking in its wild desolation. On Trewortha Tor is a huge rock basin known as ' King Arthur's Bed '.

The Bodmin and Launceston highway is not the only road that reaches Bolventor ; there is a track which crosses the moor from Liskeard. It runs for part of the way by the side of the Fowey river, here only a wild moorland stream. As the road approaches Bolventor it passes below Dozmare (Dozmary) Pool which is on the top of the ridge to the west. This is one of the very few real lakes in Cornwall. It was once believed to be fathomless, but it has been considerably reduced in depth as well as in area by draining and is now quite shallow. It is nearly nine hundred feet above sea-level, and once bore upon its surface a lake dwelling. It is a dreary expanse, and round its melancholy waters have gathered many weird legends. A giddy whirlpool is said to circle in its midst, and the restless Tregeagle flits to and fro between it and the Roche rocks. He spends his leisure in vainly attempting to empty the inexhaustible pool with a leaky limpet shell. But in modern days a fresh romantic interest has been given to it through its association with the Arthurian story. Into it Sir Bevidere was directed to cast Arthur's mystic sword Excalibur, but he left it concealed

> In the many knotted water flags
> That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

You may still hear in fancy (for its shore is bare)

> The water lapping on the crag
> And the long ripple washing in the reeds ;

but you will not see the mighty Excalibur, for being sent again on his errand the knight, with both hands, hurled it into the lake, and

> Behold an arm
> Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
> Did catch him by the hilt, and brandished him
> Three times and drew him under in the mere.

Though it is not a very far cry from Slaughter Bridge,

where the hero fell, to the Bodmin moors, yet unless one concedes to the poet a generous amount of licence, the situation of Dozmare scarcely fits the picture of the

> . . . dark stretch of barren land :
> On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
> Lay a great water,

a description which has led some people to identify 'the mere' with Looe Pool. But as with other great artists 'the mirror which Tennyson held up to nature' was not a photographic plate but a poetic imagination. On the top of the ridge to the east of the hamlet of Harrowbridge and opposite Dozmare Pool are a ring barrow and a good stone circle of twenty-six upright stones.

CHAPTER XX

THE ESTUARY OF THE CAMEL

Sunset and Evening Star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea ;
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which draws from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

TENNYSON

THE beautiful and spacious estuary sometimes known as the Hayle river is the joint product of the Alan and the Camel (or Crooked Alan) rivers, though it is generally spoken of as belonging solely to the latter, perhaps because crookedness is as much a feature of the estuary as of the river. Of the two towns which stand upon its banks, Wadebridge occupies the more strategical position for the exploration of the district, for it sits astride the estuary just where its two constituent streams join forces to confront the tide. It therefore gives access to both the shores. But its distance from the seaboard is considerable, and for an investigation of the coast Padstow will be found a more convenient base.

Wadebridge, though a place of no great attraction or interest itself, is pleasantly and picturesquely situated where the scenery is still more rural than estuarine, though the joint rivers weary of their wanderings amongst the hills are already beginning to form the salt marches which prelude their union with the sea. Wadebridge's one distinction is the long and many-arched bridge which crosses this sandy morass. The bridge might almost be regarded,

if it were not for its unceasing vehicular traffic, as the town's promenade as well as its chief ornament, for it runs like a straight and elevated causeway from shore to shore and not only forms an engaging feature in the landscape, but furnishes the most comprehensive prospect of the valley. For so straightforward a place, Wadebridge is strangely confusing. Owing to the curvature of the estuary and the even distribution of the houses on both its shores, it is difficult for the spectator to know at times on which bank of the river he is. The town really lies on the south-west shore where the railway deposits the traveller. On the opposite bank is its suburb of Egloshayle. The interest of the bridge is enhanced by the touch of romance associated with its fashioning. Until 1485 a 'wade' or ford is said to have furnished the only passage over the river. Distressed by the frequent tragedies which attended the crossing, the then vicar, Thomas Lovebond, by washing his flock and shearing them (in other words by the device of indulgences and tolls) managed 'with great paine and studie' to construct the bridge, and subsequently left a sum of money for its maintenance. So easily does a metaphor become a myth that the townspeople to-day inform you that the bridge is built on wool-packs. Nor is this the only service which the indefatigable parson rendered the community. A short distance up the right bank of the river and reached by a pleasant waterside road is Egloshayle Church, the tower of which also keeps his memory green, for it is said to have been built with the stones not required for the bridge. On one side of the west doorway are sculptured three hearts banded together by a ribbon bearing the word 'Lovebond', which supplied the motive, whilst the subtle wisdom of the method is perhaps suggested by the serpents which turn up the other side of the portal. The church, like the tower, is well proportioned and contains a fine stone pulpit. On the north wall is a mural monument with a bust of Barbara Molesworth, which the tactful sculptor declares

to be as vain an effort to portray the beauty of her face as the epitaph is to describe the excellencies of her character. The churchyard possesses two crosses and there is another cross by the roadside at the neighbouring hamlet of Whitecross.

The romantic associations of the Wadebridge district do not end with its bridge and church. There clings to it some of the glamour of the Arthurian legend as well as the tradition of the pious zeal of its parish priest. A lane near the church leads up through the village of Egloshayle to the Camelford road. Opposite a solitary house on the top of the hill is a bridle-path through a field. Intersected by this path are the Kelly Rounds—Arthur's castle of Kelliwic—an earthwork of two concentric ramparts, which unfortunately have been partly destroyed. A little to the north is another small encampment. This entrenchment had a single vallum which likewise has suffered some disturbance. The peculiarity of both earthworks is that though on high ground they do not crown an eminence, but stand on a plateau. From Killibury the lane leads down into the wooded valley of the Alan and then up the high ridge on which is poised the conspicuous church of St. Mabyn. The church, which has a tall unbuttressed tower, stands in the centre of the village, and has some good wagon roofs, a square Norman font, and a Celtic cross in its graveyard. Keeping northwards along this ridge the traveller looks down on the pretty valley of the Alan, with its river buried in foliage. At the junction of the lane with a by-road is a small but delicately sculptured Celtic cross smothered in nettles. Farther along the ridge of the valley is the village of St. Tudy. The church has a tower resembling that of St. Mabyn, and a similar font, and in the churchyard is a coped stone. But the building is chiefly remarkable for its wealth of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century slabs emblazoned with 'scutcheons of renown' to the Nicoll and Reskymer families. At the east end of the north aisle is a mural monument with effigies of

Anthony Nicoll of Penvose (1658), and in the transept is a granite slab to Margery (1686), the wife of Richard Lower, who was the first physician to perform the operation of the transfusion of blood. He is mentioned by Pepys as affording Dr. Turberville, the eye surgeon, an opportunity of seeing for the first time a sheep's eye dissected. The diarist, who, as every pretty woman was aware, knew how to make sheep's eyes, expresses astonishment at the oculist's ignorance. 'Bread Fruit' Bligh, the hero of the mutinies at the Nore and of the *Bounty*, was born at St. Tudy. Penvose, the ancient seat of the Nicolls, a fine seventeenth-century mansion with a gateway, has recently been dismantled. From St. Tudy a descent should again be made into the Alan valley and the Wadebridge road followed as far as St. Kew Highway. From there a lane leads to the sequestered village of St. Kew, prettily situated in umbrageous surroundings on the banks of a stream. The church is a fine one, and possesses some good ancient glass brought from Bodmin priory in 1469. The pulpit is Elizabethan, and the screen incorporates some old fragments. In the south aisle are a few carved bench-ends and a handsome old door. At the west end is the patched head of a fourteenth-century lantern cross found in the stream, and there is a tall but mutilated wheel cross in the graveyard. The neighbourhood abounds in old manor-houses, and to the north of the village is the deeply entrenched encampment of Tregare. This is supposed to be Damelioc Castle—the 'Terabil castle with many issues and posterns' to which King Gorlois retired for security when he had immured the fair Igerne within the walls of Tintagel, but which fell before the assault of Uther Pendragon. It has double embankments. The south side of the river has likewise some interesting things to show, though they are of a somewhat different kind.

On the south of the town there is a road by the side of a stream through a wooded dingle. 'Though scarce a name distinguisheth the brook', it is a pretty

walk and leads eventually up to St. Breock. On the right, above the glen, is Wadebridge's little public park, which commands a good view of the district. St. Breock's Church is dropped into a hollow on the top of the hill. It is a picturesque but rather melancholy-looking building with the brook flowing through its churchyard. Inside are the remnants of some seventeenth-century brasses of the Tredenicks, and an incised tombstone with an illegible Norman-French inscription. On leaving St. Breock the traveller passes into a wild moorland region dotted here and there with the memorials of prehistoric man. Within a comparatively short distance of the church is a link between the Middle Ages and the unwritten records of remote time. Across some fields, in the garden of Nanscows farm, is a stone inscribed ' Vlcagni fili sever '. A lane past the gateway of the farm leads eventually up a hill, and in a meadow on the top of this hill, to the left of the lane, is a fine cromlech locally known as the ' Druid's Altar '. The capstone, a portion of which has fallen, rests on three supports, but five other enclosing stones once made it a cist, and it is still surrounded by traces of its covering mound. In the same vicinity, near Haycrock farm, is another fallen cromlech, of which only the capstone and a single supporter remain. Some hundred yards north of this dismantled cromlech is a huge menhir, fifteen feet high, and a quarter of a mile away to the east is a small standing stone. From the ' Druid's Altar ' the traveller should make his way through Pawton farm to No Man's Land, where he will join the St. Columb road. The road, which rises high over the downs, commands a good view of Padstow Harbour. On the left of the road, near its junction with the road from St. Issy, and close to a barrow, is a prostrate block of quartz spar, possibly a fragment of a menhir called ' the Fiddler ', which is said to have once stood on the spot. The fiddler had, of course, his company of maidens. These will be found on the left some distance along the road near the third milestone from St. Columb. As the fiddler has

ceased his music, they stand disconsolately in a long, straight line—the only line of prehistoric stones in Cornwall. There are nine of them, but one has fallen and is fractured. At Winnard's Perch a road leads off to the left to St. Wenn. St. Wenn stands on a hill, and its church has a low but pleasing tower and some well-executed arcade capitals. Three miles east of St. Wenn is the larger village of St. Withiel, situated on a hill-side. The church has a lofty tower, but its only other noteworthy feature is a well-carved stoup in the porch. There is a direct road leading from St. Withiel to Wadebridge.

Padstow, owing to its greater maritime facilities, attracts a larger share of popular attention than its neighbour, though it is itself some distance from the sea. It is a place of some antiquity, and was once a port of some importance. But Padstow's commercial consequence has declined, and its harbour is small. The town is still quaint and primitive in aspect. Two narrow streets run down a hill-side and coalesce at the quay. Such is Padstow. The church stands at the top of the town, and beyond it, on a still higher level, is Prideaux Place, girdled by a wood. Padstow's great attraction is its fine but sand-encumbered estuary, at the entrance of which rises the great rocky islet of Newlands. It is the constantly accumulating sand which has put a stop to the port's commercial expansion, for right across the mouth of the estuary is the Doombar, a formidable and shifting bank of sand which renders navigation difficult and dangerous. On the bold headland of Stepper Point is a tower which serves as a landmark to sailors. Yet the glittering sands which the wind heaps up into billowy towans on the opposite shore add a vivid touch of colour to the smoothly swelling hills which environ the long expanse of ebbing and flowing water and give to the estuary its special character. A waterside walk leads to a little cove among the rocks, out of which has been excavated a sort of open shrine known as St. George's well, though the water seems to be supplied by the sea.

This walk is Padstow's marine promenade, and upon it has been erected its war memorial. There is a walk or road in the opposite direction to a rounded hill, the top of which is crowned by another memorial—a Jubilee obelisk. From the hill almost the whole length of the winding estuary can be seen, and forms a radiant and fascinating view. Padstow, like Helston and Penzance, had its spring frolic. This was dancing round the maypole and riding the hobby-horse on May Day.

Apart from its harbour and estuary the two chief objects of interest at Padstow are the church and Prideaux Place. Its religious associations, in which church and mansion share, have given Padstow its present name, for it was once known as Alderstowe. St. Petrock is said to have landed here in a coracle, and found St. Samson already established in his retreat on the site of Prideaux Place, where a cell of Augustinian canons was afterwards founded. Here St. Petrock for a while settled, and he is still the patron of the church. The latter is a large but rather gloomy edifice with a plain but interesting thirteenth-century tower. Of its ancient woodwork only its roofs, a sixteenth-century pulpit, and two bench-ends (one carved with a fox preaching to geese) survive. On the sanctuary steps is a small brass of Lawrence Merther, vicar (1421), and against the west wall of the south aisle is a large monument with effigies to Sir Nicholas Prideaux (1621). The font is strikingly sculptured, and in the graveyard is a Celtic cross and the base of a later one. Prideaux Place is a two-storeyed castellated structure of Tudor date, with a modest gateway. It is closely surrounded by trees, but fronts an open deer park. Near the house is a well recess, dated 1589, but it now encloses a pump. Dean Prideaux was born at the Place in 1648. He was a pupil of the famous Dr. Busby and carried his ponderous learning somewhat heavily; but he was occasionally the cause of merriment in others. When he published his *Life of Mahomet* his bookseller dryly remarked,

'I trust that the profit of the book may prove greater than the entertainment it is likely to afford.' When he complained that he was too old to undertake the duties of a bishopric, for which he was urged to apply, a friend replied, 'You cannot be too old for so grave an office.'

Padstow's distance from the prized Atlantic coast has led to the creation of a number of supplementary health resorts which enjoy the advantages denied to the parent town. These have sprung up on the numerous little sandy coves surrounding Trevose Head. Unfortunately they have all to be reached by rather roundabout routes, and there is no direct communication with them except by cliff-paths. It is impossible, so to speak, to thread these pearls on one string. They have to be looped separately to the highway which leads to St. Merryn. The first and largest of this 'jewel girdle of gleaming towns' (though they are only towns in making) is Trevone. At Trevone there is already a considerable collection of residences facing a sandy but streamy shore. Harlyn Bay has another stream-encumbered strand and a few promiscuous bungalows. This is not the first time that Harlyn Bay has attracted attention as a place of residence. The squatter of to-day was anticipated ages ago by his 'rude forefather'. In 1902 a large neolithic cemetery was discovered in digging the foundations of a house. A little museum has been erected on the spot to house the finds, which are chiefly fragmentary skeletons and stone implements. But more interesting than the contents of the museum are some interments in the garden, left exactly as discovered, with the skeletons still hunched up in their cists, and now protected by glass frames. The cemetery is conjectured to date from 2500 B.C. From Harlyn Bay a long lane leads to Trevose Head, which terminates in a bulky hill. When viewed from the north-east, the headland resembles a half-submerged Indian club, but on the south-west its symmetry is seen to be spoilt by a conical excrescence which projects from it as a spur and throws

out a long reef of dangerous rocks. Another great pyramid of rock, the Gulland, stands out to sea on the north-east, and a lighthouse is perched on the end of the promontory. From the lane to Trevose Head the wayfarer can cross the golf-links to Constantine, where there is another sandy bay and a budding watering-place. Amongst the sand-dunes, by the side of some marshy ground, are the ruins of a fifteenth-century church, now in the last stages of decay. All that is left of it are the foundations of the chancel and what look like the fragments of a tower. To the north of the church is St. Constantine's well, now enclosed, but which, when excavated, was found to have a small adjoining chapel. Porthcothan, still farther down the coast, is as yet undeveloped, but it has a good sandy beach flooring the mouth of a bare stream-threaded combe. On his return to Padstow the traveller will pass through the village of St. Merryn, standing above a deep dell. The church is rather roughly constructed of local catacleuse stones of small size, and the tower appears to retain some Norman masonry. Inside the church is a rough thirteenth-century arch opening into the transept. The font, said to have been brought from St. Constantine's Church, resembles the one at Padstow. There are stoups inside both doorways and an eight-holed stock in the porch.

The most popular excursion from Padstow is the one to Bedruthen Steps, though they are frequently visited from Newquay. The journey can be achieved either by a prolongation of the coast ramble from Porthcothan or by a more direct road through St. Eval. St. Eval has one of the many conspicuous towers in Cornwall. So striking a landmark is it that in the eighteenth century it was rebuilt by the merchants of Bristol on account of its utility to mariners. The church retains a Norman window, the lower portion of its screen, a Jacobean pulpit, and some carved bench-ends. In the south aisle a small bay has been constructed, apparently to allow of a passage to the rood-loft. If St. Eval proclaims itself from afar, its

neighbour, St. Ervan (two miles to the north-east) courts obscurity. Though the district is almost as elevated, both church and village manage to evade disclosure by hiding themselves in hollows. The church, which stands apart from the village, is not only buried in a depression but smothered by trees, and as if to further escape observation the tower has been levelled to the roof of the nave. The church has, however, few merits to conceal. It is a cruciform structure drastically reconstructed on fanciful lines, and bells and monuments lie on the floor in a shattered condition. Its only peculiarity is the marked orientation of its chancel to the north. In the dell below the church, the visitor will come upon

> The slabbed margin of a well
> Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
> Right upward through the bushes to the sky.

No tradition seems to be attached to it, but its natural drapery is very beautiful. Bedruthen Steps is one of the best-known beauty spots on the north Cornish coast, but it is perhaps rather overrated, though the rocks are picturesquely grouped, and one pyramid bears a fantastic resemblance to 'Good Queen Bess'. Some roughly cut steps descend to the shore and there are in its vicinity some

> Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep
> Where the winds are all asleep,
> Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
> Where the salt weed sways in the stream,

but they can only be explored at low water.

On the road connecting Padstow and Wadebridge are the villages of Little Pethérick and St. Issy. They are not far apart, but offer a marked contrast to one another. Little Petherick lies at the bottom of a hill where the road crosses a creek running inland from the Camel estuary. Its situation is most picturesque, and it has a charming

little church. In a recess in the sanctuary is a thirteenth-century slab with an incised cross surmounted by a man's head and an epitaph in Norman-French. On the south of the chancel is a modern chantry chapel with an altar tomb with an effigy of a female member of the Molesworth family. St. Issy, on the contrary, stands on the hill above the valley. The church is large and well-proportioned, but has been entirely rebuilt. It preserves, however, a stoup inside the church and a Norman font curiously dated 1664. The reredos has been patched together out of fourteenth-century fragments. South of the village rises the rounded bulk of St. Issy Beacon, an extension of the St. Breock downs, bearing on its summit an encampment and some barrows.

The eastern side of the estuary can be reached by a ferry, though on a windy day the passage is rather rough. There is a good deal of ground to cover on the other side of the water. The ferry lands its passengers at the foot of the sand-dunes near the village of Rock, which is a long and disconnected series of houses and bungalows. To the south-east, on the farther side of a little bay, is St. Michael's Chapel, which has been largely rebuilt and given a modern porch and tower. It contains a Norman font, its rood-stairs and some portions of its screen, and an ancient wooden pulpit. In the churchyard, which commands a pretty view of Padstow, is a large wheel cross. To the north of Rock in a field behind the golf-links is the Jesus well covered by a little shrine. The high-road through Rock leads to the village of St. Minver, the spire of whose church is seen topping the hill in front. On approaching it, however, the church will be found on the slope of a depression. It is a fine building with a plentiful display of carved bench-ends, and the remains of its rood-screen now transferred to the tower. The north arcade is thirteenth-century work with its arches supported on heavy octagonal piers; the south piers are the usual fifteenth-century monoliths. In the north transept are some slate slabs; on

the north wall of the chancel are the kneeling effigies of John Roe and wife (1657), in the north aisle is a fragmentary slate table-tomb of Thomas Stone (1604), and on the floor of the south aisle the brass of Roger Opy (1517). The porch contains the stocks and a Norman capital, and in the graveyard near it is a small Latin cross. A road from St. Minver leads through the village of St. Endellion to Port Isaac. If St. Minver stands high its position is nothing to that of St. Endellion, the tower of whose church dominates the country-side. The building has some apology to offer for its prominence, for it is of some interest. Like its neighbour it has a good series of bench-ends and it retains its well-fashioned wagon roofs. At the entrance to the south aisle is a sculptured stoup, and at the east end, now used as an altar, is what is conjectured to have once been the pedestal of a shrine with deeply recessed ogee arches. At the east extremity of the north aisle is a slab with an incised cross, and in the sanctuary are some fine old chairs. From St. Endellion the descent to Port Isaac (really Port Issick—the little port) is long and steep. The little place is gathered round the mouth of a deep combe and looks at first sight like a confused mass of cottage roofs; but on closer examination it will be found to possess a main street, hilly, crooked, and narrow. Port Isaac has little pretensions to be a port, for it has no quay. Its harbour is merely a shelving cove shut in between rugged cliffs, but it furnishes the visitor with another typical specimen of Cornwall's quaint fishing villages. Beyond Port Isaac is Port Gaverne, where the Delabole slates in former years used to be shipped. Instead of returning through St. Endellion the traveller should take the road or footpath that leads to Porthquin. Though likewise in a combe, Porthquin is not a replica of Port Isaac, for it can be scarcely called a village. It is little more than a wide cleft in the cliffs, with one or two cottages assembled above its beach, but it presents a very pretty picture which, in a photograph, might almost be mistaken

for a view of Boscastle Harbour. The resemblance is heightened by the watch-tower which crowns its western cliff. From Porthquin the traveller should proceed to Polzeath, and on his way will obtain a fine view in one direction of Tintagel as ' a misty jutting head of land ' and in the other of the conical promontory of Rumps Point and its rocky satellite the Mules. The Rump still shows evidence of once being a cliff castle. Polzeath is on Hayle Bay at the mouth of the Padstow estuary, but it faces due west across the Atlantic. The original village has gathered to itself a large collection of lodging-houses which overlook a fine and extensive stretch of sand beneath the shelter of the majestic and precipitous headland of Pentire. Polzeath is rapidly rising in popular favour, and promises to become a thriving watering-place. From Polzeath there is a track across the golf-links back to Rock ferry. It passes through a little dell in the dunes, and here, above a water-course behind a bold bluff, is the quaint little church of St. Edonoc, which was once almost engulfed by the sand. It is said, however, that it was never quite abandoned, for the parson and clerk were accustomed occasionally to effect an entrance through the roof and to hold a service for the sake of officially preserving its ecclesiastical continuity. It is now completely cleared of the obstructing sand, and surrounded by a hedge of tamarisks which, though ' caught and cuffed by the gale ', afford it a sufficient protection from a further invasion by the dunes. It is approached by a curious colonnade of domestic mortars, or corn measures, found amongst the sand and now mounted on pedestals. Near the door is a Celtic cross. The tower, which carries a broached spire, is on the north, and its base appears to be Norman. So also is the quaintly fashioned font. The bottom of the rood-screen survives, and there are a stoup inside the nave and a projecting piscina in the chancel.

CHAPTER XXI

CAMELFORD

In the stormy east wind straining
The pale yellow woods were wailing,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining,
Over tower'd Camelot.

TENNYSON

IT requires a deal of imagination to associate Camelford with anything idyllic. It is a dull little place, without a vestige of nobility or suggestion of romance. Few Cornish towns are inherently attractive, but they have mostly the saving grace of quaintness and are set in picturesque surroundings. But the dreariness of Camelford is unrelieved. It is a collection of grey, commonplace houses, strung together on the slope of a hill on the outskirts of the moors. The most lively thing about it is the sprightly little Camel, which dances merrily for a moment across the bottom of the one narrow street and then hastens to bury itself in a wooded valley. The townsfolk have wisely made the most of the Camel; they have turned the shady meadow on its bank into a little park, and the town-hall sportively flaunts a camel on its weathercock. The town is of interest to the tourist chiefly because it forms a convenient approach to the western side of the Bodmin moors. Its supposed connexion with the Arthurian legend depends upon its identification with 'many tower'd Camelot'. Its name is the only thing it can advance in favour of this romantic pretension. But it is sufficient for its purpose, for Camelot, with 'its great stones and works of iron lying underground, and its royal vaults', belongs as much to

' the land of phantasy and illusion ' as the fabled Arthur himself. The only towers it ever had were the granite tors away on the moors. It does not even possess a church. Camelford, however, even when stripped of its fictitious renown, is not a modern town. It goes back at least to the Middle Ages, for it gained its market from Earl Richard and its charter from Charles II. From the reign of Edward IV till the Reform Act it sent two members to Parliament, and the names of Lords Lansdowne and Brougham are on the list of its representatives.

Camelford has a busy industrial as well as a wild moorland fringe, for the great Delabole slate quarries are only three miles away to the west. They should be visited, for they are one of the stock sights of Cornwall. They have been worked continuously from the days of Elizabeth and are still in active operation, for they supply some of the best roofing material in the country. They present an extraordinary spectacle. The quarry is a huge oval crater five hundred feet deep and one and a half miles in circumference. At its edge is ' the poppit head ', from which inclines project into the depths below. The slate is loosened by blasting, and in its disintegrated form is drawn up the inclines in trucks to be shaped and dressed for export. A graphic and picturesque account of the activities of the quarry is given in Eden Philpotts' *Old Delabole*. The modern village of Delabole keeps well away from this yawning abyss, and, apart from the quarry, the district as a whole no longer presents the dismal array of slate slabs which Mr. Philpotts depicts. ' Everywhere they stand ; at the edge of the field, beside the cottage door, or thrown across the water tables. They make the pig-sties of the farm, the mowstead of the rick. As fence and boundary and wall they play their part, and in the garden patches they rise in narrow, elongated strips that take the place of poles and prop the clothes lines.' That was old Delabole, some specimens of which are still to be found close to the quarry. New Delabole is rather pretentiously built of

stone and has that atmosphere of democratic primness characteristic of modern industrial villages. Slate, however, is still to be seen in the vicinity, not pressed into domestic service, but scattered about in wild and raw disorder. The place to see it is in the long, narrow defile which forms the approach to Trebarwith strand, the quarryman's playground, two miles away. Here there are heaps of it lining the sides of the valley almost all the way down to the sea. The strand itself, however, is a charming expanse of sandy shore surrounded by some bold and striking cliff scenery, and is as popular with the artist as with the holiday maker. It was greatly admired by Miss Braddon, who makes the district the background for some of her novels.

If the sojourner at Camelford seeks for romance he must look for it on the banks of the Camel. A mile to the north of the town, up the river valley, is Slaughter Bridge, where a primitive flat-arched structure carries the road across the stream. This is supposed to be Camlan, the scene of the closing conflict of the Arthurian epic, 'that dim, weird battle of the west' where 'the clear-faced king' won his great victory over the combined forces of the Saxons and the traitor Modred, 'that glorious field of grief' where he slew Modred and he himself received his death-wound.

> Striking the last stroke with Excalibur
> Slew him, and all but slain himself, fell.

This is said to have taken place in A.D. 537, and the conflict is depicted as being of a prolonged and most sanguinary character.

> All day long the noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea.

Modred and all his knights were slain and 'all the brave ones, Arthur's warriors, high and low, and all the Britons of Arthur's board' likewise perished. In the bed of the

stream was found a menhir, once used as a footbridge, which was popularly believed to be Arthur's tombstone; but the Latin inscription which it bore read 'hic jacet filius Narcari'. Tennyson, on his visit to the neighbourhood, thought it worth while to come to this 'clear brook amongst the alders' and to seek for the stone which he found 'by a rock under two or three sycamores'. It is still in that position on the right bank of the river a little distance above the bridge and close to the waterside. The locality witnessed another great battle with the Saxons under Egbert in 823. Near the bridge is the approach to Worthyvale, a manor-house once belonging to the lords of Boscastle.

Whilst on the track of the elusive Arthur, the traveller should cross the Davidstow moors to Warbstow, where he will find another of the warrior king's many burial-places. It is a rather monotonous ramble over these elevated downs, but in places they command an extensive view, and at the outset of the journey Roughtor comes prominently into the picture. Davidstow Church will be passed on the way, for it is by the roadside. It is a rather imposing edifice with a good tower, but it was rebuilt in 1875 and now contains little of interest except some portions of a parclose screen at the west end and two slate monuments of the Pearse family. Warbstow lies to the north-east some five miles farther on, beyond the railway. The church and village are on a hill-side but are of little antiquarian account. The wayfarer must climb to the top of the ridge behind the village to come upon the object of his search. This is the noble earthwork which encircles its eastern extremity. It has a double vallum, with a third embankment on the south-west, and a large barrow in its centre known as 'Arthur's grave'. If Arthur rests here his foes must have come into possession of his sepulchre, for the locality bears a Saxon name. It is evident from the place-names that the district must have come early under Saxon influence and have been occupied by them,

perhaps as a result of Egbert's incursion. It must once, too, have been the abode of prehistoric man, whose handiwork the encampment is. Hawker, who once climbed the hill, says that an attempt had previously been made to open the barrow, but a native assured him that ' they that had tried it were forced to give up their digging and flee, for thunder came for 'em and lightning too '. So Arthur's grave still retains its secret. The people of Tintagel do not think that he rests here or anywhere else, but still haunts the castle in the shape of a Cornish chough. The hill commands an extensive prospect, the Channel and Launceston both being visible in clear weather. To the west of Warbstow is Otterham Church, a solitary building somewhat resembling Warbstow Church, and, like it, of very little interest.

The somewhat cheerless neighbourhood of Camelford provides at least one picturesque ramble. This is a descent into the Alan valley and a return by the vale of the Camel. To reach the Alan the visitor must make his way to Lanteglos, the parish church of Camelford. It is prettily placed on the verge of the valley and exhibits some Norman work, including a double piscina and a round-headed sedilia. The church, as a whole, however, dates from the fifteenth century. In the tracery of the south windows are some fragments of contemporary glass. There are three crosses in the graveyard and a stone with a long and difficult inscription. The neighbouring church of St. Teath (Teth) is on a hilly ledge on the opposite side of the Alan. It is a more interesting building than Lanteglos Church, and, like it, has some relics of a Norman predecessor, for on the north chapel are the capitals of two Norman responds. It possesses, likewise, some good woodwork. There are some bench-ends, some portions of a side-screen, some Jacobean panelling, and a pulpit, dated 1630, exhibiting the arms of the Carminowes. In the south aisle is the alabaster effigy of a priest and a few bits of old glass. A tall wheel cross, which has been patched

together after fracture, stands in the cemetery opposite. The traveller will now have to recross the Alan and make his way to Michaelstow, which lies at the foot of its beacon between the two valleys. Michaelstow Church has the unusual curiosity of a hermit's cell. It is a niche on the north external wall of the chancel which once communicated with the interior through a small quatrefoil opening. The church has some good bench-ends and wagon roofs, and a slate monument to Jane Killiow (1662), with some quaint figures. In the churchyard is a tall Celtic cross. After descending from Michaelstow into the valley of the Camel the wayfarer will have to cross the river and mount a very steep hill to St. Breward. St. Breward is remarkable for its altitude and isolation, for it stands on the skirt of the moors. The church from a distance looks as if it were in the clouds. It possesses several features of interest. The north arcade has some good Norman piers, and the font is peculiar. Some remnants of its bench-ends have been made into a reredos, and some have been piled together to form a low screen. The parclose screen in the north aisle survives, and in the south aisle is a tomb with a slate slab engraved with effigies of Christopher Rogers and wife (1604), and one with a side slab of Nicholas Burrough (1645). The parish is extremely extensive, for it embraces a large and wild part of the Bodmin moors. Within its confines are a large number of antiquities and some striking scenery. On the side of a hill overlooking the Lank Du river, near Lease farm, is a stone circle with ten upright and five prostrate stones, whilst near Hunter Gamtick, in the valley of the Lank Du, is a sort of replica of the Luxulyan valley—bleak, grey blocks of granite scattered about the defile with a stream forcing its way through the confusion. But the beauty of the valley has practically been destroyed by persistent and extensive quarrying operations.

From St. Breward the traveller will have to retrace his steps to the Camelford road, which runs over the shoulder of Michaelstow Beacon. On the summit of the hill is

Hellesbury, a circular encampment much overgrown with furze and brambles. In its centre is a rectangular earthwork, and traces are said to exist of a small chapel, but they are difficult to find. The camp is quite near the road and is worth visiting on account of the fine view which it affords over the neighbouring country. After passing Hellesbury the wayfarer should descend into the valley of the Camel again; but before leaving the main road he should notice the view it discloses of the valley of the Hannon. The river emerges from between two precipitous hill-sides to join the larger stream. Projecting from the sides of the defile, high above the river, are two huge masses of rock, known as the 'Devil's Jump'. They stand out grim and grey like the ruined piers of some demolished suspension bridge. In 1847 the valley was devastated by a violent thunderstorm which caused the river to cut for itself a new bed. On Stannon Down, between the Devil's Jump and Roughtor, is a large circle of seventy small stones, forty-one of which are standing. It is very similar to the one at Fernacre. Pursuing his way across the Camel, the traveller will pass the lonely church of Advent—St. Adwena. It is not a very interesting edifice, but has a good tower and is unlighted on its north side except by the lancet windows of its transept. In a field on the opposite side of the road is a tall cross.

Camelford is by far the most convenient place from which to make the ascent of Roughtor. The hill is only four miles to the south-east and a good road leads directly to foot. In spite of its proximity, it is not seen until the traveller leaves the cultivated land round Camelford, and crossing an intervening ridge enters upon the open moor. Then its great bulk stretches directly in front of him. It is an imposing eminence with a rugged crest at each end and a small peak in the middle. Near the bridge which crosses the brook at the foot of the hill is a monument to a woman who was murdered on the moor, and beyond it are some hut circles. The summit presents the same spectacle

that these granite tors everywhere exhibit of piled-up blocks of stone like great bales of merchandise. On the western side of the hill is a logan rock. The view is extensive, and though Brown Willy blocks the prospect on the south-east, it is itself a sight worth seeing, for it rises in a shapely, peaked mass like a miniature Snowdon. The panorama is not, however, always on view, for the mists suddenly gather round the hills in a most bewildering way, obliterate the landscape, and cast over the scene ' a secret vague prophetic gloom '.

CHAPTER XXII

A REALM OF OLD ROMANCE

> The wind-hollowed heights and gusty bays
> Of sheer Tintagel, fair with famous days.
>
> SWINBURNE

TO some people Cornwall means Boscastle and Tintagel, and it must be confessed that if they have seen nothing else, they have seen a very impressive and characteristic bit of the duchy. If one were asked to carve out a slice of coast which would give the typical aspect of a Cornish seascape, one could scarcely do better than serve this up as a sample. For this is Cornwall at its greatest and grandest. Here are the quaint harbour, the towering surf-beaten crags, and the steep little town running down to the sea, with romantic legends clinging alike to cliff and shore.

It is to Tintagel that tourists flock, for a great poet has made it famous. But no practical person ever thinks of disassociating Tintagel from Boscastle, for they form companion pictures and are always mentioned in the same breath. A great poem has been woven round Tintagel, but Boscastle needs no song-making ; it is an idyll in itself. No one who has ever seen it can forget its lofty wall of hills, its long, steep street descending to the valley like a cataract of cottages, or the sword-like tongue of sea darting in and out between its headlands. It is the ' Castle Boterel ' of Thomas Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. Boscastle owes its name to the fortress which the De Bottreaux had here, but whose sole memorial now is the mound in the midst of the valley. Leland, who was dissatisfied with Boscastle and complained that the town was ' very filthy

and ill-kept', never thought much of the castle. 'The Lorde Bottreaux,' he says, 'was lorde of the towne, a man of an old Cornish linage, who had a manner place of small reputation, as it is now far unworthie of the name of Castel. People ther caulle it the Courte.' The haven which gives the locality its special distinction is really the estuary of the little River Valency, which threads the valley. It is a crooked little creek enclosed by high and sloping cliffs, and across the upper portion of it two little piers have been thrown to form the harbour, but which, to a landsman, seem only to further encumber the channel. Leland gives a thumb-nail sketch of it as quaint and picturesque in its way as the harbour itself: 'Ther cometh down a littel brooke from the south-east out of the hilles thereby, and so running by the west side of the town goeth into the Severn Se betwixt two hills, and then maketh a pore Havenet, but of no certaine salvegarde.' So uncertain, indeed, is the 'salvegarde' that vessels which make for the 'Havenet' have to be roped in with hawsers. Paths run on each side of the inlet and from the bold, smooth headland of Willapark, crowned by a watch-tower, the whole extent of this tortuous little harbour can be seen. The north-eastern promontory, which ends in a snouted rock, supposed to bear a fancied likeness to the profile of Queen Victoria, looks like a gigantic turtle. The range of cliffs beyond it rises in places to over seven hundred feet. There is a walk along the cliffs to Tintagel, but it is arduous, and it is as well to take the road which goes over the hill past Forrabury Church. Forrabury Church is the parish church of Boscastle, but it is perched high above the town on the shoulders of Willapark. It is of little merit or interest and has been denuded of all but a few remnants of its woodwork. The low tower is destitute of bells, and there is a tragic explanation of their absence. The story (out of which Hawker has made a stirring ballad) is that a fine peal was being brought by sea for hanging in the belfry. As the vessel neared port

it was suggested to the captain that he should return thanks for a prosperous voyage. The skipper was, however, a man of more skill than piety. His contemptuous reply was :

> Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
> But thank at sea the steersman's hand.

His self-congratulations proved premature ; before he could make the harbour a furious gale arose which dashed the ship in pieces against the rocks. The profane mariner and his crew perished in the storm, and the precious cargo lies beneath the sea—

> Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
> Is wakening in his weedy caves
> These bells that sullen surges hide
> Peal their deep notes beneath the tide.

A Celtic cross stands on the green in front of the church. A little farther on, to the right of the road, is Trevalga Church, which likewise has an old cross, a few bench-ends, and a Renaissance reredos. By the side of the road is the capstone of a demolished cromlech. Above Longbridge, where the road drops into a wooded dell, is Trethevey farm. In the farmyard is an ancient well, and the farmhouse embodies some remains of a chapel. From the farm a path leads up the wooded valley to St. Nighton's Kieve, a most enchanting spot, where a torrent hurls itself, ' a precipice of foam ', over a cliff draped with every form of greenery. It is a fairy-like scene of exquisite beauty. St. Nighton had an oratory above the cataract, and he is said when dying to have thrown its bells into the tumbling waters, and in consequence they go tinkling down the glen to the sea through a wild defile known as the Rocky Valley :

> Dark at the base, unblest by beam
> Frown the black cliffs and roars the stream.

A path down ' the splashing fountain's side ' crosses the

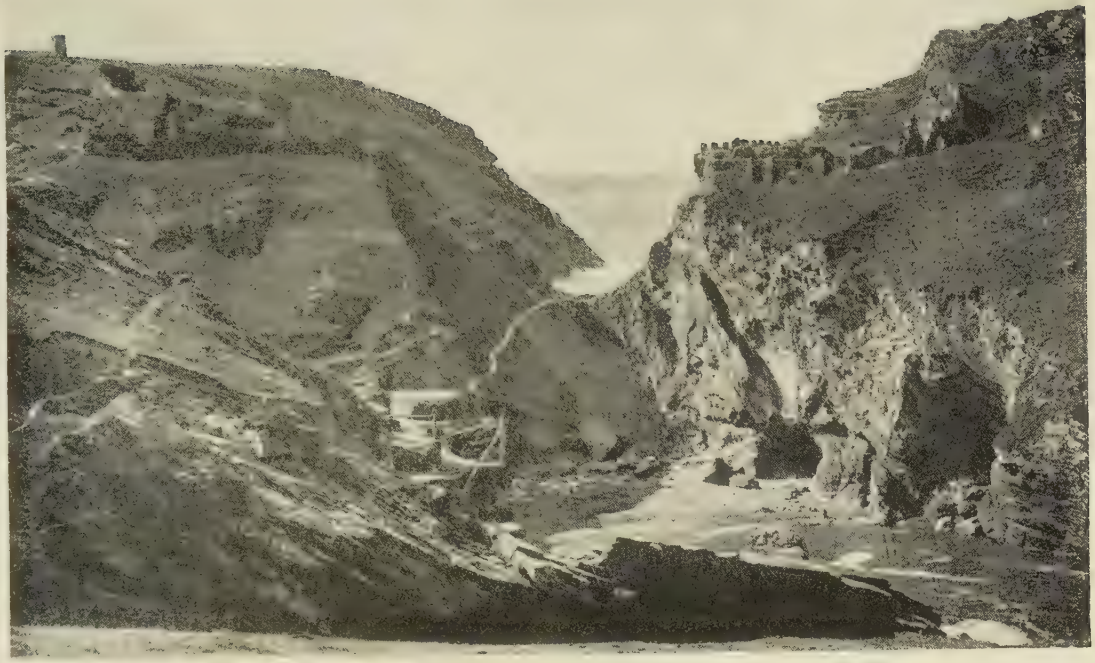
brook below the fall and leads to Bossiney. Bossiney is a small village built beside a circular earthwork called ' the Borough ', for from this platform the writs were read when Bossiney was a Parliamentary borough. It once had Sir Francis Drake for its member. At Bossiney there is a cove known as ' the Hole '. The cliff which forms its western promontory is curiously wrought into a resemblance to the fore-quarters of an elephant, and there are some large outstanding rocks in the vicinity known as ' the Sisters '.

From Tintagel village (or, more strictly, Trevena) all the romance has long since departed. It stands out starkly on a bleak plateau ; an ugly and unscreened assemblage of lodging-houses, petrol pumps, and tea-sheds, raucous with the blatant gaiety of trippers and the hoot of motors. On the lawn in front of the Wharncliffe Arms is a small inscribed cross, which with a very picturesque old cottage in the centre of the village are the only signs of its antiquity. A huge hotel is mounted on the very edge of the cliff. Happily the headland on which the church and castle stand is preserved from desecration by the intervention of a combe which runs down to the beach below the castle. The appearance of the promontory is singular. A narrow ledge protrudes from the cliffs and swells up into a high and precipitous headland known as ' the Island '. Upon the landward side of this excrescence the keep of the castle is perched. A drawbridge is said to have connected it with the rest of the fortress on the mainland. Both fortifications are now exceedingly ruinous. The place owes its modern vogue to Tennyson, and the tourists who swarmed over the ruins used to carry the *Idylls of the King* in their pockets. In these days when people have no longer a fancy for ' the ideals of the sentimental curate ' even when ' wedded to exquisite verse ', they mostly carry cigarettes and a paper of ' sandwidges '. But the story of Arthur's connexion with Tintagel was famous in English literature long before Tennyson's time. Geoffrey of Monmouth first put it into circulation in 1147, and Sir Thomas

Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* kept it in men's minds. 'Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?' Tennyson did but revive the dying tradition and invest it with fresh interest and colour. He made it popular because it was regarded as 'a glorification of the domestic virtues'. Tennyson was himself rather disconcerted at finding what he intended for a song treated as a sermon. 'People have taken my hobby,' he complained, 'and have ridden it too hard.' He maintained that 'the general drift of the thought is clear enough. Birth is a mystery and death is a mystery and in the midst lies the tableland of life.' The *Idylls* were published in 1859, but Tennyson's first visit to the locality was paid in 1848, and he came again in 1860. Tintagel, on both occasions, treated him to a spell of characteristic Cornish weather. On his first sojourn it was 'rainy and bad', but he went out and 'sat in Tintagel ruins' with the cliffs yawning before him 'all black and yellow'. He 'clomb over the isle disappointed and went through the sea-tunnelled cavern on great blocks'. The next time he arrived in 'furious rain'. He thought 'the coast grand, the black cliffs and caves were lashed with storm and wind' but he nevertheless 'weathered it out in oilskins and took his ten miles a day'. Geoffrey of Monmouth also affected to know Tintagel. 'The castle,' he says, 'is situated on the sea and surrounded by it on every side. There is but one entrance to it through a great rock which three men shall be able to hold against the whole power of the kingdom.' Quite apart from the glamour with which poetic genius has invested it, the headland is one of the most impressive sights on the Cornish coast. The water is framed by sombre cliffs and is exquisitely coloured.

> The billows heave one glassy green expanse,
> Save where the bending line of shore
> Assumes the proudest tint of amethyst.

'The death-white mist which slept over sand and sea' on the occasion of Arthur's last great battle is, however,



TINTAGEL CASTLE

unhappily still a frequently prevailing characteristic of the Tintagel coast.

Tennyson seems to have carried the picture of Tintagel in his portfolio of mental sketches and to have brought it out as occasion demanded.

> One showed an iron coast and angry waves,
> You seemed to hear them rise and fall;
> Rock-thwarted under bellowing caves
> Beneath the windy wall.

The ragged remnants of the castle which still cling to the cliff add little to the grandeur of the scene, for they are scarcely distinguishable from the rocks. They are very scanty and consist mainly of a low wall with an entrance facing the isthmus. In its prime it was no doubt an imposing stronghold. Leland says of it: 'It hath been a marvelus strong and noble fortress and almost situ loci especially inexpugnable for the donjon that is on the great terrible cragge. The residue of the buildings of the castle be sore weather beaten and yn ruine, but it hath been a large thing.' The weather-beaten 'residue' consists of some crumbling walls thrown round the top of the opposite cliff. On the summit of the 'island' are the foundations of an early chapel enclosing a stone altar, and a quadrangular earthwork. The only approach to the island is along the knife-edge of the isthmus to a flight of rough steps cut in the rock. 'He must have eyes,' said Norden, 'who scales Tintagel', and, it may be added, a steady head. On the strand below the castle is Merlin's cave, a sinuous cavern in the base of the cliff.

The history of the castle is as disappointing as its ruins. In its present form it does not appear to have been built before the end of the twelfth century, when it belonged to the De Honacotts, though there was possibly previously a hermitage on the top of the cliff. In 1245 it became the property of the Earls of Cornwall, and Earl Richard was accused of harbouring within its walls his nephew from

over the channel, Prince David of Wales. It was soon abandoned as a fortress, and in the days of Elizabeth it was a complete ruin. The existing castle has therefore nothing to do with

> That gray king whose name, a ghost,
> Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak
> And clings to cairn and cromlech still.

The castle may have been building when Geoffrey of Monmouth was writing his romance and perhaps he thought it would furnish a topical allusion and form a picturesque background for his narrative. Tennyson took the story of Arthur's birth at Tintagel as he found it, but made of it a mystery. The coming as well as the passing of the hero is wrapped in obscurity,

> For there was no man knew from whence he came,
> But after tempest when the long wave broke
> All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,
> There came a day as still as heaven, and then
> They found a naked child upon the sands
> Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea ;
> And that was Arthur.

The arch-enchanter Merlin

> . . . which whylom did excell
> All living wights in might of magic spell,

plays the part of *deus ex machina* in all the stories.

The tale of Arthur's achievements from the first lacked convincingness. There were sour sceptics even in Geoffrey's day who did not hesitate to denounce his work as ' a saucy and a shameless lie '. The doubters have increased since then and Geoffrey has been degraded from the rank of sober historian to that of historical novelist. Some people, however, still find in Arthur the romantic embodiment of some native count of Britain, who after the departure of

the Roman legions held in check for a while the incursions of the Picts and Saxons, and the range of whose activity extended from the Land's End to the Firth of Forth. Nevertheless the fact that Geoffrey gathered most of his materials from continental sources suggests that his story was the elaboration of a myth held in common by the Brythonic tribes before they visited these shores. The Arthurian legend lingers in just those places where the Brythonic remnant chiefly survives.

Tintagel Church stands in an elevated and exposed position on the cliff top to the south of the castle. It is a cruciform building with a fourteenth-century tower, a plain nave, two transepts of unequal length, and a little lady chapel, containing an altar slab, to the north of the chancel. Much of its masonry has been claimed as 'Saxon', but it looks more like early Norman. The building is of interest in any case, for it has been but little altered in subsequent periods. It preserves its original screen and a font with spreading legs. On the south of the chancel is a recess enclosing an incised slab, and in the south transept is a fifteenth-century brass of Joan Kelly and a Roman milestone. A fine view of the coast is obtainable from the graveyard. The vicarage is Elizabethan, and in the garden is an archway and a dovecote dating from the fourteenth century.

Having paid his homage to Tintagel the visitor on his return to Boscastle should make acquaintance with some other places in its vicinity. One is Minster Church, the mother-church of Boscastle, beautifully situated at the head of a wooded glen opening into the Valency valley. As its name implies, Minster was once a monastic church. Possibly it was the site of a settlement of Celtic monks, and it became a monastery again when, after the Conquest, William de Bottreaux bestowed it on the monks of Angers. It was appropriated by the Crown in the Hundred Years' War and lost its monastic character. Its tower has been partly demolished and is now covered by a saddle-back

roof. On its western face is sculptured a pair of scissors which are probably intended for wool shears. In the interior on the corner of the chancel is a small brass to Hender Robarts (1602), and in the south aisle are the mural monuments with effigies of John Hender (1611) and William Colton (1656). To the east of Minster is Lesnewth, on the hill above the Valency valley. The church has a good fifteenth-century tower, but the building itself has been greatly altered in modern times. A Norman window has, however, been allowed to remain and on its sill is an altar slab. On the slope of the opposite side of the valley amongst some trees will be seen St. Juliot's Church. It almost vies with Minster in the charm of its situation, but it is not so secluded. The churchyard which overlooks the valley contains two Celtic crosses. The interior has been stripped of its old woodwork, but the barrel-vaulted porch has a good sculptured cornice. The return journey to Boscastle can be made by a path by the side of the stream.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL

> Now the great winds shorewards blow,
> Now the salt tides seawards flow,
> Now the wild white horses play—
> Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
>
> MATTHEW ARNOLD

HALF a century ago, Bude was not only unfrequented but unknown. It was a mere string of cottages at the mouth of its primitive harbour. Without a railway and without conveniences it stood ' remote from life's bewildered ways ', a snug little haven of retirement. Then some one chanced to discover it, unmasked its obscurity and proclaimed its merits upon the housetops. The result was that holiday-makers began flocking to it, and to-day it is almost as well known and popular as Newquay. Bude has not altogether gained by its emergence into public favour. It has lost its simplicity which was its great charm without gaining distinction. Baring-Gould calls it ' unpicturesque, uninteresting, wind-blown, and treeless '. It is a loosely compacted place, built on the instalment plan. Part of it clings to the harbour, part of it is ranged on the cliff above, part of it has crept away towards the hills in the background, and part of it is congregated round one of its bathing-places. Its environs are not, however, devoid of picturesqueness, for the haven opens into a pretty valley and it is girdled by distant hills. But Bude's chief assets are its exhilarating air, its fine expanse of sea, and its noble range of cliffs which drop perpendicularly to the sea. Beacon Hill is a sheer precipice of two hundred feet. The sunsets are a spectacle. There

are sands, too, at Bude, though they are not generally regarded as very safe. The rock-strewn inlet which forms its haven is the estuary of a stream which has been partly converted into a canal. The latter, long since disused for traffic, still forms a waterway for boats as far as Helebridge. The town has no antiquities, but a chapel once stood on a 'weedy rock' at the entrance of the harbour.

Though Bude has few interesting features of its own, it makes an admirable centre for the exploration of the narrow strip of Cornish territory which here inserts itself between the sea and the Devonshire border. Owing to the close proximity of the frontier the inland excursions are somewhat circumscribed. There are only two of any magnitude and they are both inordinately long. There is, however, a little preliminary prospecting to be done in the immediate vicinity of Bude. A mile and a half to the east, but less by a well-trodden path across the fields, is the town of Stratton, an old-fashioned place of some historic note and possessed of a fine church. Its name suggests that it once stood upon a Roman trackway, but there is no trace of this. The Holsworthy road now runs through it. The town stands on a gentle slope above a stream, and behind it rise the wooded sides of Stamford Hill. The church crowns the top of the slope. It is a commodious fifteenth-century building with a stately tower. It has been a good deal restored, but preserves some carved bench-ends and a Jacobean pulpit. In the north wall of the chancel is an Easter sepulchre and in the sill of one of the windows of the north aisle is the mutilated effigy of a knight (fourteenth century). In the south chapel is an altar tomb with the brasses of Sir John Arundell and his two wives (1561). But the ecclesiastical is only second to the historical interest of Stratton. On the front of the Tree Inn—once an old manor-house—is a quaintly worded tablet to the valour of Sir Bevil Grenville, whose victory on Stamford Hill in 1643 gives the town its fame. His gigantic henchman, Anthony Payne, is said to have been born in the inn. To

gain a footing for the Parliamentary army in Cornwall, Lord Stamford occupied the neighbouring hill. On hearing this Sir Bevil Grenville and Sir Ralph Hopton hastened from Launceston to dislodge him. It was a forced march and so badly provisioned were the Royalist troops that even 'the officers had not a biscuit a man'. Finding his powder spent after a few hours' fighting, Sir Bevil decided to carry the position at the point of the sword. It was a case of 'Up, guards, and at them!' 'The men followed me,' he said, 'with great courage', and this spirited attack carried the day. There is a thrilling account of the fight in 'Q's' *Splendid Spur*. The circular entrenchments thrown up by the Parliamentary army, amongst which lie an old cannon, still exist on the summit of the hill, but the monument which commemorated the victory has been destroyed and its inscription removed to Anthony Payne's birthplace. Another mile and a half beyond Stratton is Launcells Church, prettily embowered in trees by the side of a brook. Unfortunately the 'restorers' who spared its splendid collection of bench-ends and ancient tiles destroyed the remains of its screen. There is an early Norman font and a stoup in the church, and on its south side is a monument to Sir John Chamond (1624). On Hobbacot Down, a little to the south-east of the church, over which the Holsworthy road climbs, is a grass-covered incline by which the navigation of the Bude canal was effected from a lower to a higher level. The barges were furnished with wheels and were pulled up the gradient by a windlass actuated by an ingenious arrangement of water-buckets. The view from the canal banks across the valley is worth seeing.

The exploration of the northern borderland is a more formidable affair, but it will be found full of interest. The road lies through the neighbouring village of Poughill (Pofhill). Poughill is a pleasant village rather more suburban than rural in aspect, and has a pleasing church with a wealth of carved benches and some good roofs.

On its walls are some recoloured frescoes of St. Christopher, whose nimbus has in one case been converted into a crown, as he was mistaken for King Olaf, to whom the church is dedicated. The arcades differ in design and material, and the old doors are noteworthy. A pretty road up a valley leads from Poughill to Kilkhampton, which stands on a hill. The church is something of a show place and is one of the best known churches in Cornwall. Apart from its details it is remarkable as a good example of post-Reformation Gothic, for it was not erected till the reign of Elizabeth. What chiefly attracts the attention of visitors is its profuse display of carved benches, but it has also a very fine Norman doorway which the Elizabethan builders were sane enough to preserve. The screen is modern. In the south aisle is an eighteenth-century monument to Sir Bevil Grenville, the victor of Stamford Hill, who here 'his perishable dust has left behind'. The Grenvilles were lords of the manor and built the church. In 1347 there was a dispute between Sir Theobald de Grenville and Bishop Grandisson about the appointment of a rector. The knight's nominee fortified himself in the then existing church, and a mob armed with bows and staves drove away the Abbot of Hartland who had been sent to dispossess him. The parish was in consequence placed under an interdict. Sir Bevil, 'the best loved man in Cornwall', fell mortally wounded after his second victory at Landsdown. He came of a race of 'diehards'. The founder of the family was a cousin of the Conqueror, and Sir Bevil's grandfather, one of Elizabeth's bluff old sea-dogs who 'stretched her grand empire o'er the main', went down in 'the little *Revenge*' in 1591, a circumstance not only immortalized by Tennyson but less happily referred to on the monument:

> Where shall the next famed Grenville stand ?
> Thy grandsire fills the sea and thou the land.

To that question the church gives the answer, for it was

amongst the tombs Harvey meditated and his morbid fancy was stirred by the sight of the subsequent members of the family lying in the vaults beneath the church ' in melancholy order and silent pomp ' as Earls of Bath. Stowe, the ancient home of the Grenvilles, of which Kingsley gives a picture in *Westward Ho*, was on the south side of the mouth of Combe valley, which from here runs down to the sea. The ' old rambling building, half dwelling-house, half castle ' was demolished and ' a large Palladian pile ' erected in its stead in 1680 by the first Earl of Bath, whose ' only thought was getting and spending money ' and who fancied that his new honours demanded a grander mansion. This, too, has disappeared, but its terraces remain and the stables of the old house form part of the farm which now occupies the site. Within the parish is Aldercombe, a seventeenth-century manor-house, and an earthwork locally known as the castle.

The last place in this corner of the county is Morwenstow, and the way to Morwenstow is by an intricate road partly down and partly on the opposite side of the Combe valley. Morwenstow has a notable church, but its chief claim to distinction is its connexion with that eccentric ecclesiastic, Robert Stephen Hawker. Hawker was a Devonshire man, but he spent the whole of his clerical life in the neighbourhood, for he was curate of Welcombe before he became vicar of Morwenstow in 1834. When only nineteen he married a woman more than twice his age and she paid for his college career, and, to redress the matrimonial balance, when an old man he married a young wife. He was a domineering but good-natured man, with something of both the buffoon and the buccaneer about him ; but his vivid and forceful personality made a great impression on all who came into contact with him. He had remarkable literary gifts and a great power of vigorous poetical expression. His stirring *Song of the Western Men* secured the admiration of both Scott and Macaulay, and was popularly believed to be a genuine old Cornish ballad. One day

there walked into his study ' a tall swarthy-looking man with an eye like a sword '. It was Tennyson, who sat and talked of poets and unfolded his scheme of making a poem with King Arthur as hero and ' the sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonesse ' for its scenery. He confided to his host that his rate of poetic production was ten lines a day. Hawker, who had always Tractarian leanings, to the dismay of his friends, by an eleventh-hour conversion, died a Roman Catholic. The vicarage below the church was built for him by Sir Gilbert Scott ' in a hollow where the sheep browsed ', not, as Hawker whimsically explained, ' that the sheep might find their shepherd, but that the shepherd might find the shelter which the sheep loved '. It bears on its lintel some lines from Hawker's pen, and its chimneys are models of the towers of the churches with which he had been connected. The church stands above a deep cleft in the cliff. It has a tall fifteenth-century tower, but the north arcade, which has some fine Norman arches, dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and there is a very good Norman south door. The south aisle was added in 1564. In the chancel is a round-headed niche containing the base of a Norman pillar. There are some carved bench-ends, and some remnants of the rood-screen remade with iron tracery. The font, which is said to date from 950, has an oval basin with a cable moulding round its base. This cable, Hawker declared, was the symbol of the embrace of the church which kept the faithful together, and on some one remarking, ' You have some good zigzag work on those arches ', Hawker snorted contemptuously and replied, ' Zizgag work ! why, they are the ripples on the Sea of Galilee ! ' But it was difficult to tell with him where poetic fancy ended and drollery began. He used to perambulate the parish swathed in a yellow poncho as a protection against the weather, but he endeavoured with a twinkling eye to persuade the credulous that it was a facsimile of St. Peran's chasuble. In the churchyard is a fine Celtic cross, a curious tombstone to John Manning

(1661), a cross to some shipwrecked mariners and the figurehead of a vessel. In the church itself is a memorial window to its extraordinary vicar. To the west of the church half-way down the cliff is St. Morwenna's well, covered by a shrine, and near it is Hawker's hut. There is some impressive cliff scenery in the neighbourhood. On the opposite side of the gorge is the magnificent precipice of Hennacliff, four hundred and fifty feet in height. Some of the crags have almost an artificial look.

> The rocks sublime
> To human art a sportive semblance bear,
> Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed by time.

There is a cliff-path back to Bude and a road which necessitates a return to Poughill. In both cases the Combe valley has to be recrossed. The cliff-path has, in addition, to make a previous descent at Stanbury mouth, and in approaching it passes the old and interesting manor-house of Tonacombe, where Kingsley wrote part of *Westward Ho*. In Combe valley is a mill amid charming surroundings.

To the south of Bude a still more arduous journey is before the traveller, but it will enable him to see something both of the coast and the interior. The tower which crowns a hill in the distance will not, however, interest him, for it is not a church but an abandoned brewery. The coastal road clings very closely to the cliffs that fence the long sandy shore of Widemouth Bay. At their base the rocks are planed down quite flat. At Widemouth there is a fine stretch of sand flooring the mouth of a wide and shallow valley. Widemouth will probably in the future become as fashionable a watering-place as Bude, but at present it is an unpicturesque collection of bungalows, of what a native called ' the hencoop type '. From Widemouth a road runs to Poundstock, whose attractive church in a dell is worth inspection. The north arcade seems to have been altered when the building was remodelled in the fifteenth

century, and there are the remains of an early semicircular stoup. Some panels of the screen have been made into seat fronts, and some of the bench-ends have been worked up into various fittings. There is a well-carved pulpit, but the rest of the woodwork is modern. The north wall retains some faded frescoes. At the west end is a slate slab with a quaint effigy of John Trebarfoot. Near the church is a fourteenth-century rectory converted into a parish room. From Poundstock a lane leads back to the shore at Millook, where there is a beach at the entrance of a narrow and high-walled glen, and from Millook a road will take the traveller over the hills to St. Genys which stands behind the lofty and precipitous headland of Pencarrow Point. The only interesting feature of the church is the diverse character of its arcades, which are well worked. The tower on its western face has neither windows nor door. Enclosed between Pencarrow Point and the conical headland of Cambeak is Crackington Haven, a pretty cove at the mouth of two converging valleys with

> A sandy space
> The ebbing tide has left upon its place,
> Then just the hot and stony beach above.

It is a favourite picnic resort with visitors both from Bude and Boscastle, and is still unexploited by the speculative builder. From Crackington a road inland crosses the Boscastle road and will take the traveller to Jacobstow. Jacobstow lies deep down in a wooded dell and has an aspect of humid seclusion in strong contrast to the bleakness of the surrounding moorland. The church has a barrel-vaulted porch, a good Norman font and the remains of a circular stoup inside the church. The tower is unbuttressed, but has a band of sculpture round its base. Very different is the situation of Week St. Mary, some four miles farther on. To reach it another deep valley has to be crossed, but the village stands on the top of a lofty

ridge and its church tower forms a conspicuous landmark. It is a pleasant collection of houses assembled round two old-fashioned greens. The church is a fine one with a tall and graceful but unbuttressed tower girdled with bands of quatrefoils. The mouldings and piers of the nave are somewhat differently fashioned, but otherwise the building is devoid of peculiarities and can show some fine wagon roofs. Apart from its elevated situation, Week St. Mary is noteworthy through its association with the romantic story of Thomasine Bonaventure, who lived in the fourteenth century. Her name crystallized her history, for her career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. It was a less exalted version of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid. She is said to have been a labourer's daughter whose winsomeness and intelligence attracted the notice of a rich London mercer. He married her, and left her his fortune. Her wealth was increased by a second marriage with another merchant, and again being left a widow she took a third husband, John Percival, who became lord mayor. On his death she retired to Week and became the lady bountiful of the parish. She extended the church and built the chantry known as the College. The remains of the latter benefaction will be found in some cottages to the east of the church, a battlemented wall and some mullioned windows. The return to Bude is past the old seventeenth-century manor-house of Earl Orchard to Maramchurch. Maramchurch is also on a hill and stands above the valley traversed by the river and the old Bude canal. Near Hele Bridge is another of the disused inclines up which the barges were dragged. It is now an allotment. Maramchurch is a comely village with the church in its centre. The church has lost most of its ancient woodwork, but still preserves a Jacobean pulpit with sounding board, at the back of which is set a small window. The preacher must in consequence, ' like the Mayor of Market Jew ', be ' constantly standing in his own light '. Beneath the tower is a cresset stone mounted on a pillar.

CHAPTER XXIV

LAUNCESTON

An thou, fair city, disarranged
Of battled wall and ramparts' aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far,
Than in the panoply of war.

SCOTT

LAUNCESTON (Lanston) comes as a fitting climax to a tour in Cornwall. A journey through so remarkable and varied a county should be rounded off with something striking, and there is nothing tame or commonplace in the aspect of Launceston. Of all the Cornish inland towns it leaves the most distinct impression on the mind. This is due to the unexpected appearance which it presents. As the traveller emerges from the station it rises up before him in feudal grandeur like some grey old city set on a hill. Everything in Cornwall is quaint, primitive, and unusual, but there is little in it that recalls the ' stern and hoar ' days of the Middle Ages. The aspect of Launceston, on the contrary, is pronouncedly Mediaeval. Baring-Gould called it the most continental-looking town in England, but it resembles most of all a border fortress. Perched at the end of a lofty ridge, almost entirely surrounded by deep valleys and crowned by a castle on ' the hill's steep verge ', it looks like some proud baronial stronghold on an ancient frontier.

The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shine.

Nor is the illusion dispelled on the visitor's entry into the

LAUNCESTON

town. If instead of taking the broad and easier motor road round the castle's walls he mounts the declivitous Northgate Street, he will traverse a very antique thoroughfare and find the church wedged in amongst the houses at the top of the ascent, and on the other side of the town he will come upon the mediaeval gateway, which guarded its southern approach, still unimpaired. There are no vestiges of the north gate which once barred that thoroughfare.

The castle is the key to Launceston's long history, just as it is its most primitive feature to-day. The original name of the town was Dunheved (the fortress residence), for it was a Celtic fort, seized and strengthened by the Saxons, and subsequently made a border stronghold by Robert de Mortain when the Normans wrested the sceptre from the hands of Harold, who was himself the possessor of the town, ' on the day when King Edward was alive and dead '. Under the shelter of the fortress the town grew. The ancient ecclesiastical settlement was (in accordance with Celtic custom) apart from the town at St. Stephens, on the other side of the valley ; and as the castle declined in importance the church grew in influence, and finally its name triumphed over the old title of the locality, and Dunheved became Launceston.

Of the town's chief antiquities, its castle, church, and gateway, the castle still takes precedence. It is its one most striking and characteristic feature. In its original condition it must have been a very imposing structure, for it stands on a lofty mound high above the town, and its ruins are still picturesque and impressive. It consists of a rectangular outer court, entered by a gateway at each end, with a sloping inner court rising behind it and containing the huge mound on which the keep is mounted. This inner court is now laid out as a garden, and from it a long and steep flight of stone steps, at the top of which is the ruined shell of a guard tower, gives access to the keep. The keep itself is peculiar, for it consists of a thirteenth-century cylindrical tower surrounded by an outer ring of

masonry reaching to the floor of the second storey. There is a space of some nine feet between these concentric walls. From the platform round the outer shell a fine view of the town may be obtained. So declivitous is the slope of the mound that the position of the castle looks impregnable, yet when in the Civil War the castle was defended by the Royalists it made a very feeble resistance, and changed hands more than once in the course of the struggle. George Fox, the Quaker, who found the townsfolk 'dark and hardened', was imprisoned within its walls.

The church is famous for the elaborate nature of its external decoration. It is built of granite, and every stone is carved with some device. The tower belongs to an earlier building, and is, on the contrary, plain and severe. It is detached from the church, but linked to it by an ugly vestry. A pathetic story attaches to the fabric. Sir Henry Trecarel in 1524 was engaged in erecting for himself a mansion at Lezant when he lost both wife and son. In grief he abandoned the project and devoted the material to the rebuilding of Launceston Church. The decoration is too profuse to be pleasing. At the east end is a recumbent effigy of St. Mary Magdalene lying face downwards, and round the plinth of the chancel runs a combination of Latin texts, every single letter of which is sculptured on a separate panel. The interior of the edifice is imposing but not inspiring. It contains a carved pulpit, a good font, and a monument to Sir Hugh Piper. The orientation of the church is unusual, for it stands as much north and south as west and east. The town is ranged round a central square, which stands between the church and the south gatehouse. The latter is a fine two-storey structure with a central and a side archway, and is now converted into a museum. At the bottom of a steep lane to the east of the gateway are some crumbling remnants of the town walls, and in the square will be observed a Norman doorway, now incongruously serving as the entrance to the White Hart Hotel.

At the foot of the castle hill, and approached by Northgate, is the district of Newport, through which flows the little River Kinsey. Newport was once a separate borough and returned two members to Parliament. By the side of the river is St. Thomas's Church, a not very imposing edifice, but containing a fine Norman font. The interest of St. Thomas's, however, lies in its proximity to the remains of an Augustinian priory founded in 1126 by Bishop Warelwast. At the east end of St. Thomas's graveyard are some fragments of sculptured masonry belonging to the monastery, but the remains of the priory church are in an enclosure between the graveyard and the gasworks. The relics consist of little more than the foundations.

> Each Gothic arch, memorial stone,
> And long dim lofty aisles are gone.

The positions of the choir, aisles, and bell-tower are indicated by labels, and at the north-west corner are the remains of the tomb of Prior Tredyan (1379–1403). In the centre of the 'borough' is an octagonal market cross. The view of Launceston from here is very striking. Beyond the river is the suburb of St. Stephens, climbing a hill-side, with the church at the top. Before the Conquest St. Stephens possessed a collegiate church which Bishop Warelwast suppressed when he founded his priory below. The present church is a fine fifteenth-century granite building, with a handsome tower rather spoilt by its rakish-looking pinnacles. Two large yew-trees flank its south porch, which preserves its old oak doors. The nave is lighted on its north side by only one window, and near the pulpit is a curious little lancet-shaped recess. At the west end is a small stone coffin and a font with a cable moulding.

With the story of Launceston Church fresh in his mind, the visitor's first impulse will be to seek Trecarel's unfinished house at Lezant. He may as well include in his peregrination Lawhitton Church, as it only entails a slight deviation

from the route and will bring him once more into the region of the Tamar. On leaving Launceston a very pretty view of the valley is disclosed, and he will look again upon its distant woods as he approaches Lawhitton. The latter church, which is at the head of a long, wooded glen giving upon the valley, contains some bench-ends, a pulpit dated 1663, and a font resembling that of St. Thomas's. The stoup in the porch is placed unusually high. To the north of the church is an ancient but desecrated well. The Tavistock road, by which the traveller reaches Lawhitton, crosses the Tamar into Devon at Greystone by a seven-arched bridge, which affords a delightful view of the river flowing through a narrow valley walled by woods. A still more striking prospect can be obtained from the Cathamartha rocks, a limestone cliff two miles lower down. But the latter are outside the scope of the present excursion. A series of cross-country roads from Greystone will bring the traveller on to the Callington road near a bridge, and to the west of this lies Lezant Church. It is a good granite building, but with few noteworthy features. In the south aisle is a table tomb of the Trefusis family and a mural monument with engraved effigies of John Mill and wife (1573). The font appears to have been mutilated. To the north are the remains of a well chapel. Trecarel, the unfinished house of Sir Henry, is a mile and a half to the east of Lezant Church and stands on a slope amongst some trees just beyond the hamlet of Trebullet. The situation is sombre, if not melancholy, and the mansion is now only a substantial farm. Trecarel completed the hall and chapel, and intended erecting a gateway. The hall is a good-sized chamber with an open timber roof. The chapel stands apart from the rest of the building and is lighted by traceried windows. It does not strike one that Trecarel contemplated anything very magnificent. From Trecarel there is a long and roundabout road to Launceston through South Petherwin, a large and attractive village on a hill with a fine church well placed but

GREYSTONE BRIDGE OVER THE TAMAR

almost obscured by trees. In the church porch is a stoup, and near the north entrance is a Norman capital. The north door itself seems to have been part of an earlier Norman fabric. Within the church is a Caroline pulpit, some remnants of the rood-screen beneath the tower, and an altar slab in the south side.

The visitor may as well complete his acquaintance with the Tamar valley by viewing its upper reaches, where it is little more than a streamlet. It is a pleasant journey along the North Taemarton road, but it has nothing very impressive to reveal. At Yeolmbridge he will drop down into the pretty valley of the Ottery, and after crossing the bridge will part company for a while with Cornwall. The frontier here makes an eccentric loop by leaving the Tamar and following the course of its tributary. At Boyton the traveller again enters the duchy. The village is little more than a hamlet overlooking the Tamar valley. Its church is not very interesting, but retains the base of its rood-screen. The road past the church keeps above the valley until it reaches North Taemarton, where the church stands on the hill-side looking down upon the river. It has a good tower but little else of note. The village is below in the valley, sitting astride of the river, partly within and partly without the duchy. It is the last Cornish outpost on the river, which is here nearing its source on the moors near Morwenstow. The valley is prettily wooded but lacks the pastoral beauty which distinguishes it lower down, and gives little promise of the grandeur of its broad-flowing estuary.

The last of the Launceston rambles is one of some length but of much interest. It is the exploration of the eastern approach to the Bodmin moors. The route lies for a while along the main road to the county town. It is a broad and elevated highway through a cultivated region, but with wide views of the distant hills beyond 'the blossomed bean-field and the sloping green'. At Holloway Cross, where there is a good Celtic cross, a lane to the left

should be taken, and the traveller will drop unexpectedly into the valley of the Inny. He can cross the stream by a footbridge and mount up the opposite bank to Lewannick. Lewannick is on the top of the hill, and is worth visiting, for though its church was practically rebuilt after a disastrous fire in 1890, yet it contains several rare curiosities. The woodwork almost entirely perished in the conflagration ; only one bench-end and the roofs of the porches survived. In the south porch, beneath a bench, is a sculptured representation of a hare hunt, and within the church is a cresset stone of seven holes, and an ogham stone inscribed ' Jacit Ulcagni '. In the churchyard is another bilingual pillar with the reading ' Incen vi memoria '. These are the only two ogham stones in Cornwall. The oghams are the notches cut on the edge of the stone, and are supposed to be Gaelic characters. A short road from the village rejoins the Bodmin road beyond the river. A closer view is now obtainable of the hilly moorland rampart which has faced the traveller nearly all the way, and is now seen stretching across his path. And a fine chain of hills it is—Hawkstor, Fox Tor, the Beacon, and Bray Down all impressively succeeding one another. About two miles south of the road on the elevated ridge of Nine Stone Downs is a small stone circle of some fifty feet in diameter with eight standing stones and a central pillar. At the hamlet of Five Ways the traveller will find a road to the right leading to the village of Altarnon. This is one of the most remote and extensive parishes in Cornwall. Its chief produce is said to be water, for the rainfall is prodigious. The village stands in a tree-clad hollow through which runs a tributary to the Inny. There is a disconcerting abruptness about this stream, for it flows over the highway.

> A sudden little river crossed the path
> As unexpected as a serpent comes.

The place wears a rather woebegone aspect, but possesses a very fine though melancholy-looking church with a tall

and slender tower. The church has an old-fashioned interior, but can boast of a splendid series of carved bench-ends of many quaint devices (on one bench is carved the maker's name), and happily retains its rood-screen, which has been, however, almost entirely deprived of its coveing. The altar rails, dated 1686, stretch right across the church. At the entrance to the churchyard is a weather-beaten Celtic cross. The church is dedicated to St. Non, the mother of St. David, and her well will be found ' beneath a spreading chestnut tree ' in a field to the south-east of the church. It is covered only by a grassy mound, and its waters were once held in great repute as a cure for madness —an odd remedy if the malady was caused by water on the brain. Nevill Burnard, the Cornish sculptor, was born in the parish, and was the son of a local stonemason. He developed remarkable skill in stone-carving and came under the notice of Chantry. He executed the figure which crowns the Lander monument at Truro. He attracted a good deal of public notice, but, unfortunately, his social popularity was too much for his moral stability, and he cut short a promising career by his excesses. There is a pleasant walk across the valley of the Inny to Laneast, a secluded village on the side of a dell. The church has some thirteenth-century lancet windows in its north transept, but is otherwise Perpendicular. It retains its screen (which unfortunately has been varnished), some bench-ends and its wagon roofs. The stoup is inside the church. In the dell behind a farm to the south-east of the church is a well covered by a shrine, which has, however, been allowed to fall into neglect. Two miles to the west, at the foot of Bray Down, is the scattered village of St. Clether straggling down into the valley of the Inny. It occupies a lonely but picturesque situation, with the moors rising round ' the copse-clad valley ' of its river. The church is on the hill-side above the river. It has a Perpendicular tower, but the rest of the fabric has been rebuilt. A twelfth-century arcade has, however, been

either preserved or replaced. To the west of the church, beneath some overhanging rocks, is one of the most interesting wells in the duchy. Besides the well shrine there is an adjoining chapel, reconstructed but retaining its original stone altar and an adjacent baptismal basin. The water flows beneath the altar into the basin, from which it trickles into a square recess in the south wall. The latter is conjectured to have been for drinking purposes, as it would have acquired additional virtue by having passed under or over the saint's relics. Peeping out from amongst the trees on the other side of the valley are the gables of Basil, the ancestral home of the Trevellians. During the Civil War some Parliamentary troopers were sent to arrest the owner, who threatened to launch upon them his spearmen. As they disregarded the warning, he threw amongst them a hive of bees which effected their discomfiture. To the north of St. Clether, by the side of the Camelford railway, are the small villages of Treneglos and Tremaine, each with a church containing a Norman font and a Norman tympanum. Tresmeer Church, on the road from Camelford to Launceston, has been rebuilt. In the old church John Wesley frequently preached. Egloskerry, another village near the railway, occupies a rather pretty situation. Its church, likewise, possesses a sculptured Norman tympanum over each of its doorways. In the south aisle is the alabaster effigy of a layman, and on the wall are a helmet and some gauntlets. To the north-west of the village is the fine Tudor mansion-house of Penhale, with an embattled parapet and extensive grounds. South of the village is Trewen, with a small composite church with a low arcade.

Seven miles south-west of Launceston, in picturesque surroundings, on the Liskeard road and overlooking the valley of the Lynher, is Northill. The church is an imposing granite structure with a stately tower. It contains a stoup, an Easter sepulchre recess, some good roofs, and an elaborate slate table-tomb with kneeling effigies of Thomas

Vincent (1601), his wife, and fifteen children, one of whom is a chrisom-child. In the valley below the church is a holy well. Behind the village rise Kilmartor and Hawkstor, on which are some traces of an earthwork. Trebarthar Hall, a mile to the north-west, is one of the most beautifully situated houses in Cornwall. It is surrounded on all sides by woodlands and overhung by the fine range of moorland tors. In its grounds is a charming waterfall.

No one who comes to Cornwall in search of refined pleasure will fail to find it, unless the weather has set its face against him ; and he who has once found it will come to look for it again. The traveller on leaving Launceston will turn his back regretfully on the delights of this most delectable duchy.

Farewell rare realm of rugged cliff and foreland,
Of vagrant fiord, and of verdant dell,
Of granite tor, and purple tinted moorland,
Of sunny coves where azure billows swell.

But nature makes not all thy varied glory,
A legacy is thine from ages past ;
Around thy crags there clings the famous story
Of Arthur's coming on the wintry blast ;

Of Arthur's prowess with his magic sword,
His fight with Modred, and his faithless queen,
The peerless knights who gathered round his board,
His mystic faring forth to shores unseen.

These are but tales, forgetfulness has spread
Its drowsy mantle over feast and fray,
There but remain memorials of the dead—
The broken circle and the cromlech grey.

Against thy cliffs the tempests rudely batter,
And in their rage toss up the frothy waves
Which with their spume the weedy rocks bespatter,
And with their thunder wake the echoing caves.

But Arthur comes not with the wind's wild bluster,
Tintagel's strand knows not his steps again ;

On purple moors no knightly armies muster,
And over Lyonesse there rolls the main.

Gone are the folk who raised the cairn and barrow,
Gone is the race of hutmen from the down ;
Gone like the flash of celt or flinty arrow
That sped from forts that still the hill-tops crown.

Gone too the saints who prayed beside the well,
The solitary anchorite who reared
The baptistry within the mossy dell,
The lowly wayside cross for those who feared.

Though greedy time, whose hunger knows no ruth,
Devours in turn the creatures of a day,
Thine iron cliffs withstand its gnawing tooth
And in unlessened grandeur front the spray.

Still from thy rock-strewn tors the infant rivers
Come tinkling down the moorland glen, then glide
Broad-bosomed under banks whose verdure quivers
In pleased reflection on the passing tide.

Still on thy strands the sportive wavelets prattle
And chase each other up the shelving beach,
Then rushing back the mobile pebbles rattle,
While circling gulls above in laughter screech.

And with thy peaky hills the mists still mingle
Until the rugged cones no form retain ;
Whilst o'er each sleepy vale and bosky dingle
Just like a gauzy veil descends the rain.

Still from thy heaths the bee its honey sips,
Still smiles the sun on nestling town and lea,
And in the sad-eyed eve its red orb dips
Its fading splendour in the burnished sea.

On thee the sun of fame will never set,
O'er thy traditions still it throws its sheen ;
For those who've seen thee once can ne'er forget
The shining legend or the golden scene.

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